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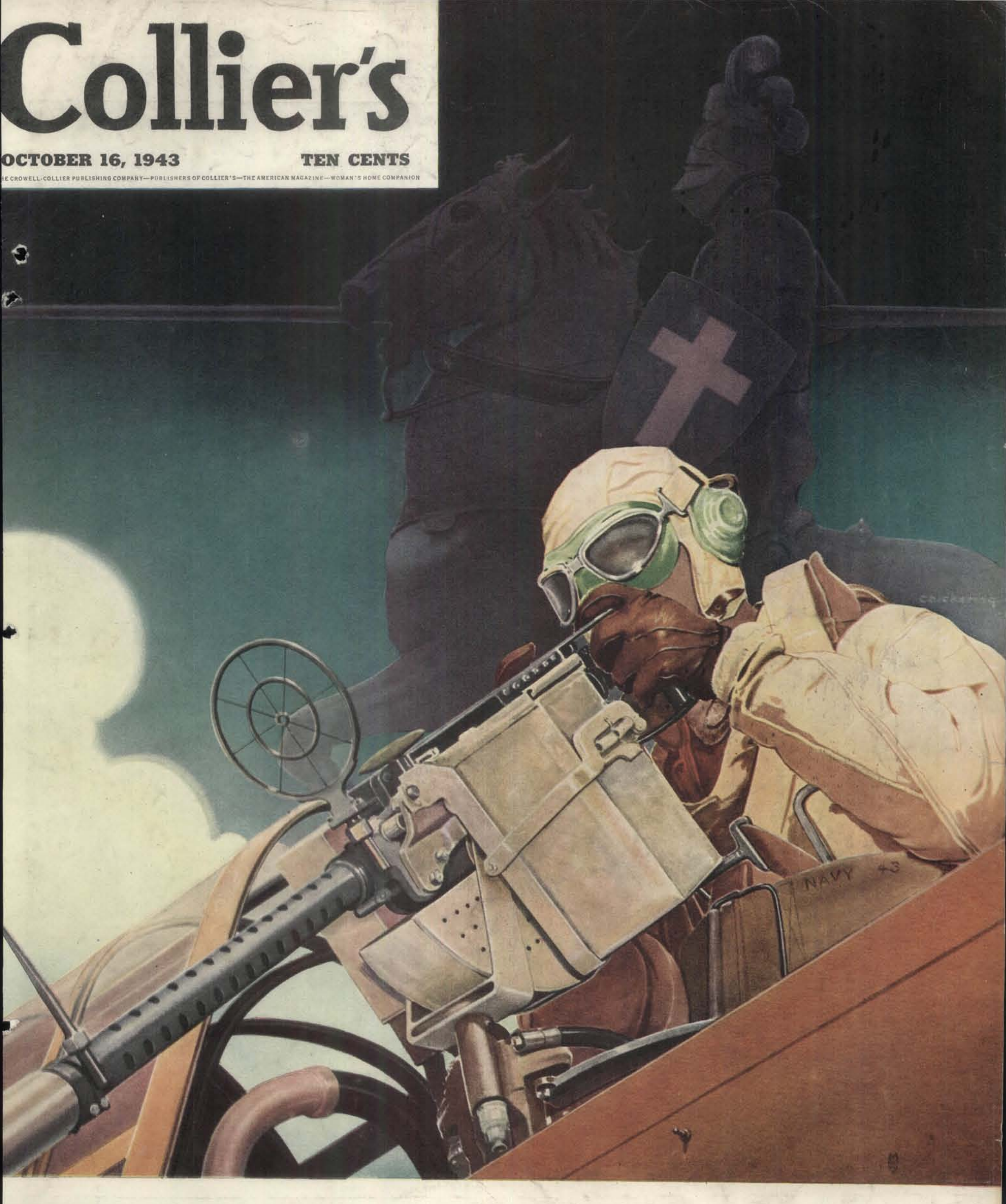

ACTION THIS DAY • • Letters from th

ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. S

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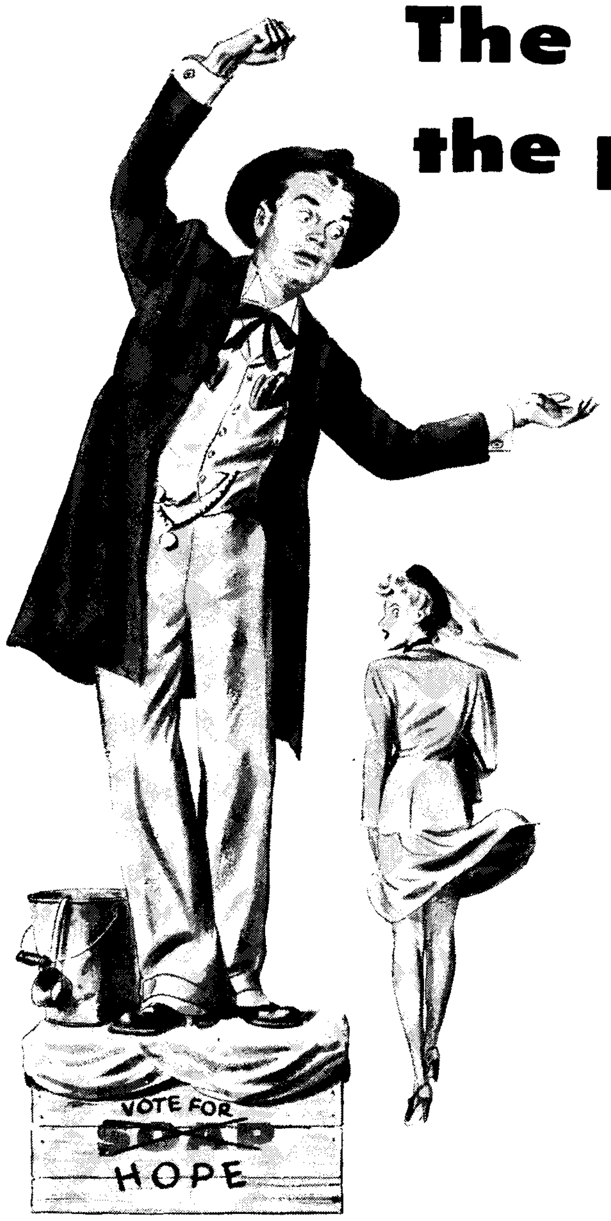
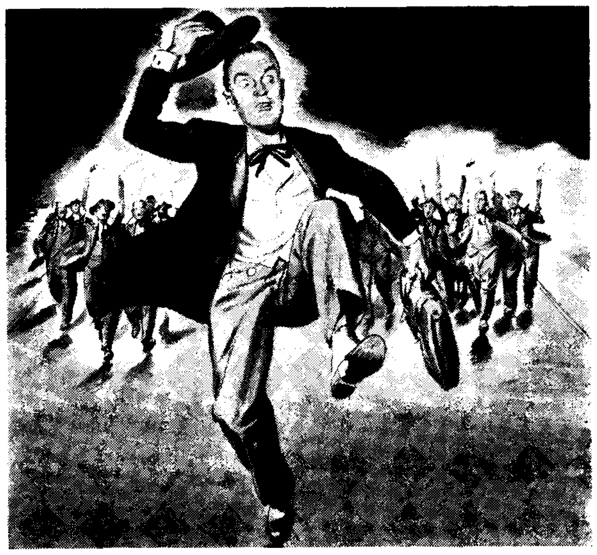
THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y. • ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE CONCENTRATING 100% ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR ALCOHOL



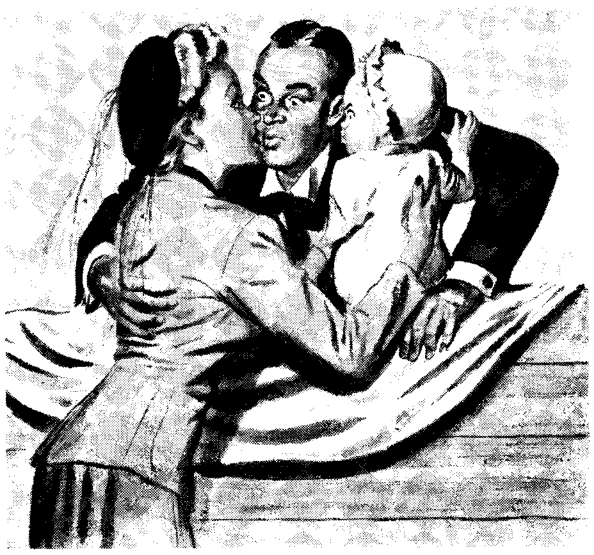
The secret of winning the popular vote

by BOB HOPE

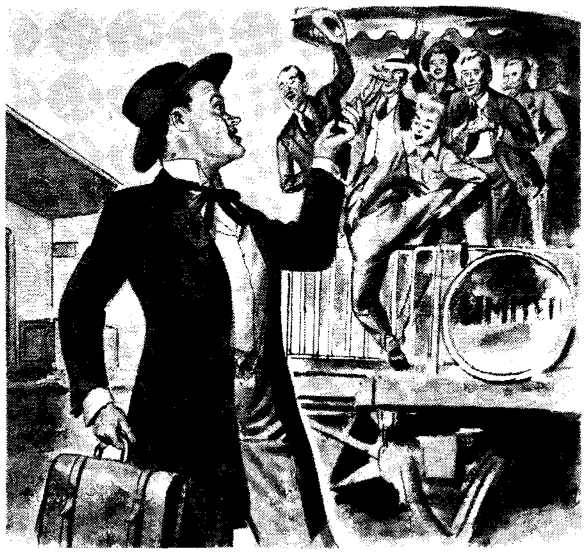
1. It's easy to find out if you're popular—just try to get elected. If you're a man, popularity comes from knowing all the angles...With a woman, it's mostly a matter of curves. Yes, and money helps make you popular, too. That's why many a rich girl has trouble keeping the wolves from her door!



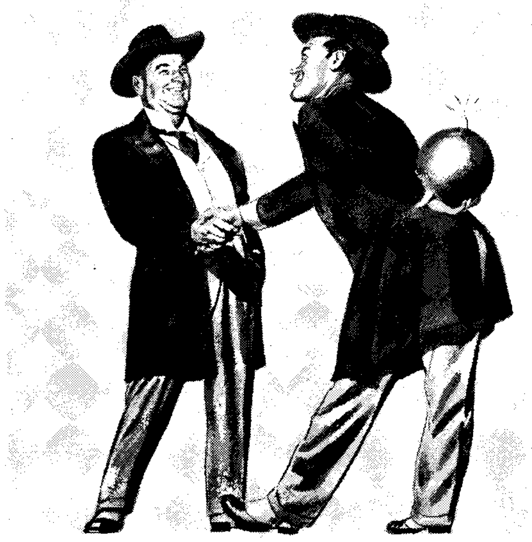
2. A good way to start off your campaign is to hold a torchlight parade. Once a crowd carrying torches followed a candidate for twelve solid hours—and I've got the scorched pants to prove it! I'm carrying a torch myself these days—a torch for Pepsodent. It's sure-fire for lighting up a smile!



3. Always remember that when you kiss a baby, its mother gets a big kick out of it. Of course, when you kiss some babies, you'll get the kick—from their husbands. And you'll get a kick out of the way Pepsodent loosens film, floats it away, makes your teeth look bright, feel clean and smooth.



4. Talk to people! Years ago, a candidate could stand on a train and address a crowd in the station. Today, your best bet is to stand in the station and talk to the crowds on the train. Pepsodent's popular on those trains, too. Not only do more people use it than ever before—but it's No. 1 with men in the Service.



5. Finally, win or lose, be sportsmanlike! If you lose, congratulate your opponent. If you win, warn him about the time-bomb you sent him in case you lost. Of course, there's a sure way to win when it comes to teeth—and that's to use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
Contains Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
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Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror demonstrates what happens when commonplace methods fail to clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean, bright, and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . quickly, safely, gently.

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

Spreading a cold is serious in wartime, so use **KLEENEX** Tissues—then destroy, germs and all. Kleenex is kind to your nose, your neighbors, your nation.

(*from a letter by* N. E. F., San Antonio, Tex.)

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AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

RATION STRETCHER!

When storing left-overs in my refrigerator, I cover them with **KLEENEX.** Keeps foods from drying out—mighty important these days!

(*from a letter by* F. De V., Orfordville, Wis.)

Not Enough KLEENEX to Go Around, Either!

SO IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT—PLEASE BE PATIENT, HE'LL GET SOME SHORTLY. OUTPUT IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT TO KEEP ***KLEENEX*** THE MOST SERVICEABLE TISSUE YOU CAN BUY, WE ARE DETERMINED NOT TO SKIMP ON ***KLEENEX QUALITY*** OR SIZE!

DID YOU KNOW?—

There is only one Kleenex—tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex!

I'LL WAIT FOR DELSEY* MOM—IT'S SOFT LIKE KLEENEX!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Collier's

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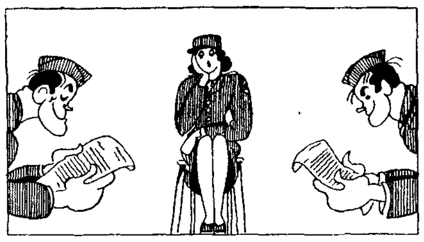
ANY WEEK

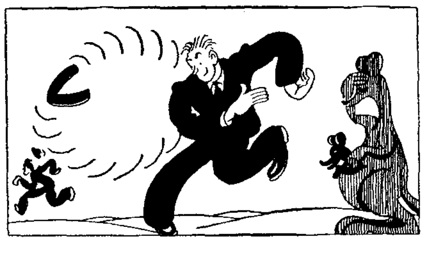
WE HAVE a letter from a Wac. She's a little put out because we've urged from time to time that you write more letters to our servicemen. "So okay," says our Wac. "But what's wrong with somebody writing to us girls? Don't you think we can read? Don't you think that we get lonely? Don't you think that our hearts, too, ache for encouraging letters? So give us girls a break. Tell your readers to write a Wac. Here we are, bearing up bravely in public but crying our hearts out on our pillows every night because everybody is writing to soldiers, sailors and Marines and forgetting all about Uncle Sam's little Wacs. . . ."



TAKES courage to print stuff like that. We shall now have protests from Waves, Spars and lady Marines. And anyway it never occurred to us that any of our uniformed girls may be lonely. Every time we've seen them they've been knee-deep in male warriors. We even saw one—a Wac, by the way—with a couple of master sergeants, the most difficult of all uniformed men to trap. One master sergeant is enough to put most girls up at the head of the military social set. But she rated two. A lovelier mouse we never saw. And that reminds us: If we just had our youth and strength we know what we'd be doing.

AND a friend of ours who's doing fine at an important desk job in a war agency in Washington offers this formula for success in Bureaucracy: "Shoot the bull, pass the buck and make seven copies of everything." From Washington, too, comes word that Mr. Roosevelt is being advised by some of his lighter thinkers to adopt the "big bank" idea and take unto himself a couple of dozen Vice-Presidents, firing a couple every now and then, thereby appeasing the electorate, which is always tickled when somebody's given the heave-ho out of public office. Of course, there's always the little matter of the Constitution to be considered. But who cares? However, we are advised that it is not true that the three billion dollar (or is it thirty?) shelf of public works now on ice for postwar unemployment contains projects for radio news commentators. After the war they will be at the mikes as usual, telling you what they could have told you during the war had it not been for censorship. And thus they will be in hot competition with thousands of war correspondents and government officials who will be furiously writing books and articles about war facts which now are suppressed. These literary and spoken revelations will take up a lot of the unemployment slack. There will be so many Truth Books to read and so much broadcast stuff to discuss that millions of us won't have time to work.

OUR Washington agents advice us, too, that Vice-President Wallace has indulged very little in his favorite sport of boomerang throwing since one of his tosses returned and clipped him on the noggin. But it is not because he boomeranged himself that he quit. He quit in the interests of pleasant relations with our Australian allies, the Australians being offended by his unorthodox style and somewhat contemptuous of his technique. But, the report goes on, he may resume his heaving after the war. The general impression is that a lot of us will revert to our prewar privileges when the fighting is over. We may be permitted to quote the King James version of the Bible without getting slapped down by the censors. This, however, is not guaranteed.



AND a soldier, who wishes to remain unidentified, comments on one of Mr. Roosevelt's broadcasts. "The President has crossed up our officers, particularly those entrusted with the business of keeping our minds on the war and away from home and postwar affairs. About all the boys are talking about is the dough he wants to give us servicemen after it's over. Of course, you can argue that it should be an incentive to get going and lick Hitler and the Japs quick. But a lot of the boys are saying that Mr. Roosevelt must be expecting a bad depression. Still, it's a wonderful country where a pfc. can tell the President that he's off the beam." . . . W. D.

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OW AT JAPS
NEXT MOVE!

They BOTH have a stake in their Electric Company!

Paul Packard owns some stock in the local light and power company. Jimmy, the newsboy, never bought a share of stock in his life. But *he* has a stake in the electric company too — because Jimmy's bank invests his small savings in just such businesses. *Your* savings bank, *your* life insurance company, *your* fraternal order probably put some of *your* money into electric securities. In a very real sense, the electric light and power companies were built by the same people they serve. For in them are savings of 45 million bank depositors and 66 million insurance policyholders — *your* savings — invested in American business and carefully managed by experienced business men — for *you* — and for America!

Hear "Report to the Nation," *outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.*

SINCE the beginning of the war, the cost of living has steadily gone up. During the same period, *the average price of household electricity has decreased almost* 10%! We're proud that our industry has kept prices *down* and stepped production *up* to meet every war demand.

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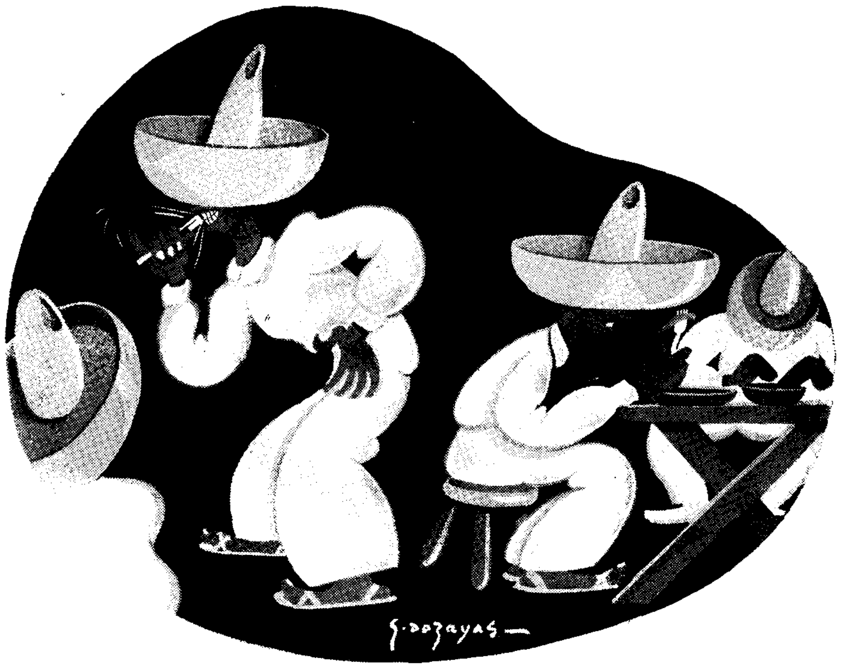

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Mexico City's large municipal restaurant, which feeds poor people at an average price of six cents a day, makes its patrons agree to eat there regularly for a certain period and to clean their teeth after each meal. Every person uses his own toothbrush, which he keeps in a glass container in his allotted niche in the wall.

Of the 25 Presidential candidates who ran for the office one or more times after their first defeat, only six were elected: John Adams in 1796, Thomas Jefferson in 1800, John Quincy Adams in 1824, Andrew Jackson in 1828, William H. Harrison in 1840 and Grover Cleveland in 1892 for his second term.

During the first 73 days after the War Labor Disputes Act became effective last June 26th, the number of 30-day strike notices filed by the unions with the National Labor Relations Board totaled 203—103 of which were withdrawn before the expiration of the "cooling-off" period.

Since 1936, about 500 insane persons here and abroad have undergone an operation in which the prefrontal lobes of the brain are severed from the rest of the organ and left isolated in the skull. While dangerous and performed only after other methods have failed, this "prefrontal lobectomy" has not only improved the condition of many patients but has apparently restored the sanity of a number who had been considered hopeless cases.

The motion pictures made and used by the War Department to train soldiers in scores of subjects now total more than 1,000 films and are being produced at the rate of about one every 24 hours.

Languages vary in printing space requirement, owing chiefly to the differences in the average length of their words. In a book in which 1,000 English words take up 100 lines, the same number of French words would occupy 108 lines, Spanish 110 lines and German 132 lines.

Far more women have achieved a place in history through literature than through any other field of activity. A survey which covers the occupations of 863 eminent women of the past, ranging from revolutionists to queens, discloses that 337, or 39 per cent of them, became famous as authors.

The nine governments-in-exile in London have so far contributed to the Allied Nations approximately 450,000 soldiers, 27,000 aviators, 22,000 seamen, 240 naval vessels and about 2,300 merchant ships.—*By Alice Janota, New York, N. Y.*

As most states have their own method for the apportionment of members to both houses of their state legislature, the size of these bodies varies greatly throughout the country. For instance, the number of state representatives ranges from 35 in Delaware to 443 in New Hampshire, while the number of state senators ranges from 17 in Delaware and Nevada to 67 in Minnesota.

Although the Spanish Civil War ended in March 1939, some 500,000 soldiers of the defeated Loyalist Army are still in prison undergoing "re-education."

More women criminals than men, proportionately, escape from the prisons and reformatories of this country. During a recent four-year period, an average of 15.3 women and 10.5 men escaped annually for every 1,000 female and 1,000 male inmates. Of each group, 93 per cent were caught and returned to prison.—*By Mollie Reid, New Haven, Conn.*

In Tibet, where modern medicine is unknown, 90 per cent of the country's 3,000,000 adults have a venereal disease.

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PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
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BUY AT LEAST ONE EXTRA $100 WAR BOND THIS MONTH

You owe it to yourself—to America—to that special man of yours in uniform

POWER!

wins battles...man-power, fire-power and *fighting horse-power!*

America's enemies know by now how stupid they were in imagining they could out-fight America in this engine-powered age! Americans, cradled in the family car literally since babyhood, are the most motor-wise lads on earth. They take to anything from a jeep to a thirty-ton tank-transporter like a Briton to his beef. They'll fly and fight a four-motored bomber as naturally as their ancestors fought with flintlocks.

It's a privilege and an honor to have a hand in equipping these fighting young men with the magnificent tools of Victory created for them by American engineering. Sealed Power piston rings by millions are safeguarding precious engine power on land, sea and in the air.

Helping maintain essential home-front transport, too, is a vital part of our task. Sealed Power piston rings, individually engineered for cars, trucks and tractors, provide proper oil control, save gas, reduce wear and lengthen engine life. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

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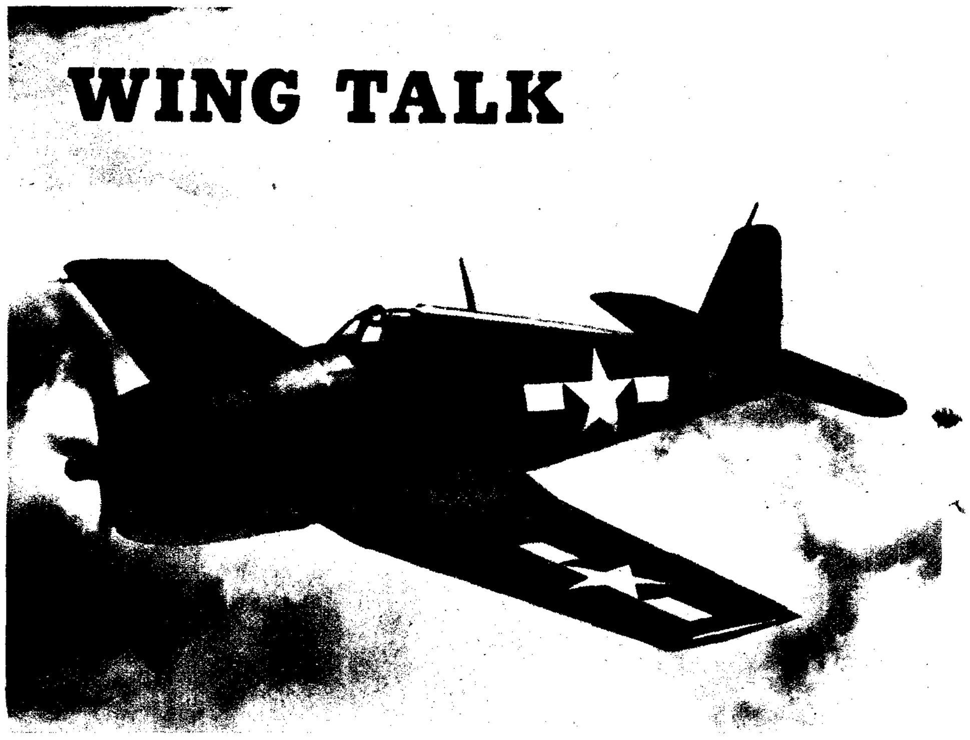
WING TALK



RUDY ARNOLD

Newest nightmare for the Nipponese is the Grumman F6F Hellcat, a bigger, faster, more lethal carrier-fighter than the famously successful Wildcat

HELLCAT, daughter of battle, answers all the prayers of Navy pilots. She's a low-winged Navy fighter—F6F—the Navy's newest and the world's best. Pilots prayed for speed. Hellcat's got it—to spare. They prayed for climb and maneuverability. Hellcat has both. She can take it—on her tough armored hide. She can hand it back with rapid fire that can sink a destroyer.

A year ago last April, while presenting Lieutenant Commander Edward H. "Butch" O'Hare with the Congressional Medal of Honor, President Roosevelt inquired, "Butch, what kind of a fighter plane do you need to beat the Japs?"

"Something that will go upstairs faster," Butch replied.

O'Hare detailed his needs some time later to engineers of the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation at Bethpage, Long Island, producers of Wildcat, known to the Navy as F4F.

Grumman officials, including William T. Schwendler, chief engineer and designer of the F6F, consulted other Navy pilots. Sky-fighting experience was transformed into an airplane. Hellcat is the war's first combat-born American fighter.

The birth of Hellcat, her progression from blueprints to experimental aircraft, to plane in production, is easily the best naval aviation story of the war. But the story could not be told to the American public until the flying men of Tojo learned that Yankee birdmen now fly the toughest, scrappingest naval fighter yet to be flown into battle by either side.

F6F is the answer to Navy pilots' prayers for a ship that can fight the Jap Zero on the Zero's own terms, a plane that can stand up and slug, that can bore in with those terrible body blows.

As much as they loved Hellcat's predecessor, the Wildcat, Navy fliers had to admit she had limitations. She couldn't climb as fast as the Zero. She couldn't duplicate the Zero's quick turns. She packed tremendous firepower in six .50-caliber guns, but hadn't room for enough ammunition for sustained six-gun fighting.

For this reason, Navy fliers seldom tossed six guns at Tojo at once. They'd use center guns first, until ammunition for them was exhausted, then they'd throw wing guns. Because of the Wildcat's performance disadvantages, Navy pilots avoided dogfights with Zeros. Under the leadership of such masters of air tactics as Lieutenant Commander John Smith "Jimmy" Thach, they evolved ways of beating Zero without dogfighting.

In two articles written for Collier's last December, Commander Thach told how superior marksmanship and air-battle tactics were making it possible for Navy pilots to overcome plane performance deficiencies in combat with the Japanese.

They flew against Zero in two-plane teams. To attain maximum speed, they came at him in a dive, making a sudden turn when they came within range, giving him a blast and then running. They fired on the Japs from the side, rather than from the rear as had been traditional fighter practice since the first World War.

Navy fliers made an art of this type of shooting. "Deflection shooting," as it is called, is something like duck shooting. You throw your shots ahead of Zero, as a hunter leads a fast-flying mallard. Superior tactics, rather than aircraft performance, accounted for the Navy's five-to-one plane score against Tojo.

Hellcat's performance and design features remain Navy secrets. But it can be said that her engine, powerful enough to pull a half-mile freight train, gives the Hellcat all the speed she needs. She can provide Tojo's showy pilots with lessons in fancy turns. She's thousands of pounds heavier than the Wildcat. Her improved armor means greater pilot life expectancy. Her new flexible-type gas tank is superior to earlier punctureproof tanks. Her roomy interior will carry more ammunition for any one of her guns than the Wildcat was able to provide for all her weapons. Finally, the Hellcat's designers have arranged for maximum pilot visibility, as "Jimmy" Thach once said: "You can't hit 'em if you can't see 'em."

WITH admirable enterprise, a Massachusetts woman is working to accumulate $20,000 through various community enterprises—to buy a Spitfire for the R.A.F.

The $20,000 unquestionably will be welcome, but it will be a good deal short of the actual purchase price of a fighter plane by today's standards.

On the basis of official War and Navy department figures, $20,000 would about buy a fighter-plane engine and propeller, with a small amount left over.

Here are some government-approved costs of present-day military aeronautical equipment:

A fighter plane (1,200 horsepower) $70,000; fighter plane (2,000 horsepower) $125,000; torpedo bomber, $150,000; twin-engined patrol bomber, $250,000; Flying Fortress, $450,000. ROBERT DEVORE

"I'M ON MY OWN"

Hush!

Shhh!

This is the jungle!

The trees . . . the shape of the leaves . . . vines snaking along branches . . . even the pattern of sunlight and shadow are strange.

No birds sing. No squirrels leap from limb to limb. No sound—except the unheard sound, the *felt* sound of watching, waiting, listening things.

I'm alone . . . on my own.

And somewhere up the trail, I can tell, a Jap sniper's waiting for me. Hung in a net . . . his gun cocked . . . his finger tight on the trigger . . . waiting for me to move into the line of his sights. Like I'm waiting for *him.*

This time the chips are down! Nobody's going to split this pot. It's winner take all. And the winner's the one who gets in the first shot. At the end of this trail there's going to be one more dead Jap—or a Marine who isn't coming home.

Waiting him out, and thinking back, I can see where I was wrong. I thought when I enlisted along with the other kids, that maybe I'd given up the very thing I wanted most—the liberty I'd always known. But I was wrong. In this war they teach you to think and plan and act on your own...

And now out here alone, matching my wits and my guts against the cunning and courage of madmen—*that's* what's going to get me through. *That's* what's going to bring me home!

Home to my folks. Home to my girl. Home to my future. Home to the land that was built by and for men who thought and planned and acted on their own. My land, my America, my country where there will always be new and better things . . . where there will always be equality for all . . . where there will always be freedom unlimited . . . as long as men are free to stand alone.

That's what I want when I come home! That's what I'm fighting for! The opportunity to go ahead . . . *on my own!*

Keep it for me until I come back.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard propellers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . producing many other important items of ordnance . . . doing our part to keep America what it has always been and must always be —a land of freedom, and equality, and opportunity.

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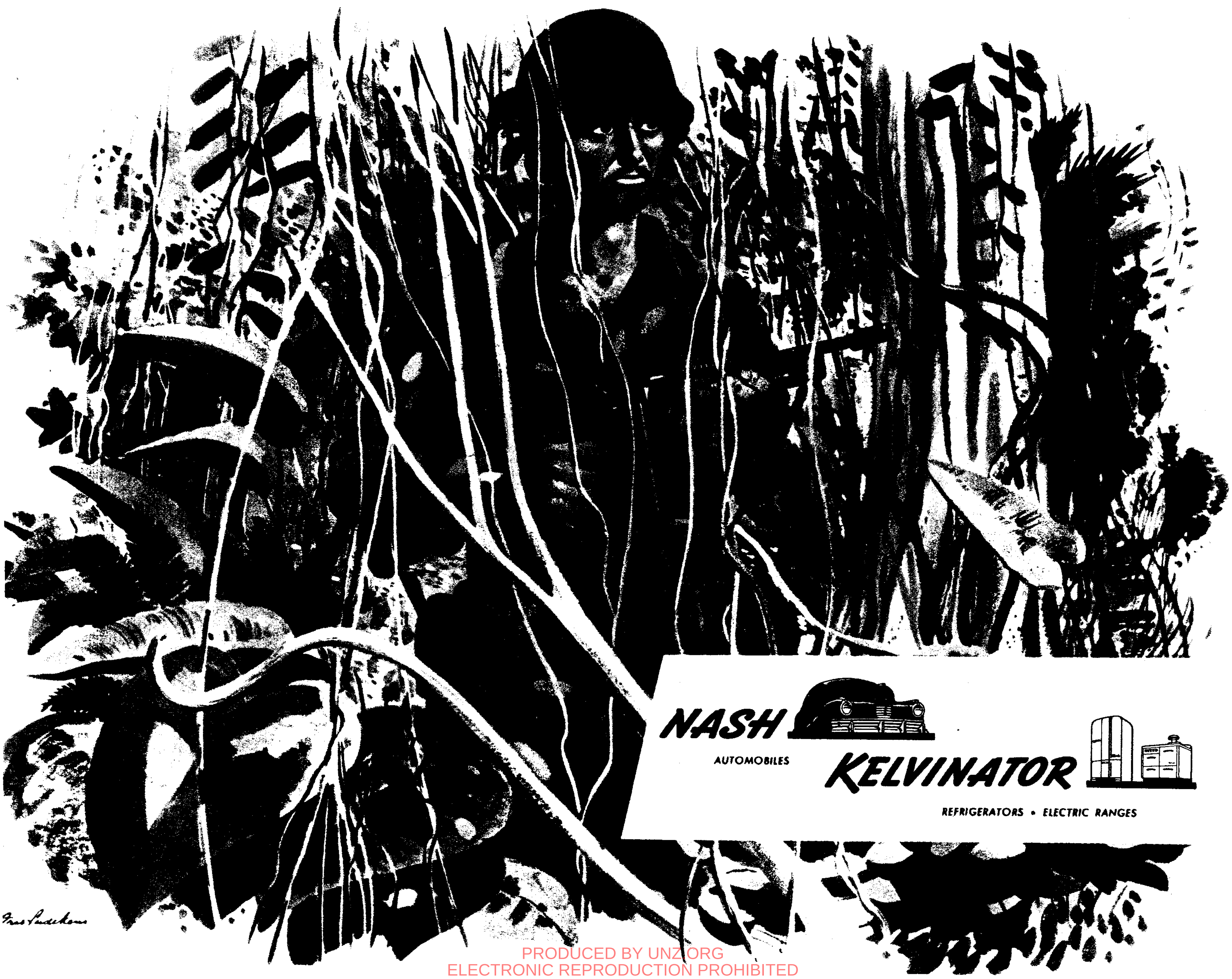

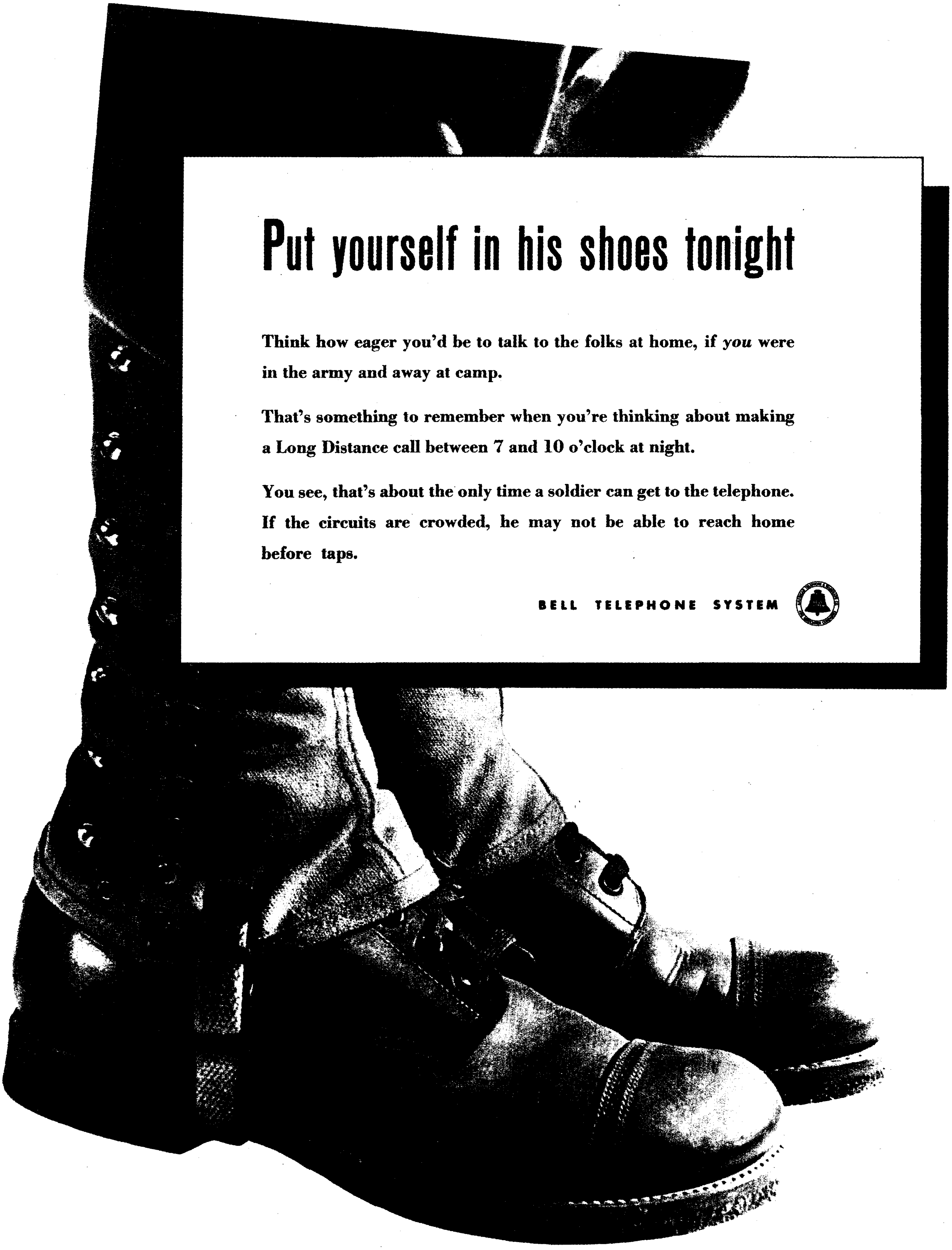

Put yourself in his shoes tonight

Think how eager you'd be to talk to the folks at home, if *you* were in the army and away at camp.

That's something to remember when you're thinking about making a Long Distance call between 7 and 10 o'clock at night.

You see, that's about the only time a soldier can get to the telephone. If the circuits are crowded, he may not be able to reach home before taps.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 16, 1943

ACTION THIS DAY

Letters from the Fighting Fronts to his father

By Archbishop
FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN
MILITARY VICAR OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

I had no idea of writing about the six months' trip which I have just concluded. On the contrary, for several reasons, I had the idea not to write about it. I have made many journeys, visited many places, had many experiences, and I have never written about any of them. It has now been represented that what I would write might be of interest to those who have dear ones serving with our Armed Forces, to whom I am devoted, and whom I am desirous to serve.

I traveled alone; I was occupied every day from early morning until late at night and occasionally through the night. But, following a custom begun in boyhood when I was away from home, I did write letters. Through four years at Fordham University, New York, and five years at the North American College, Rome, I wrote each week to my mother. Likewise, did I write to her during the seven years I was attached to the Vatican Secretariate of State. After my mother's death, I continued the same custom, writing to my father when I was away from home. I followed the same practice during this recent trip.

These letters are in simple narrative form. Obviously, I am not writing all my thoughts or describing all that I saw. Cardinal Gasparri told me that, when he was asked to write his memoirs, he declined, saying: "The interesting things I cannot tell, and the things which I can tell are not interesting."

The title, Action This Day, was suggested by a little card which Winston Churchill took from his desk and gave to me. Mr. Churchill has a variety of such cards. Action This Day is not only a good title but a good maxim for every one every day.

Francis J. Spellman

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, NEW YORK
February 8, 1943

My dear father: On Thursday morning, February 4th, I saw President Roosevelt. I had already discussed with him a trip to see the war-zone chaplains. I had visited the chaplains in this country, in Canada, Alaska and the Aleutians, and I thought it might be opportune to visit others. The President had indicated that I might go sometime in February subsequent to his return from Casablanca.

He looked well and was, as always, extremely cordial, frank, encyclopedic in his knowledge, and contagiously optimistic. He told me some of the experiences of his trip. The President does not enjoy traveling by air. Besides physical discomfort he is unable to do much work or to read or talk. Thus, flying above the clouds for hours becomes monotonous. I enjoy flying whether I read, talk or just look out the window and think.

I told the President that everything was in readiness,

ROBERT BAGBY

Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to these articles to the Military Ordinariate, and the proceeds therefrom will be used in their entirety for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the Cathedral Canteen in New York City. This organization, among other things, provides luncheons and dinners without cost to servicemen.

visas from Portugal to China were already in my pocket. I told him, too, that I had had all my inoculations and that I planned to leave on Tuesday, February 9th.

With an assurance of continued prayer that God would bless his efforts to lead our country on the road to victory, peace and prosperity, I took my leave.

There had been a suggestion that I be accompanied on the trip, but, for several reasons, I declined. Since I had been accustomed to assist other people in their travels, I felt that I would not need assistance in my own. I would also have felt embarrassed and disturbed if anyone who could have been doing something else had been assigned to look after me, for I have always taken care of myself.

On Saturday, February 6th, I went to Boston to attend the meeting of the chaplains and the group being graduated that month from the Chaplains' School at Harvard University.

I took advantage of this visit to Boston to see you and the other members of the family, to tell you that I planned to be away from home for some time, and to say goodby. I did not tell you of my destination, but I imagined you guessed that I hoped to go far. I went to Framingham to see my aunt in the convent. After a short but pleasant visit with Sister Philomena, I returned to New York on the midnight train.

A Message of Consolation

On Sunday morning in the Cathedral, I celebrated the nine o'clock Mass for the members of the Newman Club Federation. After Mass, I met Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Sullivan, of Waterloo, Iowa, the parents of the five boys who were lost when the U. S. cruiser Juneau was sunk.

They were happy and consoled to learn from me something that I had just heard, that, although the Juneau did not have a priest on board at the time it was sunk, the ship had been visited only two days earlier by a chaplain from another vessel. He had heard the confessions of the Catholic men aboard and given them Holy Communion at a Mass said just before the ship sailed to meet the enemy.

Today, my last full day at home, I offered Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral before the shrine of Our Lady of New York for the Sullivan boys, in the presence of their father and mother.

I packed two bags until I had fifty-five pounds. I delivered them to the Pan American Airways office and paid for my ticket to Lisbon. I had some concentrated food, pills for the decontamination of water, and small cans of powdered milk. The instructions for purifying water were that one pill was to be put into a pint of water, but if the water was *very* polluted, two pills should be used!

I am ready to go. I realize that of the many long journeys I have made during my lifetime this one will be unique. Whatever the outcome, I feel certain that I shall be glad I undertook the trip. I bid goodby to you and the family. I shall write as often as possible. God bless you!

LISBON, PORTUGAL
February 11, 1943

My dear father: Early in the morning of February 9th, Bishop O'Hara, Bishop McIntyre, and Monsignor Casey went with me to the airport. The English officials had put on every possible visa except the one that I needed first, the one for Bermuda. We were told that there would be no difficulty as the governor of Bermuda, Viscount Knollys, had been informed of my coming.

It was evident that I was not the only passenger who had been up all the night, for shortly after the ship left the water, many of the passengers went to sleep.

It was but a short flight to beautiful Bermuda, and the brilliant sun, sky and sea, the bright green of the trees and grass offered a startling contrast to the dull New York winter day I had just left. We remained in Bermuda a few hours, during which time I was the guest of the governor, Viscount Knollys.

Soon, I was back in the plane leaving Bermuda, and on my way to Horta in the Azores. We had our evening meal, and since we had only twenty-four of our original forty-two passengers, there was room for each of us to have a bunk. I slept well, awakening in the morning at seven o'clock just before our arrival in Horta.

Immediately on arrival I went to the Cathedral where I offered Mass. The bishop was not on this island; no one asked me to identify myself, and I did not volunteer identification. We left Horta about nine o'clock, and the flight to Lisbon was smooth.

I was met by Mr. Cootes and Mr. Nunn of the American Legation, and accompanied to a hotel. The following morning, I met cordial Mr. Bert Fish, the American minister. I then visited the Nuncio of Portugal, Archbishop Ciriaci. I have known him for thirty-two years. He was one of my first Roman professors.

Before coming to Lisbon, I had read and heard of all the espionage centered there. Nearly every one I met in Lisbon seemed to be on guard against something. One person on whom I called, and whom I met in his own office, disconnected his telephone from the wall socket, even though the receiver was on the book. He said he thought it possible that spies might hear our conversation. He had nothing to tell me, and I had nothing to tell him.

MADRID, SPAIN
February 16, 1943

My dear father: I left Lisbon on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th. The trip to Madrid lulled me into meditation. The landscape is varied. Portuguese and Spanish towns dot the hills and the plains. Fertile fields, arid wastes, snow-capped mountains, olive groves, castles, houses and huts drift by in the panorama.

I was astonished to see the American Ambassador, Doctor Carleton J. Hayes, at the airport. The Nuncio to Spain, Monsignor Cicognani, and his secretary, Monsignor Calleri, were also there. Doctor Hayes invited me to be the guest of Mrs. Hayes and himself at the American Embassy. I have known them for many years and the invitation was so very sincere and cordial that I accepted it, and I enjoyed very much being with them. In my opinion, Doctor Hayes is a most able representative of our country. His character, his background as scholar and historian, his ability to meet and to appraise people, and his patience—all these admirably fit him for his post. Mrs. Hayes is an ideal ambassador's wife. She is kind, intelligent, thoughtful and untiring.

The Ambassador and I drove to the "University City" and saw the tremendous damage caused by the civil war. We went as far as the Prado, where Generalissimo Franco lives in a palace surrounded by a great park. It is amazing and depressing to see the damage wrought by the violence of battle in which fifty thousand people perished in the city of Madrid.

Invitation to the Movies

That night we had dinner at eight o'clock at the American Embassy. The customary time is nine-thirty or ten o'clock. The reason was that the ambassador had arranged to have a showing of Gone with the Wind at a theater in the city. There was a tremendous demand for the tickets. But at least he could show the film another time, and Bishop O'Hara could never arrange to have the Army-Notre Dame football games played more often than once a year to help him out of *his* annual ticket predicament! The ambassador graciously invited me to attend this presentation of the film, but I preferred to remain at home so that, for a change, I could go to bed before two o'clock in the morning.

On Saturday, February 13th, I went with Father Molina, a Spanish Franciscan who at one time lived in the United States, to visit the famous Escorial Palace. The Escorial is a worthy memorial to Philip II, the king who built it. It comprises a palace, a church, a mausoleum, a college and a monastery. It is built in the form of a gridiron to symbolize the manner of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

We visited the crypts beneath the high altar to see the tombs of the emperors and kings and queens of Spain, the tombs of Bourbons and Hapsburgs. Monuments of beautiful marbles and bronze fill the spacious rooms. Only one tomb remains empty. It is directly beneath the high altar and is destined to receive the remains of Alfonso XIII, the last king of Spain or, at least, the latest. I had met Alfonso three times, once as a king and twice in exile. He could not have had much happiness in being king. A long time ago, Alfonso scratched these words with his sword on the bronze plaque of this black marble tomb: "This is my burial place." His body now rests in Rome.

The last prominent person buried in this famous palace was José Antonio Primo de Rivera. His resting place is an object of pilgrimage for the Falangists. The body is interred beneath the floor in front of the high altar. A bronze wreath on the pavement marks the spot. Below, in one of the crypts, there are other wreaths. The largest one, of solid bronze, rich and massive, is over six feet in diameter and bears the bold inscription, *"Il Duce al Fondatrice della Falange"* (Il Duce to the Founder of the Falangists). The significance of this inscription has shriveled and will shrivel further.

In the evening, with Ambassador and Mrs. Hayes, I went to dinner as the guest of the ambassador from Portugal. The other two guests were the British ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Lady Maud.

Sunday afternoon, the ambassador went with me to Toledo. All along the way one could see the effects of the war. The visit to the ruins of the Alcazar depressed me, for I remember the palace in all its glory. On this peaceful Sunday afternoon, I heard the story of the fifteen hundred men, women and children who were besieged there. I saw the ruins of the magnificent building and the room, used as both chapel and hospital, where operations were performed without anesthesia. I saw the place where one hundred and four persons were entombed standing in closets. I looked at the remains of the graceful courtyard of the Alcazar, and I tried to understand what had happened and why it had happened. The world volcano of hate is still pouring forth its lava over the world.

A Father's Immortal Words

One of the gripping incidents connected with the defense of the Alcazar concerns a commander of the garrison, Colonel Moscardo. He was the leader of the fifteen hundred men, women and children who were either Monarchists, or espousers of the cause of Franco, or both. The Loyalists seized Colonel Moscardo's son and forced him to telephone to his father in the Alcazar that they would shoot him if his father did not surrender. Colonel Moscardo told his son over the telephone, "If you must die, give your soul to God;

(Continued on page 58)

The Holy Father addresses the Pontifical Academy of Sciences with Archbishop Spellman (seated at right) attending—the first meeting of the archbishop with His Holiness since 1936, when the latter visited this country as Cardinal Pacelli

[redacted]

Reynolds

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APHS

THE moon had gone down at 1:30, which was fine, because, although it was only a half-moon in the clear dust-free Mediterranean air, it poured down a lot of light. The German planes had been over our convoy for an hour. The flares they dropped and the light from the moon silhouetted us clearly and, despite the flak we sent up, they had given us quite a pasting. But then the moon had fallen into the western horizon, the German planes had left, and now we had the Mediterranean to ourselves.

There were more than 700 of us, ships of all kinds, all headed for the Bay of Salerno some thirty miles from Naples for the first real invasion of the continent. Even the British Eighth Army landing in the south had been a diversion, intended to hide our real plans.

Standing on the deck, you could make out the dark outlines of ships to either side of us and ahead of us and aft of us. We were moving slowly; the only sound was the soft peaceful lapping of water against the hull of the ship. Then off to starboard there arose huge dark shapes which almost, but not quite, merged with the night. Someone said, "Well, there it is." And we knew that we were off the coast of Italy and that these mountains were just south of our objective. It was D Day, and H Hour was approaching. It used to be "Zero Hour" in the last war, but it is merely H Hour in this one. H Hour was 3:30 A. M. For months, thousands of men had been training for this moment.

Down in the operations room, men sat with earphones clamped to their heads, listening and talking to other control ships. As the flagship, we controlled the whole operation. Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, in charge, under Admiral Cunningham, of all amphibious operations, stood on the bridge, outwardly calm and unperturbed. General Mark Clark, tall and boyish-looking, sat in the Army control room with his aides, ready at any moment to change plans; the schedule had been made flexible, in case things ashore didn't go according to advanced plans. The skipper of our ship stood bulkily on the bridge, occasionally wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, his face tight with concentration.

This was a big ship, and you couldn't turn a corner without bumping into a general or an admiral. All the bossmen of the operation were with us, and the skipper knew he had a big responsibility. Nothing must happen to this ship or the whole operation might fail.

And how about our fighter protection? Without it, we would be sitting birds for the sharpshooting Luftwaffe, which had plenty of airfields in the near-by Foggia region, in Sardinia an hour away by air, and torped [illegible]

"We're s [illegible] General M [illegible] I asked hi [illegible]

We crep [illegible] took our place just o [illegible] Sele River. On our left [illegible] the shore [illegible] and north of [illegible] d be the two British divis [illegible] force disembarking them [illegible] them until their big gu [illegible] ammunition were landed was [illegible] the command of British Commodore O [illegible]

It was almost H Hour now, but no sound disturbed the dark and rather sinister quiet of the harbor. We knew that landing barges were being lowered from ships all around us, and that LCTs (Landing Craft—T [illegible]) and LCIs (Landing Craft—Infantry) and all sorts of other craft were creeping in softly toward the beaches. We knew that an American division was approaching certain beaches which the operations room had designated and named "Red," "Green," "Yellow" and "Blue." These were about four miles south of us.

Faintly, in the distance, we could hear planes. This was comforting; we knew these were the Beaufighters, the greatest of all night protectors. They were circling out beyond the limits of our convoy. Their job was to intercept enemy aircraft before it reached us. If planes did get through, it was up to us to stop them with our ack-ack guns. We knew, too, that even though we could not see them, there was a huge protecting screen of cruisers and destroyers around us, listening for submarines.

"As fas as subs are concerned," Admiral Hewitt had told me earlier in the day, "we are as safe as if we were home in our beds."

The Navy Did Its Job

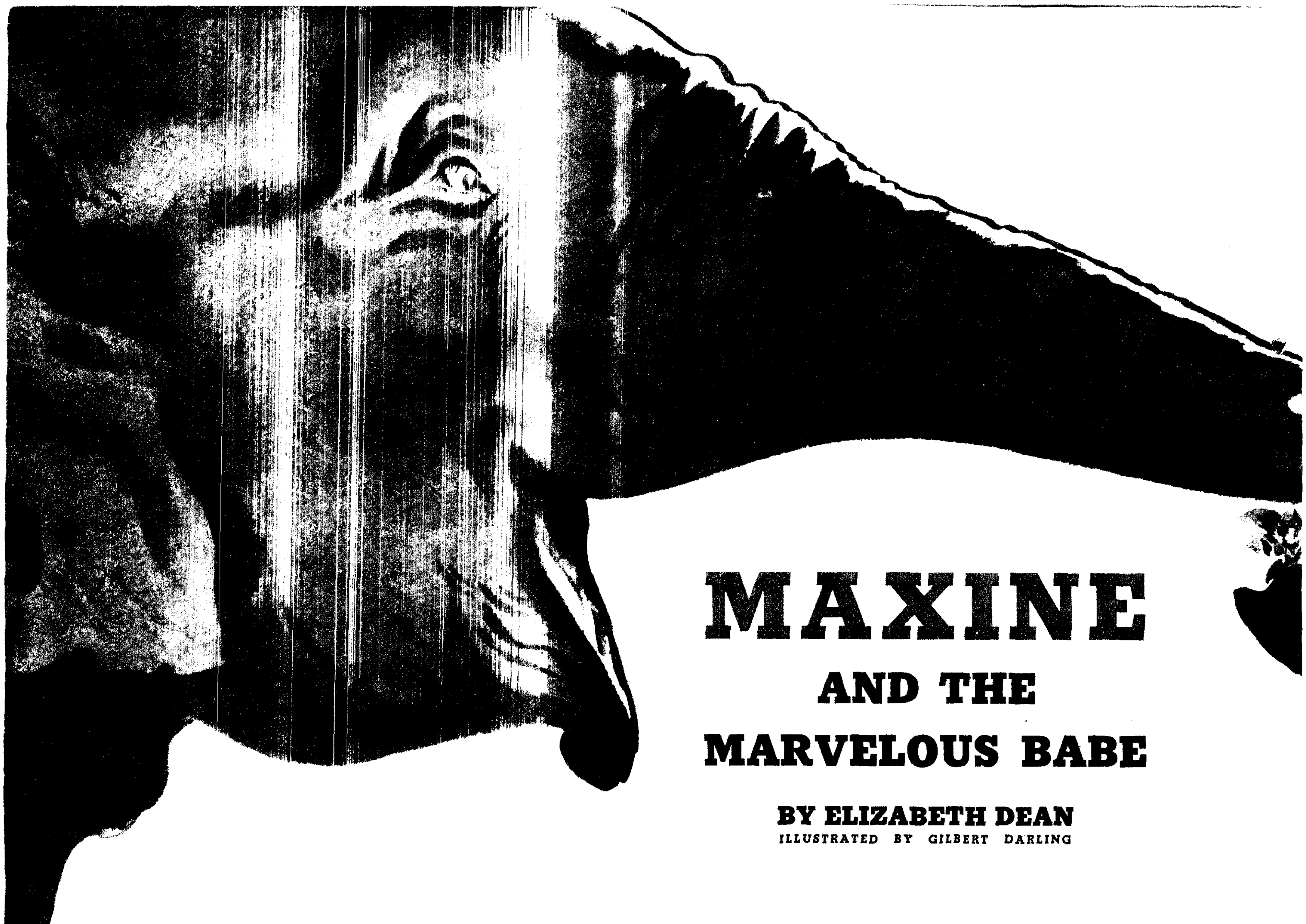
It was three-thirty then, and we held our breath and hoped for the best. But nothing happened—that is, at first. Looking at our timetables, we knew that the first assault wave had landed. Now the second waves were due. From the point where British divisions were landing came flashes of fierce light from the shore and now we knew that the Hun was ready and that enemy coastal guns were in action. In view of the fact that Italy had capitulated ten hours before, our naval force had orders not to fire unless fired upon.

We had three cruisers on the spot. They waited—but not for long. Long, golden fingers of flame reached out from their turrets. Shells went shoreward, screaming angrily. Within ten minutes, the coastal batteries were silent. The Navy had done

(Continued on page 70)

Just before the landing at Salerno, Lt. Gen. Mark Clark and Admiral H. K. Hewitt confer over maps in the chartroom of the invasion fleet flagship

These Mark IV's were knocked out. Reynolds saw five flattened on the beach by Navy gunfire. Below, a Nazi aerial bomb scores a miss on landing craft



MAXINE
AND THE MARVELOUS BABE

BY ELIZABETH DEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A Florida tourist camp, a temperamental elephant named Maxine and an inflammable young lady make things zoom for a squadron of flying cadets

AVIATION CADET VALENTINE SIMMONS looked out of the window of the flying field bus and saw an elephant. It was early in the morning, and Val was feeling a little droopy, so he looked again. There was no doubt about it. There *was* an elephant in the yard of the usually deserted tourist camp that the bus had passed each morning since the opening of the new field.

Val nudged his roommate, Johnny Burke. "Lookit," he said, "an elephant."

Johnny gave the word. "Lookit, lads," he said, "an elephant."

The busload of cadets, being young and welcoming any variation in the long ride through the sandy barrens, let out a yell and waved their caps. The elephant, as though used to the plaudits of the mob, thereupon rose majestically on her hind legs and raised her trunk in salute.

"An elephant," said a pug-nosed cadet who was fat, dumb and happy and flew a plane the same way, "is supposed to be good luck."

Thus was tradition born, thus did the paths of Cadet Valentine Simmons and Maxine, the elephant, cross; but before we go further into that, let us delve for a moment into Maxine's past.

Maxine weighed an even six thousand pounds and was ponderous, even for a pachyderm. In summer, Maxine went on tour with the Jones Brothers' Circus; she panicked 'em in Atlanta, Memphis and points north and west. You remember Maxine—she was third from the left in the grass-skirt number and had a hole in her right ear and a flip way of shaking her sleigh-bell decorations. She also walked a six-inch plank with a woman held in her mouth. But when fall came, Maxine, like many another lady in her profession, headed south, to winter at the hamburger hut and tourist camp of her owner, Jabez Tilton.

Jabez came from New Hampshire, not unusual for a resident of Florida, and he had bought Maxine, then a mere slip of a girl of eight hundred pounds, when he bought the tourist camp. Fortunately for Jabez, Mrs. Tilton liked to make hamburgers and thought that tourists were more entertaining than the sheep and rocks of New Hampshire, and neither of them thought that it was odd to have an elephant for a pet.

Maxine had quickly learned to bring kindling to the back door every morning. That was handy. And it was sociable, Mrs. Tilton found, to share her morning breakfast with a gray trunk that appeared on the window sill through a neat hole that it had made for itself. Maxine got on well with the tourists, willingly going through the few tricks that Jabez had taught her. In fact, it was a tourist, himself a circus man, who had suggested that with a little coaching Maxine would do for the big time.

Maxine's success, as we have said, is history; and her earnings, coupled with the income from the tourist camp, made it possible for Jabez to install a power system, to put inner-spring mattresses in the cabins, and for Mrs. Tilton to set out a fine rose garden.

Mrs. Tilton was inordinately fond of roses. So, it turned out, was Maxine. She sniffed them with rapture, she picked them, and she ate them—bush, thorns and all. A blooming rose bush was caviar to Maxine, but only a blooming one; and it was a pretty sight to see Maxine and Mrs. Tilton, of a morning, racing each other to the rose garden, each determined to get the first bloom.

LIFE at the tourist camp had gone on in this friendly, comfortable fashion until suddenly no more tourists came to Florida, their gasoline being needed elsewhere, and the roadside hamburger became an epicurean novelty.

Mrs. Tilton had worried and talked of going to town and taking a welding course; but Jabez, reminding her that there was no place nearer than Mobile in which to practice her future occupation, had sold beer and fried-egg sandwiches to men at work on the new flying field. They still, he added, had Maxine. He had also found time to build a stout stake-and-wire fence around the rose garden.

With the airfield finished, and the trucks and workmen replaced by gray busloads of cadets that didn't stop for so much as a soda pop, Mrs. Tilton had made good her threat; she walked to the town bus line every morning for the trip to the welding school. And Jabez had begun to worry, but mostly over whether or not the airplanes would upset Maxine, who had not then come home from her summer tour. The base had been converted to air in Maxine's absence, and Jabez wasn't sure that Maxine had ever seen an airplane, though he thought she probably had, what with her getting around so much.

And then the blow had fallen!

Maxine had been glad to get home; she had fondled Jabez and Mrs. Tilton to be sure that they had not changed.

After Maxine had carefully investigated some new planking that Jabez had laid in the barn, she had settled down in her peanut-hay bed and slept peacefully.

The Tiltons, however, had tossed and turned, because Maxine's driver had delivered the blow, had brought word that the Jones Brothers' Circus was being disbanded. It would not go on tour the coming spring because of transportation difficulties.

It was a pity, the driver had said, that Tilton lived in such a hick place. Otherwise, he could pick up a little change taking Maxine around to fairs and carnivals, under her own power, of course.

Jabez had rolled over and groaned, thinking about it. The very idea that Maxine, who was used to her own truck and car and the best hay, should go plodding along the hard highways!

He would, Jabez had vowed, start a truck garden first. Jabez had groaned again. He had thought that he had left farming far behind in New Hampshire.

The next morning—the morning on which Maxine and the cadets saw each other for the first time—everyone was up early, but only Maxine was bright. Before going to her class, Mrs. Tilton took down the curtains from the cabins, to wash and store them away.

Jabez stayed disconsolately in the house, thumbing through an old seed catalogue, but Maxine pottered happily around the yard, making herself at home again, noting changes. She was, in fact, investigating the fence around the rose garden when the busload of cadets went past.

Jabez needn't have worried about Max-

A sudden gleam came into Maxine's eye; she swept her trunk in a wide arc and in a flash she had snatched off Amalie's hat and stuffed it, roses and all, into her mouth

ine and the planes. When the first N3N came over at seven-thirty, Maxine sat up to watch it and again saluted, this time with a delighted roar. The plane dipped a wing. The dip was caused by a rough pilot, but Maxine took it as a personal greeting and capered among the chrysanthemums. Maxine watched the planes happily all day and did not miss the tourists or notice that her family seemed preoccupied and distraught. She waved to the returning bus and received a gratifying round of applause.

The cadets were happy because the training flights had gone unusually well. Johnny Burke and several others had got their A check, the safety solo check, the first of the upchecks necessary to complete the course. An A check, as Johnny put it, simply meant that you were safe to take a plane off, fly it around in a circle, and put it back down again; but it was the first step toward becoming an H.P., a hot pilot, the desired aim, the *ultima Thule,* and the expected goal of all cadets. And it wasn't quite so easy as Johnny made out.

For example, Johnny's roommate, Cadet Valentine Simmons, had not received his. This was because of a curious juxtaposition of circumstances. In the first place, Val was behind his class in flying time because he had been walled up in the hospital by a bunch of docs who claimed that his sinus infection should clear up before he went back to flying; in the second place, Val had been suffering from an acute low ceiling brought on by the fact that a dark queen by the name of Mary Ellen refused to take him seriously.

The situation had been crucial. Johnny could take his queens or leave them alone; not so Val. Val always gave them the gun and then went into a spin when they stalled. And Val in a spin was hard to get along with. His long, tanned face got longer, his arms hung down, and he took to dreaming instead of joining Johnny in hangar flying and shooting the breeze. In a word, he drooped. His flying drooped also. It was rough. He overcontrolled, or he went to the other extreme and flew mechanically, by the book.

But today, by the grace of heaven or possibly the cheering effect of Maxine, Val had been all right. Johnny had watched him. His flying had been smooth, he had paid attention to the course rules and had stayed in the traffic circle.

"MY DUAL time's all made up," Val breezed to Johnny, "and Gramp says"—thus did Val refer to his instructor, Lieutenant (jg) Horatio Button—"I shouldn't have any trouble with my check."

"That's cooking," said Johnny, "with a hot blaze. How about celebrating the crucial event by taking in that whingding, that mob scene, that dance I told you about in town Saturday night?"

"Could be," Val condescended. "Could be." He joined amiably in the salute to Maxine.

Alas!

The next morning's mail brought Val a letter from Mary Ellen, a friendly letter, a sisterly letter.

Johnny groaned when he saw the letter; he groaned as he saw Val's face get longer and longer. With a groan and a heave, Johnny pushed the drooping Val onto the fieldbound bus.

Maxine was not feeling well that Friday morning, either. The excitement of homecoming over, Maxine was feeling a touch truck-sick, and instead of being coddled, as she had a right to expect, she had been deserted. Mrs. Tilton had gone to her welding, and Jabez had gone to consult with the county agent on the feasibility of setting out a pecan grove. Maxine was unaware of the dither into which the prospect of her unemployment had thrown the Tiltons; all she knew was that she had been abandoned and chained up. And it was excessively annoying that she was chained just out of reach of the fence to the rose garden.

So Maxine pouted. She turned her broad and baggy posterior to the road and only mumbled to herself as the busload of cadets went by.

The cadets were disappointed.

"The old lady must have a grouch on," said one.

Val stared out of the window with lackluster eyes.

And that day things went catastrophically wrong. There was a nasty, veering wind, the instructors were edgy, the ground crews all thumbs. One cadet yelled, "Off," when his switch was on, and broke the arm of his mech.

Val was in the N3N with the engine idling when his check pilot, one Lieutenant Coombs, came up, looking grumpy.

Val saluted, neglecting the "Good morning, sir," that the smart boys added. Val was thinking of Mary Ellen.

The check pilot climbed into the front cockpit. "Any time you're ready," came his voice through the gosport.

Val took off mechanically, climbed, at sixty-five knots, to the required altitude, followed the traffic pattern, left it, and proceeded to the practice field for the simulated forced landings on which his A check depended.

"Relax," said the voice through the gosport.

Val hardly heard it. Off to the right, he could see the glinting water of the bay and the white streak of the island where he and Mary Ellen had swum and picnicked on her all-too-short visit.

Routinely he circled the practice field and came upwind for his landing. Instead of coming in neatly, tail first, as he had done hundreds of times before, he made a wheel landing. The plane hit and bounced, and hit and bounced again.

HE'D misjudged a little, Val thought. It could happen to anyone. Old Sourpuss realized that; at least he hadn't said anything. Val took off again and, about three hundred and fifty feet up, felt the throttle coming back and knew that the check pilot was signaling for an emergency landing. He didn't actually have to land, all he had to do was to get the plane into the wind, nose down, to show that he could do it if he had to. Val could do that; he'd done it a hundred times before. Mary Ellen had watched him—

Val turned, but he was slow. He felt the plane begin to wobble, and then the sharp jerk as the check pilot slapped the stick forward for him.

"When I say get it down, I mean down!" The voice through the gosport was caustic.

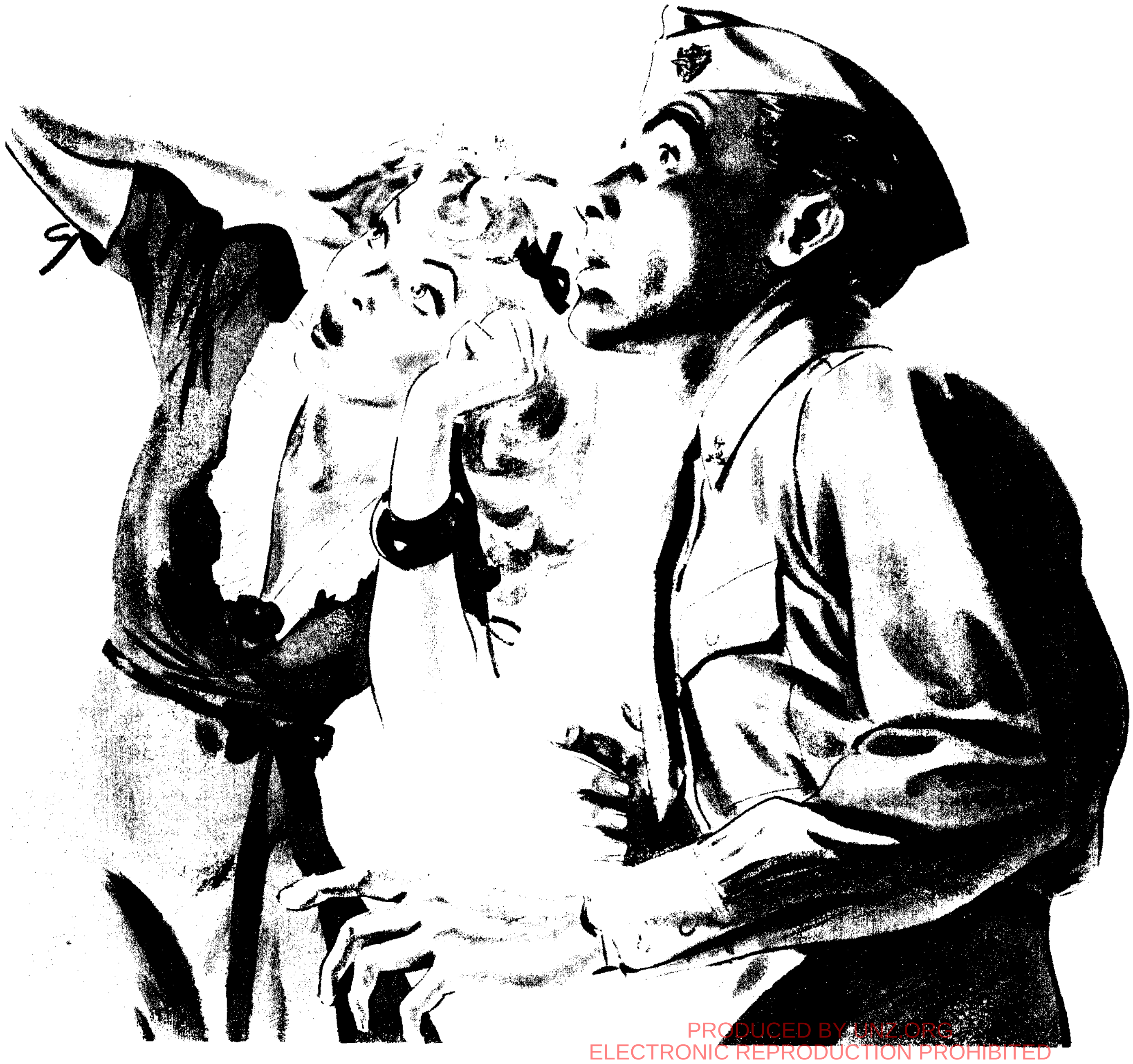
"So, he wants the nose down, does he?" Val muttered. He felt quickly to see that his own safety belt was fastened and got back into the traffic circle.

"Relax!" said the voice.

"Relax, huh?" How could you relax with that voice nagging at you? With your whole world in ruins, as his had been since Mary Ellen left? Relax? He'd show this guy a thing or two!

Val came in fast; too fast. He gritted his teeth as he felt the wheels bump again. This landing was a mess; he'd take off and do it over. In his eagerness, he took off before the plane had stopped bouncing, felt the emergency signal and tried to get the nose down with a violent push on the stick, forgetting that he was only twenty feet or so off the ground and that any attempt to get the nose down then would probably result in a crash.

(Continued on page 54)



Even the girls of Spangles thought A. Robins was funny. In the copious coat are oranges, bananas, a mop, a magnet, a hatchet, cigars—all of which Robins makes at his workbench in his White Plains, N. Y., home

LAUGH FACTORY

By F. Beverly Kelley and Don Lang

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EMIL F. HERMAN

THE "laugh factory" at White Plains, New York, won't receive the Army-Navy "E" Award, but it is working overtime these days to produce the stuff that makes folks relax and chuckle and roar and beat their hands together. Boss and sole employee is A. Robins, the Banana Clown. He produces fabulous quantities of bananas from his pockets at frequent intervals to punctuate a twelve-minute act. He makes his own bananas.

They really *look* like bananas, and so do the huge watermelons look real. The same goes for a bag of pineapples, two dozen oranges, and a music rack, wastebasket, mop, giant magnet, thirty neckties, a box of cigars, cocktail shaker and two big bottles, a hatchet and various other incongruous items concealed in a network of pockets of a long purple coat that would make a professional shoplifter bite his handcuffs in envy.

Robins is the highest paid clown in the business. He was featured during the summer in the new, continental-style show, Spangles, which Robert Ringling produced as a baby sister to the huge Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey show. Spangles was a one-ringer and that is why Robins was there. He belongs to a school of buffoonery that needs the spotlight and plenty of time.

Robins used to be Adolph Proper, and his dad was a small dry-goods merchant in old Vienna. Proper, Sr., worked hard—counted *pfennigs* all his life and worried eternally about how to make ends meet. He was always in debt and frequently behind in the rent. The boy Adolph saw no reason for this poverty. He had an ambition to get on the stage and make some real money.

His father persuaded him to spend one year in business school, thinking that in a year the lad would forget the stage. He was wrong. The boy left school at seventeen and had to take what he could find—a job designing dresses. Later, he got a job in a night club as a quick painter.

Walking along a Vienna street one day, he heard an auto horn and, being in high spirits, honked back at it. To his surprise, this fine, realistic honk sent people scurrying in every direction. He experimented further. Out of this talent came the second phase of the Robins act—the imitation of many instruments. Stagehands broke so many of them, he decided to carry them concealed on his person as he marched onto the stage, and thus was born the third or "production" phase of his performance.

The reason Robins finally hitched his star to anything as prosaic as a bunch of bananas was because they represent something nearly everybody understands. They emerge (314 of them) so readily and in such startling numbers from his pockets, and they are marvels of mechanical construction. His coat weighs seventy-five pounds loaded.

He believes that there must be some reason for everything he does. Everything must be crazy, but, at the same time, there must be some sense to it. For instance, he doesn't just pull out a mop for the sake of pulling out a mop. There is nothing funny about a mop. But first he slips on a banana peel—and out comes the mop. His big magnet would be useless if he didn't use it to pick up a glove he had dropped. A giant hand, appearing suddenly, in itself is not funny, but when he uses it to acknowledge applause, it becomes funny.

Robins' one ambition all during the years of his climb to fame and fortune was to take care of his parents by building a fine home for them and making them comfortable for the rest of their lives. His father died soon after the first World War, and then, a couple of years later, Robins stopped his American work and went back to Vienna again, to provide for his mother. He built a fine home, designing every bit of it and working for months to get it completed. Then, just as it was finished and he was preparing to move his mother in, she died, without ever having seen it.

The Pagliacci touch! ★★★

REPORT ON THE GERMAN PEOPLE

BY WALTER TAUB

RADIOED FROM STOCKHOLM

The specter of 1918 is haunting the Nazi party, as Himmler and his Gestapo are turned loose on the German people in a desperate attempt to hold the home front together

OUR enemy has become our protector." Thus one German visiting Stockholm reacted when told that Heinrich Himmler had been appointed Reichsminister of the Interior. Even Hitler knows that the white-headed, uncultivated, bespectacled man with the moist, slack handshake is disliked among Germans. Only absolute necessity put this man in the ugly palace on the *Koenigsplatz* in Berlin. About 8,000,000 foreign workers, several million prisoners of war and the rapidly growing millions of évacuées constituted a gravely disquieting problem for the party leaders. Germany's home front has become her second front.

The Gestapo chief became commander in chief of the home front mainly because of the intense fear he inspires at home and in the occupied countries. Each German realizes that henceforth he is working with a revolver muzzle against the nape of his neck. The generals categorically told Hitler "to secure the home front," thereby giving their support to the appointment.

When the bombs rain over Germany's industries, the armament staff tremble, not only for each factory hit but for each worker's dwelling destroyed, for if the workers are bombed out, they don't go to work. Therefore, it is important to provide their families with a new roof. Vital machines are frequently idle even though they haven't been hit.

If a whole working-class quarter is destroyed by bombs, the workers are often collectively billeted in another quarter, with busses provided to take them to work the following morning.

"But they refuse to go with the busses," relates a German industrialist to a Swedish business friend, "until they know what is going to happen to their families. The factories are idle until the families are finally evacuated—there's no telling where."

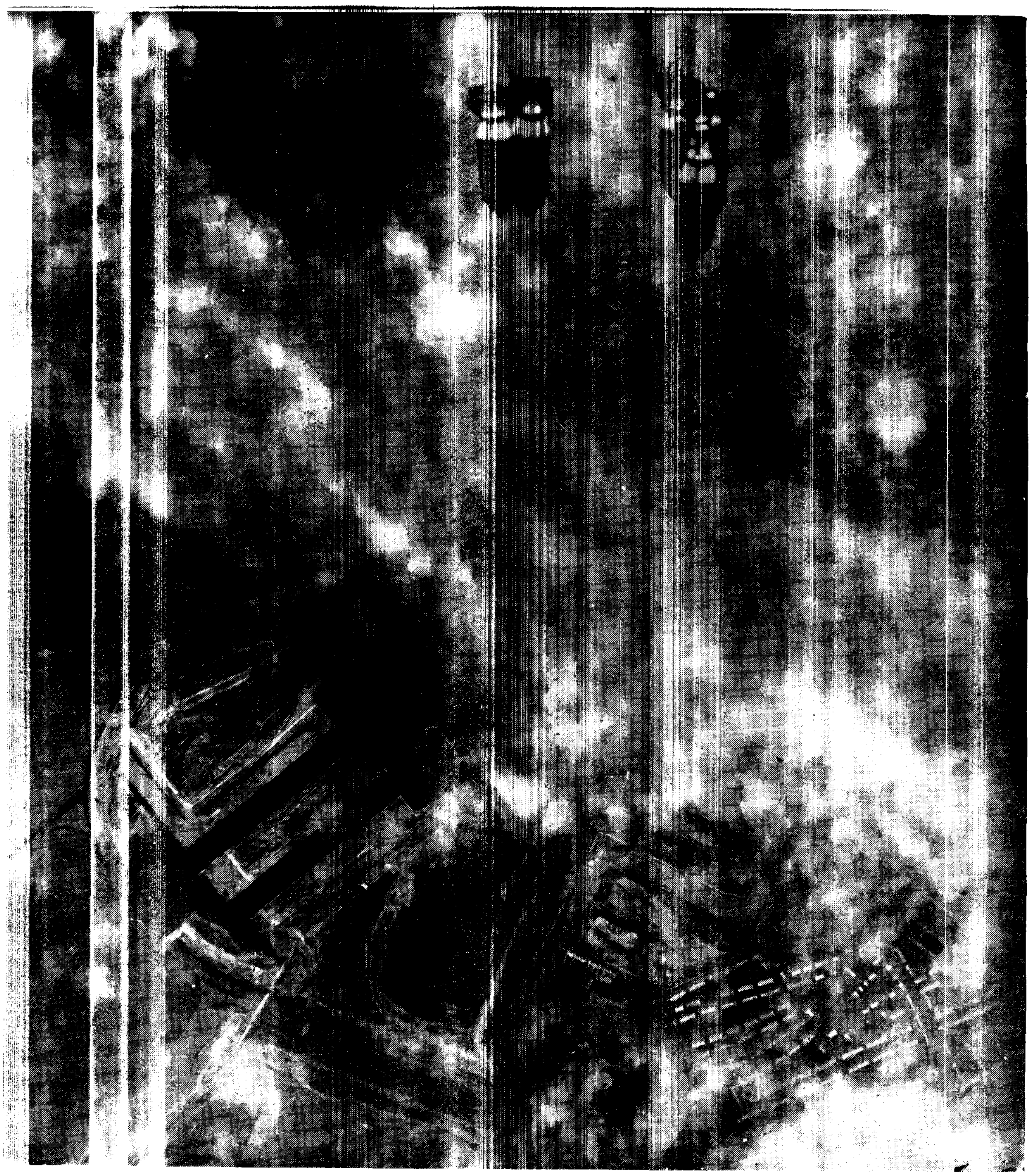
Austria No Longer a Haven

The workers' output is worth little until they are assured that their families have reached Munich en route to Austria. But the next letter is from Prague. Their destination is now the Ukraine instead of Austria, as the Vienna area has been bombed. Austrian industrial centers, where the Nazis have established the greater part of their aircraft production, are panicked. Everybody who can flee does so, Gestapo threats notwithstanding. Forty-three workers leaving their place of work in Salzburg were sentenced to death.

Since Austria is no longer a haven, évacuées are diverted to the Ukraine. While they are on their way there, a telegram comes from Ukraine *Gauleiter* Koch, announcing that the Ukraine is also closed against évacuées, as it might soon be a theater of war.

Where do the évacuées, dispatched from country to country without money, clothes or bedding, land? Probably in southern Bavaria. For how long? One night a bomb hits their factory. Workers are given two weeks' pay if it is impossible for them to resume work within a fortnight. If work is still impossible then, the Labor Office sends them elsewhere.

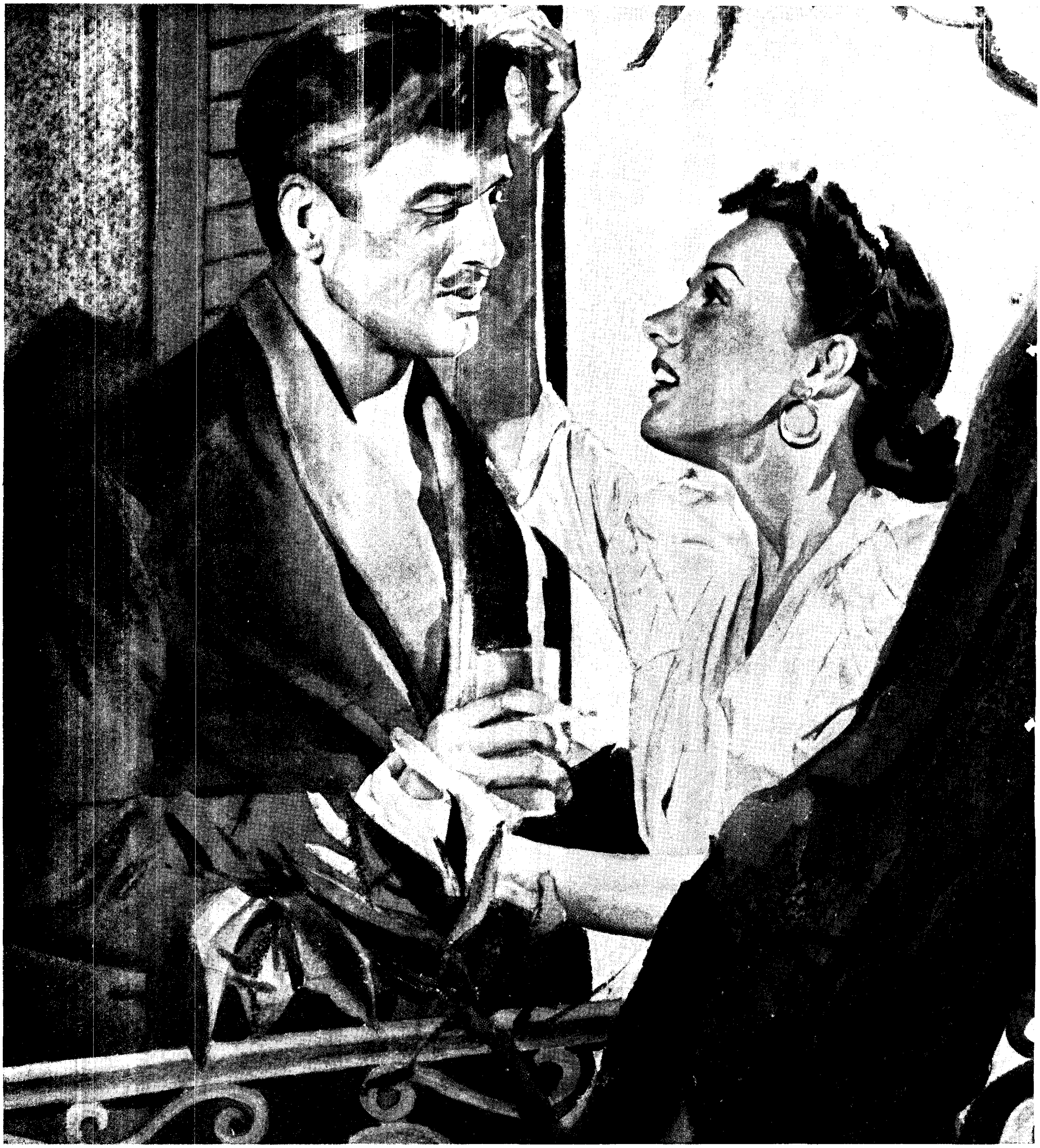
Thus Hanoverians land in Upper Silesia nearly 400 miles away; residents of Aachen are moved 700 miles to Posen; miners find themselves one day in Stalino, over 1,000 miles from Bochum in the Ruhr, where they have lived all their lives. Where their relatives are, they don't learn until months later, for (and this is becoming plainer every day) the organization of évacuées is a terrible failure. A new proletariat of the bombed-out is forming in Germany. *(Continued on page 48)*



BRITISH COMBINE

d bombing raids, such as the attack on the naval base at Wilhelmshaven (above), have com- ly disrupted civilian and industrial life in Germany. Despair, disillusionment and terror are ading among the workers and their families. Below: A dismal Munich clears away its wreckage

ACME



NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

BY W. R. BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

AMONG the guests at the Marwood Arms in Los Angeles is a widow from Minneapolis: a Mrs. Halvorsen, who (so at least Charley Evans, the manager, believes) is worth considerably more than a million dollars. None of the other guests interest Mrs. Halvorsen: she is bored and lonesome.

In Los Angeles, at the time, is a man who is known to certain members of the underworld as "the top man." His name is Jim Farrar; he is an unusually suave, charming crook, very attractive to women. He has just come out from Florida, where "Tony" Blackburn, his latest girl friend, has given him the air and taken up with a ham actor named Austen. He is depressed, thinking of committing suicide: and his lawyer—"Johnny the Priest" Doyle, who lives with him—fears that, unless something is done soon, there is some chance of his losing his best client.

The news of Mrs. Halvorsen's plight rea
a group of criminals—"Doc" Ganson, "Shal
Thomas, "Windy" Mather—all of whom
in desperate need of funds. Whereupon, tl
evolve a *plan which, carefully followed,* n
enable them to rob the widow. All they neec
a confederate—a smooth, attractive fellow w
can somehow meet Mrs. Halvorsen, win
love, grab as much of her money as he can
his hands on—and split with the gang!

Through the co-operation of "Pop" Gru
(who, on clear nights, presides over a "t
cents-a-look" telescope on the streets of I
Angeles and who is a sort of clearinghouse
criminal information), Doc Ganson finds Do
outlines the great idea to him and suggests t
he interest Farrar in it.

At this interesting point, Tony Blackburn
rives in Los Angeles (Doyle, hearing the ac
had deserted her, penniless, in Arizona, had s
her the money to come on); and, meeting
again, Jim Farrar suddenly becomes himself.

promises Doyle, enthusiastically, that he will set to work on the unsuspecting widow. After which, the trio—Tony, Jim and Johnny—spend much of their time at Junta Beach, in a beach house where, unknown to Tony, Jim and Johnny have hidden seventy-five thousand dollars (to be used should they be forced to make a getaway). . . .

Jim registers at the Marwood Arms, under the name of "James Lloyd." He convinces Evans that he is a wealthy oil man from Texas. Evans, impressed and liking the new guest, introduces him to Mrs. Halvorsen.

A few days later, the widow (who finds "Mr. Lloyd" an extraordinarily delightful gentleman) motors down to the beach house with her new friend. Johnny greets them as they arrive; he shows Mrs. Halvorsen to a bedroom where she can put on her bathing suit; then, joining Jim, he stares at him in admiration. Jim, he thinks, certainly knows how to deliver the goods. He no longer wonders why the handsome charmer is top man.

"I always dreamed about something like this," said Gladys. "I never had any idea it would really happen"

II

LOOK, Johnny," said Jim, struggling into his trunks, "don't talk so much—just relax. If she asks you a question, answer it, and let it go at that. Leave the rest to me."

"I thought I was doing all right," said Johnny. "Naturally I was a little jittery." He threw a reproachful glance at Jim, who ignored it.

"Where's Tony?"

"She went into Los Angeles on a bus."

"What time will Telesfero be back?"

"Not till late."

"Look—I don't want her here for dinner this time. That'll come later. Make some excuse about the Filipino boy."

Johnny nodded. "Want me to stick around?"

"Yes," said Jim, "and close. I'm going to play this one smooth."

Johnny grinned and nodded, then stood studying Jim, who was now ready for the beach. He looked much bigger and huskier without his clothes; although he was fatter than he should have been, he was deeply tanned and had shoulders and legs like a blocking half; his body didn't look thirty-eight years old.

"Okay! Okay!" said Jim, misinterpreting Johnny's stare. "So I'm fat. But I'll get it off."

"I wish I was fat like that," said Johnny, wincing slightly as he thought of his own meager, flat-chested body.

JOHNNY whistled under his breath when Mrs. Halvorsen came down the stairs to the beach, carrying her robe; she had on a white one-piece bathing suit which set off her slender figure to perfection. Jim held his hand out to her and helped her down the last few steps. Johnny saw her give Jim a quick, admiring glance, then lower her eyes modestly. Jim grinned at her.

"My name's Jim," he said.

"Mine's Gladys," she replied, and they both laughed.

They went over and sat down under the beach umbrella. It was a beautiful day with a delicate blue sky and huge masses of white cottony clouds at the sea horizon. There were gulls everywhere.

"It seems strange without the boats, doesn't it, Jim?" said Mrs. Halvorsen, hesitating for a moment over his name in a way that pleased him.

"Yeah," said Jim; "that ocean looks mighty lonesome at times. You never see anything now but a few fishing boats. At night it's worse, Gladys." He brought her name out as if he'd known her for years.

Johnny watched them for a minute, then he cleared his throat and said, "Excuse me. I'll be right back."

Jim glanced up in annoyance. But Johnny hurried into the beach house, ignoring him.

"I like Mr. Riley," said Mrs. Halvorsen. "He's so friendly and considerate."

"He's a nice fellow—a little talkative at times."

"Oh, I don't mind that. As a rule I haven't much to say myself. I like to listen."

"I like to hear myself talk," said Jim. "We ought to get along all right."

Mrs. Halvorsen smiled and her eyes lingered on Jim's face. "I'm sure of that," she said after a moment.

Jim, suspicious, glanced at her guardedly. Then he relaxed. It wasn't a feminine lead, or "come on." It was just a nice remark. This dame was all right.

They talked about California for a few minutes, then Johnny came out. He'd changed his clothes. He was now dressed in a blue and white polo shirt, white ducks, and a yachting cap. Jim thought he looked ridiculous and wanted to laugh, but restrained himself.

Mrs. Halvorsen turned and said, "Why, Mr. Riley—how nice you look!"

Jim saw Johnny's puny chest expand.

They stopped on the way home and had dinner at a little fish place on a pier. As they ate they could hear the water washing under them and feel the shock as the waves broke against the pilings. They'd had two cocktails before dinner. Mrs. Halvorsen had protested that one was her limit, but had a second one anyway. Much to Jim's amusement she got a little tight and very talkative without the slightest idea that she was either.

Jim had a brandy after the dessert and she had one, too. "Just to keep you company," she said.

Night had fallen. A stiff breeze began to blow and they heard it moaning about the little frame restaurant. At sea, a boat whistle sounded, mournful in the darkness. The proprietor built a fire in the small stone fireplace and soon the flames were leaping and crackling.

"This is nice—very nice," said Mrs. Halvorsen. "I don't know when I've had such fun."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Jim.

"I've gone about hardly at all for years. Mr. Halvorsen was never in really good health; besides, he hated traveling—didn't like people either. He liked to sit at home and read, and listen to the radio." She hesitated and glanced down at her brandy glass. "Not that I minded. In fact—I was happy to do whatever he wanted me to do."

"That's mighty unusual," said Jim.

"Is it?" asked Mrs. Halvorsen in mild surprise. "I never thought of it that way. You see—I owed everything to Mr. Halvorsen. I was his secretary."

Jim was a little surprised at this. She was not his idea of the secretary who marries the boss; she was not his idea of a secretary.

"I worked for him for nearly ten years," she went on. "He was the loneliest man I'd ever seen in my life—I felt so sorry for him."

Jim murmured politely and she looked up quickly.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this," she said. "Please let me know if I'm boring you—but it's been so long since I've met someone I could talk to."

"You're not boring me at all."

She hesitated, sipped her drink, then smiled at Jim.

"I'm afraid I am—you're just tolerating me."

She said nothing more about her private life, and Jim didn't press her. On the way back to town he suggested a movie. "If you're not too tired," he added.

"I'm not tired at all," she said. Movies bored Jim; he seldom went and then only to kill time, or duck somebody. But Mrs. Halvorsen was a fan; knew all about the stars. Later, on the way home, she told Jim that movies and radio were wonderful for people, particularly lonely people.

Jim thought she was a queer bird, but liked her. There was a certain honesty about her he couldn't help admiring. Honesty was a quality he didn't expect in a woman—or in hardly anybody for that matter; but in his experience it was less likely in a woman. By honesty he meant "rightness." A right guy doesn't rat on his pals, or double-cross them, or welsh on a debt. Plenty of people considered absolutely honest by society could not be classed so according to Jim's standards; they lacked "rightness" and in many cases throve financially on this lack. Mrs. Halvorsen did not belong with such people, Jim felt. She was "right." . . .

For two days, Jim stayed away from the Marwood as much as possible. He didn't want Mrs. Halvorsen to get any idea he was rushing her; and, besides, certain that she liked him, he thought it would do her good to get a little impatient and begin to wonder why he hadn't called.

The evening of the second day he had a brawl with Tony at the beach. It started at dinner. Tony took a drink or so too many and began to make remarks that Jim resented. Johnny tried to quiet her, knowing that Jim would stand only so much. But Tony was in one of her headstrong moods and persisted. Finally, Jim spoke to her so sharply and contemptuously that she jumped up, flung a plate at him, then burst into tears.

The plate missed Jim, and crashed against the wall just as Telesfero came in with the coffee. The little Filipino put the coffee down hastily on the serving table, and went back to the kitchen, where he stood trembling. Johnny took his head between his hands and groaned.

Jim sat staring at Tony with distaste. "Why don't you grow up?" he demanded finally, in a cold contemptuous tone. "Always yelling and throwing things!"

Tony turned and ran into the bedroom, slamming the door. There was a long silence. Johnny sighed and lit a cigar, glancing at Jim, who was calmly pouring the coffee.

"Getting fed up with her?" asked Johnny, cautiously.

"I don't know," said Jim. "We had a row like this the second day I was out with her. I wish she'd relax a little."

"If she's around she drives you nuts—if she isn't, you wish she was. Is that it, Jim?"

Jim turned and studied Johnny. "Something like that. Why?"

"Well—I found her; brought her out here. I can always take her back."

Jim got up with his coffee cup in his hand and began to pace the floor. "It's a thing that's hard to explain," he said. "I don't get it myself."

"Some day, you're going to stop one of those missiles," said Johnny. "I hope it's a tomato and not a flatiron."

"Her aim's bad," said Jim, then suddenly he burst out laughing.

Johnny stared. "What's funny?"

"I was thinking about one night in Miami. We were in a joint. Some guy sitting at the next table kept staring at Tony. He was a stuffed shirt from New York on the loose—slumming, you know. Tony got so sore at me she tried to hit me over the head with her purse. It slipped out of her hand just as this guy was crooking his elbow and he got a highball and Tony's purse right in his smug kisser." Jim leaned on the back of a chair to laugh and almost spilled his coffee. "I never saw such a look on a guy's face in my life. One of these pompous, dignified birds. Oh, brother!"

THE bedroom door opened and Tony came out, looking very contrite.

"What's so funny?" she asked in a mild, apologetic voice.

"You," said Jim. "I was telling Johnny about that time at the Moulin Rouge."

"Oh, yeah," Tony said. "The guy I hit had ten million bucks. But was it funny!"

She and Jim both roared with laughter. Johnny stood looking at the pair of them, wondering. Tony had a very strong hold over the big fellow; no doubt about it. He'd take things from her he wouldn't take from anybody else.

Tony glanced at Jim, then put her arm around his waist and her head on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I was bad," she said.

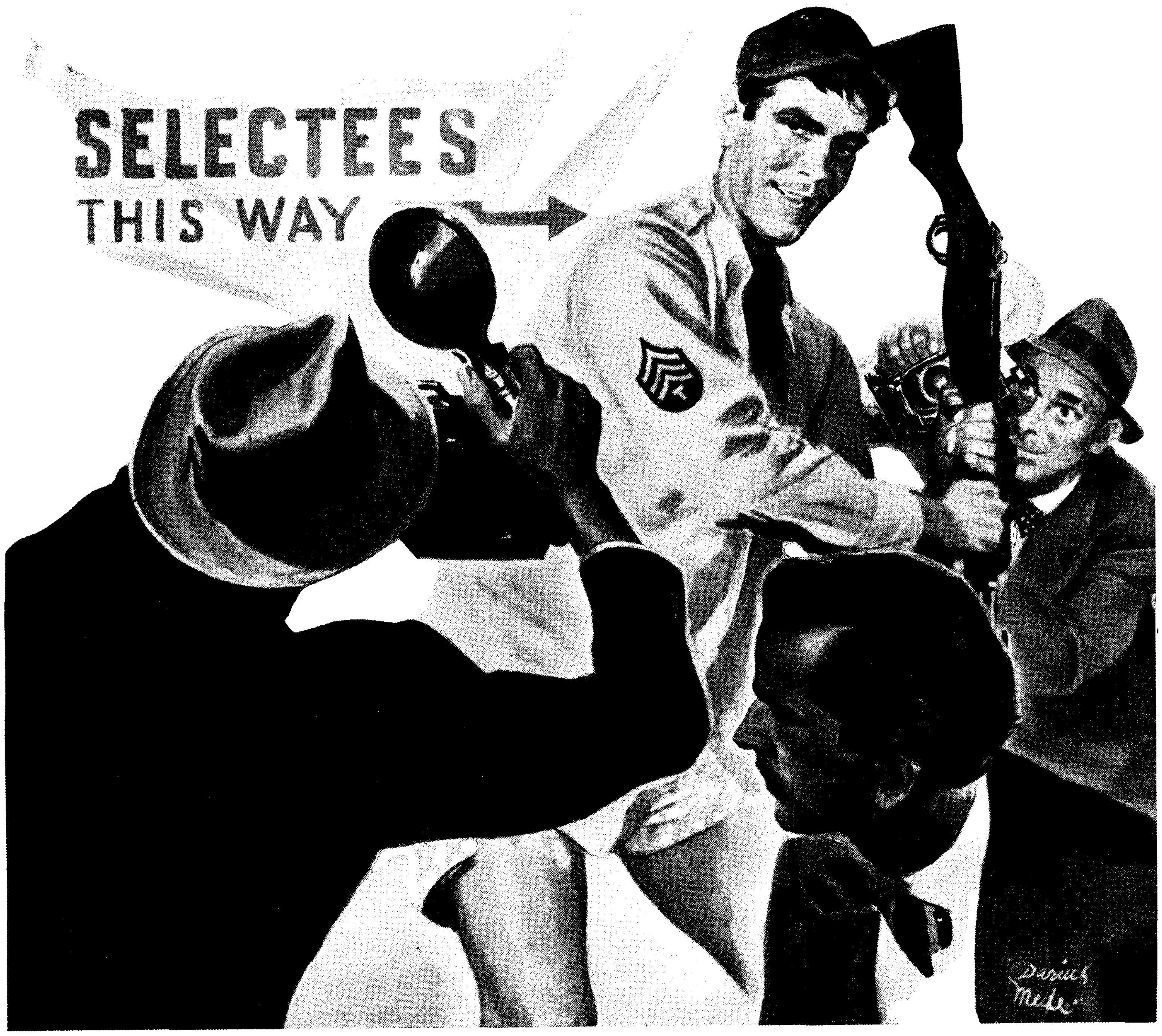
"Oh—cut the baby talk."

Tony drew back from him. "I'm trying to make up," she exclaimed, her voice rising, "and look how you act."

Jim opened his mouth to speak, but Johnny beat him to it. "Sit down, Tony. I'll pour you some coffee. Let's all relax."

Tony sat down, sulking. Jim stared

(Continued on page 34)



A photographer produced an Army blouse. Someone dug up a baseball cap, and Boyle held a rifle as if it were a bat. It made a fine picture, Boyle thought with satisfaction—the kind of shot that would get a good play all over the country

OLD INDISPENSABLE

Uncle Sam gives one of baseball's big shots a chance to learn just what his caliber is

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY DARIUS MEDE

THERE were two letters under the door that morning, one from the ball club. Boyle squinted hard against the brightness of the day, tried to get rid of the cat that had crawled into his throat, and ripped open the familiar envelope. His eyes leaped over the block of legal mumbo-jumbo to the figure typewritten into the body of the contract. $17,500.

Boyle called someone an obscene name, crumpled the contract and threw it among the empty bottles in a corner of the room. A big, dark man with the heavy hands of sleep and Scotch upon his face, Boyle looked as tough and nasty as he felt. He reached for a cigarette and saw that the second envelope was from his draft board.

He scanned the letter and then he read it slowly. Suddenly and unaccountably, he began to laugh. He lighted the cigarette, picked up the telephone and asked for long distance.

"I want Tom Wheeler of the Pilgrim ball club," he told the operator. "Make it collect and don't butt in when the three minutes are up."

He replaced the receiver, rummaged among the bottles for the contract and smoothed it carefully. When the phone rang, he grimaced and reached for it.

"Hello. Hello, Wheeler? I got that thing you call a contract." Boyle intended the rasp in his voice to carry across the continent. "You know what you can do with it? I'll give you the general idea."

Boyle held the phone between his knees, put the contract against the mouthpiece and tore the paper in his big fists.

"How much do I want? And I told you after I won the World Series. I told you when I sent back the other contract. Twenty-one grand I want. A thousand bucks for every game I won last year, not counting the games your bums kicked away in back of me."

He listened for a moment, then put his tongue between his lips and blew hard into the mouthpiece.

"That for your sob story. The war didn't hurt you. You made dough. Anyway," he added casually, "I've changed my mind. Twenty-one thousand bucks *was* my price. You can't have me now for any amount. I'm gonna play for the big team this year." Boyle liked the sound of the phrase. He repeated it: "I'm gonna play for the big team. I've been drafted, and now your ball club will end up in the garbage can."

Boyle banged the receiver on the hook. After a bit, he called the sports writers and radiomen he knew and asked them to meet him in a downtown bar that afternoon, setting the time so that he would make the late-afternoon editions of the papers and the early-evening sports broadcasts.

HE TIMED himself to arrive twenty minutes late, called loudly for another round, and gave all the guys but Rascob a big hello. Rascob wrote pieces for his paper that intimated Boyle was an arrogant, no-good bum. French, who worked for the other paper, was different. French had been the first to give him a plug when he was pitching for the high school, had assumed a proprietary interest in his career, had been the first to call him "Old Indispensable." French was all right.

"I've got something important," Boyle said, basking in their attention. "It's the hottest story you've had around here—"

"When do you go into the Army?" Rascob cut in, glancing at his watch.

Boyle glared at him. "What makes you think I'm going into the Army?"

"There are only two stories about a ballplayer these days," Rascob said. "He's been traded or drafted. You haven't been traded because the wire services would know it first. So you've been drafted. When do you report?"

"I go in two weeks from today."

Boyle wanted French to ask the next, the inevitable, question. It came strictly on schedule.

"What are the Pilgrims going to do without you?" French asked anxiously.

"Oh, they'll probably finish where they started—on the rocks," Boyle said carelessly. It was an old gag in the East, but it drew an appreciative laugh from the mob—all except Rascob.

French nodded gravely. "They sure will miss you. Where can they get another pitcher who's won seventy-eight games in the last four years?"

"And three in the World Series," Boyle said.

"Maybe you'll be assigned to Special Services, so you can pitch for an Army team," someone suggested. "They're doing that with a lot of ballplayers."

"They don't do it with me," Boyle retorted. "I don't play ball for fifty bucks a month."

Rascob reached for his hat. "Sorry, but I've got to be going. I have a big story to cover. A dog show."

Boyle pondered the pleasure to be derived from taking a punch at Rascob, but

(Continued on page 62)

A Challenge to American Sportsmanship

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

For loyal Japanese-Americans, the freedom that is their right. For disloyal ones, concentration camp and, later, deportation. America's solution of the problem will work if all of us are willing to be fair about it, says the First Lady

I CAN well understand the bitterness of people who have lost loved ones at the hands of the Japanese military authorities, and we know that the totalitarian philosophy, whether it is in Nazi Germany or in Japan, is one of cruelty and brutality. It is not hard to understand why people living here in hourly anxiety for those they love have difficulty in viewing our Japanese problem objectively, but for the honor of our country, the rest of us must do so.

A decision has been reached to divide the disloyal and disturbing Japanese from the others in the War Relocation centers. One center will be established for the disloyal and will be more heavily guarded and more restricted than those in which these Japanese have been in the past. This separation is taking place now.

All the Japanese in the War Relocation centers have been carefully checked by the personnel in charge of the camps, not only on the basis of their own information but also on the basis of the information supplied by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, by G-2 for the Army, and by the Office of Naval Intelligence for the Navy. We can be assured, therefore, that they are now moving into this segregation center in northern California the people who are loyal to Japan.

Japanese-Americans who are proved completely loyal to the United States will, of course, gradually be absorbed. The others will be sent to Japan after the war.

At present, things are very peaceful in most of the Japanese Relocation centers. The strike that received so much attention in the newspapers last November in Poston, Arizona, and the riot at Manzanar, California, in December were settled effectively, and nothing resembling them has occurred since. It is not difficult to understand that uprooting thousands of people brought on emotional upsets that take time and adjustment to overcome.

Neither all of the government people, naturally, nor all of the Japanese were perfect, and many changes in personnel had to be made. It was an entirely new undertaking for us, it had to be done in a hurry, and, considering the number of people involved, I think the whole job of handling our Japanese has, on the whole, been done well.

Influx from the Orient

A good deal has already been written about the problem. One phase of it, however, I do not think has as yet been adequately stressed. To cover it, we must get our whole background straight.

We have in all 127,000 Japanese or Japanese-Americans in the United States. Of these, 112,000 lived on the West Coast. Originally, they were much needed on ranches and on large truck and fruit farms, but, as they came in greater numbers, people began to discover that they were competitors in the labor field.

The people of California began to be afraid of Japanese importation, so the Exclusion Act was passed in 1924. No people of the Oriental race could become citizens of the United States by naturalization, and no quota was given to the Oriental nations in the Pacific.

This happened because, in one part of our country, they were feared as competitors, and the rest of our country knew them so little and cared so little about them that they did not even think about the principle that we in this country believe in: that of equal rights for all human beings.

We granted no citizenship to Orientals, so now we have a group of people (some of whom have been here as long as fifty years) who have not been able to become citizens under our laws. Long before the war, an old Japanese man told me that he had great-grandchildren born in this country and that he had never been back to Japan; all that he cared about was here on the soil of the United States, and yet he could not become a citizen.

The children of these Japanese, born in this country, are citizens, however, and now we have about 47,000 aliens, born in Japan, who are known as Issei, and about 80,000 American-born citizens, known as Nisei. Most of these Japanese-Americans have gone to our American schools and colleges, and have never known any other country or any other life than the life here in the United States.

The large group of Japanese on the

(Continued on page 71)

The Toyama family divide their allegiance. Aging Noriyuki and his wife have returned to Japan. Sons Yat, Saburo and Leo prefer America. At the parting, the Toyamas posed for this photo. Yat is a U. S. Army sergeant

INTERNATIONAL

Outside a Mobile, Alabama, tent-house, children of war workers play in filthy, rat-infested ditches that carry off dishwater and garbage

Foxholes on the Home Front

BY VERA CONNOLLY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

"Every defense city in this country will have to empty its shantytowns and burn them—partly for its own sake, but chiefly to save our workers. The war depends on them"

"CAN'T people realize," said Dr. B. F. Ashe, a regional official of the War Manpower Commission, "that war workers are just as much our soldiers as the Army and Navy, and need strong public backing just as our fighting men do? We provide our servicemen with the best food, clothes, doctors, entertainment available. We honor and laud them—as we should. But how do we treat our defense workers?"

We hear daily of grim foxholes on the fighting front, cramped "hot spots" from which our soldiers blast the enemy. Our home front has its foxholes too. They are four kinds: (1) inadequate housing, food, sanitation and health; (2) lack of nurseries, schools and playgrounds; (3) lack of recreation and community friendliness; (4) bad working conditions.

The writer, in a swing through the South and East, talked to numbers of the workers at home, men and women. She saw them silently, intently at work in shipyards, aircraft factories, munitions plants. And she came to these conclusions:

Perhaps 10 per cent of them are shiftless and irresponsible—the slackers we have with us always, everywhere. These work one day, loaf four; get drunk regularly and raise hell in the community.

Townspeople see these and misjudge the others. Police Chief John F. Woods of Norfolk, Virginia, the second most congested war area in the United States, said that he had found the war workers good, hard-working Americans and orderly, law-abiding citizens. "I wish all my districts," he said, "were as law-abiding as these big trailer camps. Some trailer children come downtown and get into petty lawbreaking, yes: because they're adrift all day, with their parents away working. More playgrounds would fix that."

Great numbers of our war workers are shy, illiterate families from the hills or from small, poor, isolated farms. They are hard workers, stanch Americans; and they deserve all respect. The parents have had pitifully little, but they are ambitious for their children. We can open up a whole new world to these children. It is shameful that we have ignored these "hidden people of the hills" so long. Now is our chance.

Those two groups account for a great percentage of the war workers. The others? Just big-city, small-town or rural folks like any whom we know. Some never finished high school. Many did. Numbers of them have had a year or two in college; a surprising number are college graduates. The writer ran across many ex-teachers, stenographers, men and women who had had small shops or worked in them. Their husbands, sons and brothers are overseas like ours. They watch for the postman as we do. They talk of the war, morning, noon and night, as we do. They thrill over a son's promotion, or crack up if he is listed "missing," just as we do.

The only difference is—they are doing something vital to win the war. Something hard, grueling.

Obstacles to Cleanliness

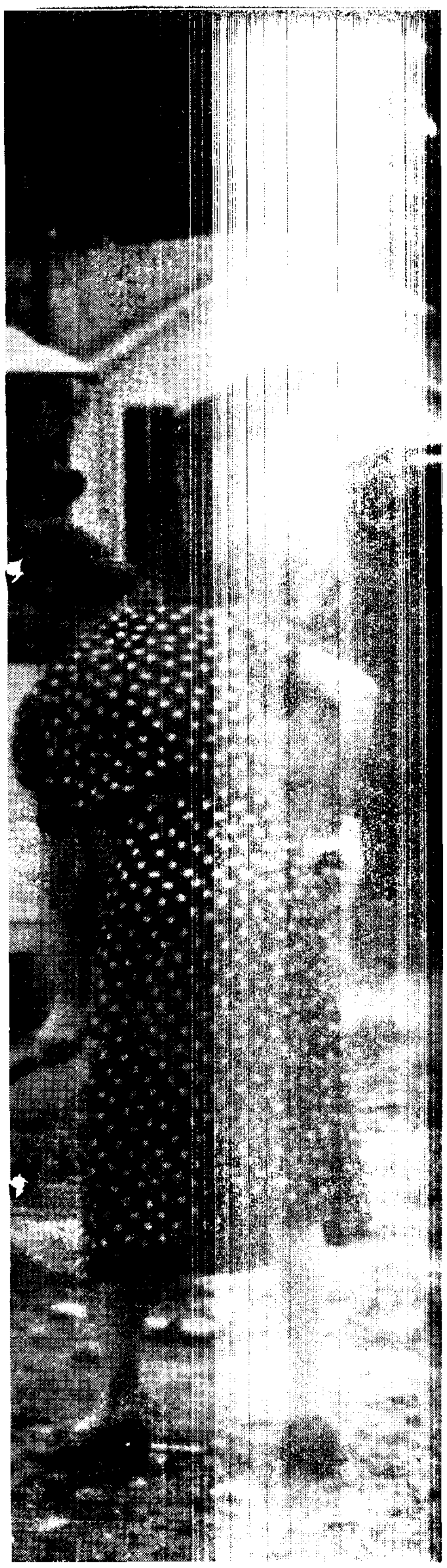
I heard of the "tent cities" that house tens of thousands of our war workers. In Mobile, I took a bus to visit one of them. The bus wheezed to a stop in the burning Alabama sunshine. As it sped on, I walked slowly up to the tent city. It had no sewers; only odorous privies. There was not even the usual central faucet of running water. The women must carry all water from a spring. Disheveled children of war workers ran about amid open piles of cans and decaying garbage. Women were busy carrying pails or hanging up gray-hued washings. These people were trying to be clean.

A group of women sat knitting beside a trailer under a tree. They were shyly eager to talk and they told about the terrifying cost of food and the difficulty of getting into town on packed busses to buy it. They spoke of the doctor shortage, of the children's chronic "summer complaint" (dysentery). It took a week, they said, to get an appointment with any doctor, a month to get one with a dentist. As for the past winter—the children had all had heavy colds and grippe right through.

"But at least their schoolrooms are warm in the winter, aren't they?" the writer asked.

"Schoolrooms!" exclaimed a pretty Ohio mother bitterly. "Our children didn't even get into school here last term. And they won't this term. But Mobile don't care. 'Tent and trailer trash' . . . that's what they call our children."

"Mobile folks don't want us," said a thin, quiet woman with honest brown eyes. She dropped down on a box to talk, and a



little blue-eyed, bl[illegible] st her knee. He was [illegible] n of war workers.

"Reckon we und[illegible] n Mobile does us," the [illegible] ol-erantly. "They had [illegible] here, sort of rottin' away. But they liked it. Then—the war come. 'Twas like a dam bust. A human flood of us folks come a tempesterin' down on Mobile to work in the shipyards. 'Course, we didn't ask to come. They come out after us. Tol' us they needed us, bad, to build ships to win the war. Well—reckon they did."

"Your husband was a farmer?" she was asked.

"Yes, ma'am. In Mississippi. We didn't earn much. But we never lived like this. We had a *house*. Here my husband gits about thirty-five dollars a week. But, ma'am, we've got four big children. An' with food for six people, an' Victory tax, an' clothes, an' bus fare an' all—that money don't go anywheres."

"These tents must be pretty uncomfortable in the winter."

"Ma'am, they be. The winter cold seeps right through you, in a tent-house. An' when the spring rains come, we almost float away."

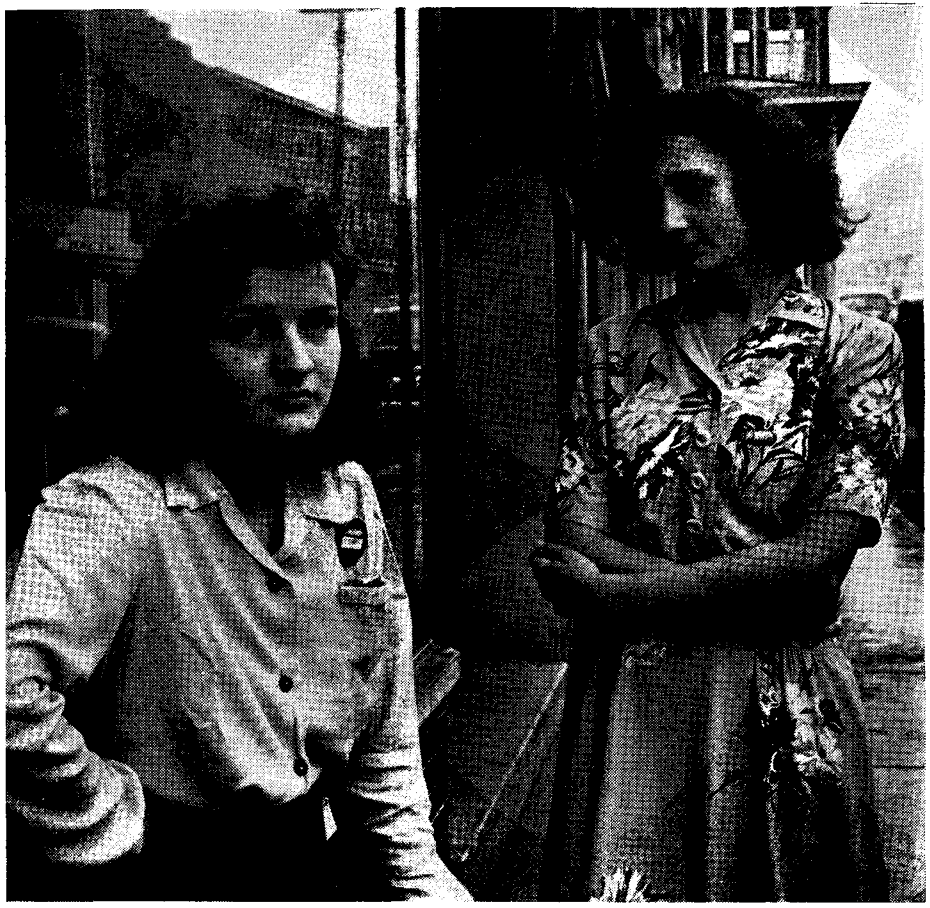
Three other women had come up. Two were night workers—young, pretty wives with husbands overseas. Both wore service pins. The third was ill with dysentery and was "off work" for the day.

Strung along the road were more shack colonies and a number of private trailer camps. Some of the latter had a bath house containing one rather foul "sanitary" toilet and shower for from 20 to 30 women, one for as many men. These trailer camps were definitely better than the shack towns. But all baked and smelled in the broiling Alabama heat.

An Unsanitary Environment

From a particularly squalid shack town I made my way back to the road, stepping over a ditch where dishwater and garbage flowed together. Flies hovered over the ditch. Not twenty-five feet away stood a rickety privy marked in white letters, "LADIES." Beyond it at a safe distance some rather clean trailers were lined up, service flags in their windows. Out at the edge of the bus road stood a tent-house. Its door was fastened back. Inside on the bed a clean little child lay sound asleep, the flies crawling over its face. If it should awake, take 15 steps, it would be in the path of cars and busses. The child was completely alone. At the door of the tent a rat was nosing an old melon rind someone had thrown down. The rat fled. But the writer reported it to a woman in the next tent-house.

The federal part of the housing problem is a brighter picture. In many areas the Federal Public's Housing Authority has done a fine job. Dormitories and trim cities of freshly painted cottages have risen as at the wave of a wand. But there aren't nearly enough of them. Congress was asked last May to appropriate $400,000,000 for construction of 200,000 additional units. These would have housed about one fifth of the 1,100,000 new migrant workers expected this current fiscal year. The appropriation was delayed six weeks in committee, then cut three fourths, only $100,000,000 being allocated. So thousands of our defense workers face the coming winter in tents, tar-paper shacks, old leaky trailers, sheds, chicken houses, unheated barns, damp basements and crowded, filthy, vermin-ridden lodging houses.



Mary McGuire and Peggy Mounts, inspectors at an Elkton, Md., munitions plant, wait around on the street. There is nothing else to do

Even of existing housing units the criticism is made that they are usually badly located. Sometimes they are almost inaccessible—so far from war plants, towns, food stores, schools, that life for the tenants is an unending struggle.

Yet the housing units, where they do exist, are palaces compared to the trailer parks. Most of these trailer parks are bare, bleak, grim, treeless fields—scorching in summer, swept by rain and sleet in winter. Even the model parks are uncomfortable makeshifts. The inhuman crowding, the lack of any privacy, the central spigots of water, the much-used public toilets to be reached on winter nights only by dressing and tramping through mud and slush, the local community's scorn, the epithet "trailer brat" which sends trailer children home from school crying: these are a few of the foxholes. These—and the terrible heat of the average trailer in midsummer.

Still poignant in the writer's memory is a little boy she came across one scorching afternoon in a "model" Army-managed trailer colony outside a Southern city. There were hundreds of trailers there, standing close together in stiff, ugly rows under the fierce midday sun on a bare field. No adults were in sight. All were at the plant. But in one trailer a little boy of about four was locked. He saw us, waved, hammered on the glass door, begged to be taken out. His face was crimson with the terrible heat inside that trailer. We could do nothing for him. As we left he broke into pitiful crying, pressing his small red face against the glass.

Sometimes a working mother will lock three or four children in a trailer together, leaving food for the day. Invariably they eat all of it at the first meal; and she returns to sick children. At other times children locked in trailers have found matches or kerosene and have set themselves afire.

Tragedy Strikes in a Trailer

In Orange, Texas, the wife of a shipyard worker had to take one of her children to the doctor. She left a baby and an older child locked in the family trailer. Somehow the older child set the trailer afire. When the fire was discovered a boy in the community tried to crawl through a small window in the trailer but was unable to get through. So he hoisted up a smaller boy who was able to climb in. One of the children was so badly burned that it could not be saved by the boys. The other child was gotten out of the fire. But it died next day in the hospital.

Sometimes a labor scout, eager to sign up a needed worker, will grossly mislead the prospect. On the promise of such a scout that he and his family would be met and taken to a brand-new government house, a vitally needed expert crossed the continent to work in a shipyard in California. He drove, taking his pregnant wife and little girl of three. They arrived in a town packed with workers living in sheds, tents and converted chicken houses. No one met them. There was not a bed to be had. For four nights they slept in their car. They found a dilapidated trailer and they moved in. The little girl fell ill. An overdriven doctor promised to come but never came. At last the father wrapped his child in a blanket and went from door to door hunting a doctor. When he found one the doctor said: "Typhoid. Get her to the

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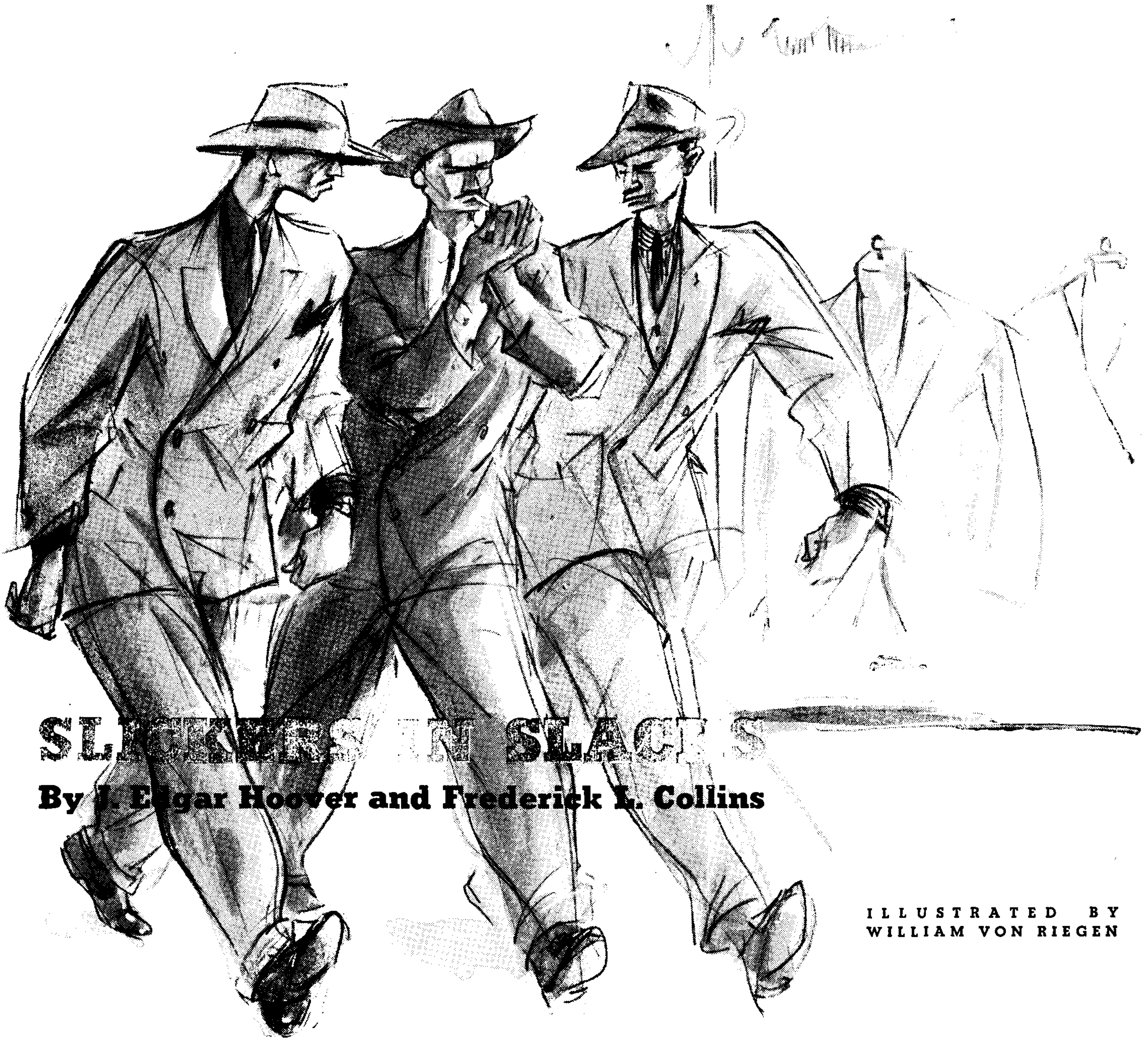
In Norfolk, Va., Ronald Phillips, four years old, presses against the window of a stiflingly hot trailer, in which he is locked while his parents are at work



SLICKERS IN SLACKS

By J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Three men walked into a clothing store, walked out empty-handed. They stole suits—not once, but many, many times. It took the F.B.I. to find out how it was done

IN THE spring of 1940, three foreign-looking young men strolled into a clothing store in a Montana city. One asked for a pair of slacks. While a clerk was getting the customer's size and showing him the stock, the other two lazed about, fingering the clothes on near-by racks.

Presently, the two spares allowed as how they were thirsty. They went out for a drink. A few minutes later, they returned, thirst unslaked, and asked the location of the nearest soda fountain.

After a bit more loitering and chaffing with their friend, they went out again. When they came back the second time, the first man had selected his slacks and arranged to have them altered. The three said they would return the following day, and left in a body. Now there is nothing romantic or thrilling about a pair of men's slacks. But from such humble beginnings stemmed one of the F.B.I.'s most intriguing cases.

Minutes later, the sheriff's office in that Montana city received a telephone call from the clothing store reporting that it had been robbed of a large number of suits; also that several persons in the vicinity had seen men of foreign appearance going in and out of the store and into and out of an automobile parked just around the corner. In the car, a two-tone sedan with out-of-state license plates, sat a young woman, described by one observer as wearing artificial eyelashes at least an inch long.

Normally, a theft of this sort would not have claimed the attention of the F.B.I., but there had been an epidemic of just such mysterious thefts, and, of the hundreds of robberies reported, this was the first in which the robbers had been seen and the time factor definitely established. Shoplifting of suits and by men—the conclusion was inevitable. But as these two elements of the mystery became clearer, the third and most baffling one, how it was done, deepened abysmally.

Suits of clothes do not "snatch" easily; they conceal even less easily; men's pockets, though many, are small. Yet these three men, witnesses agreed, carried no bags, baskets or other receptacles. They just walked in and walked out—and somehow the clothes disappeared.

To the professional investigator, therefore, no theft of crown jewels ever presented a more stimulating or exciting problem than the disappearance of these Montana coats and vests and trousers—and no more important one either, for, once stolen, they had to be disposed of through some nation-wide system of merchandising.

The out-of-state license plates and the reportedly bizarre appearance of the young woman collaborator convinced the alert Montana sheriff that this was no local job, and that the stolen articles were not for local consumption. Therefore, he went at once to the local office of the Railway Express Company.

Had the agent received any package which might contain clothes? He had—a paper box, tied with a light cord resembling clothesline, which broke open while being loaded on a truck and had to be retied. The box not only might contain men's suits, but did. The agent saw them. The box was consigned to an address in a large Middle Western city.

Armed with his descriptions of the four suspects and of the car, and having traced the license plates by long-distance phone to an individual of questionable reputation named Steve Patricola, the sheriff then ordered a detailed description of the car and its occupants to be broadcast throughout the state, with the result that the three men and the young woman were taken almost immediately into custody.

Meanwhile, the sheriff had warned the police department of the large Middle Western city to expect a shipment at the address named. When the officers arrived, they found that a woman who lived there had just signed for two express shipments from other cities in Montana; also that another woman, a formidable person weighing some 170 pounds, had just arrived in her car to take them away. Both women were taken into custody. So, on his arrival, was the 170-pounder's husband—thin, stoop-shouldered Peter Materno.

The local field office of the F.B.I., co-operating closely with the police at the latter's request, soon identified Materno—a dark-complexioned man of thirty-five, whose shiny black hair was already streaked with gray—and his hefty common-law wife as persons who had been arrested on several occasions.

A Deluge of Suits

A search of the Maternos' apartment uncovered ninety-seven suits from which the labels had been removed. Moreover, express packages from Montana continued to arrive at the address to which the police had originally been directed, and the woman who had resided there was returned daily to her home to sign for them in the usual manner. The shipments all contained suits of clothes—sixteen from Hardin, twelve from Anaconda, fifteen from Bozeman, twenty-six from Whitehall, twenty-four from Butte, etc.

When the grand total of suits possessed by Materno and his wife or intended for their use reached approximately two hundred, experts were called in who valued the lot at $5,400. This meant that the first nail had been driven into the coffin of the organized thievery of men's clothing, because the National Stolen Property Act, the only federal statute under which the bureau would have actual investigative jurisdiction, covers only the interstate transportation of property valued at $5,000 or more.

The F.B.I. was now officially in the case.

Materno was obviously big game, but through him the way led to one who was bigger and gamier. An able police detective, left on guard at the Materno apartment with this possibility in mind, presently received a telephone call from a man who said he was Francisco Salinas.

Now Salinas had long been known to the F.B.I. As early as 1939, he was believed to have been involved in receiving

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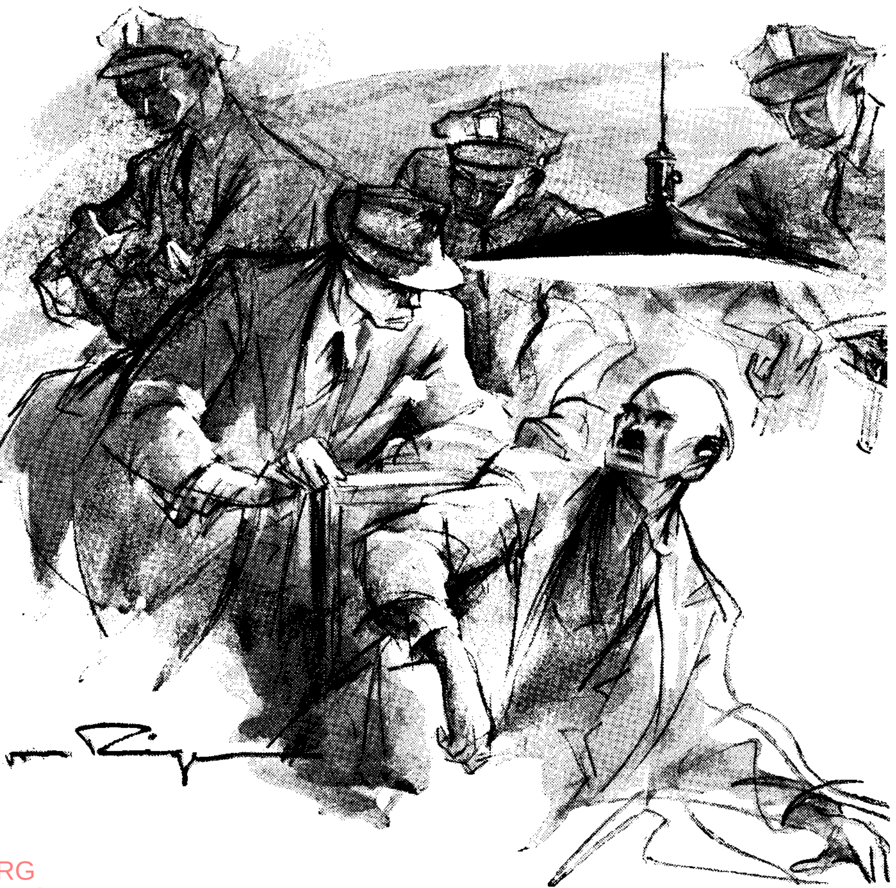
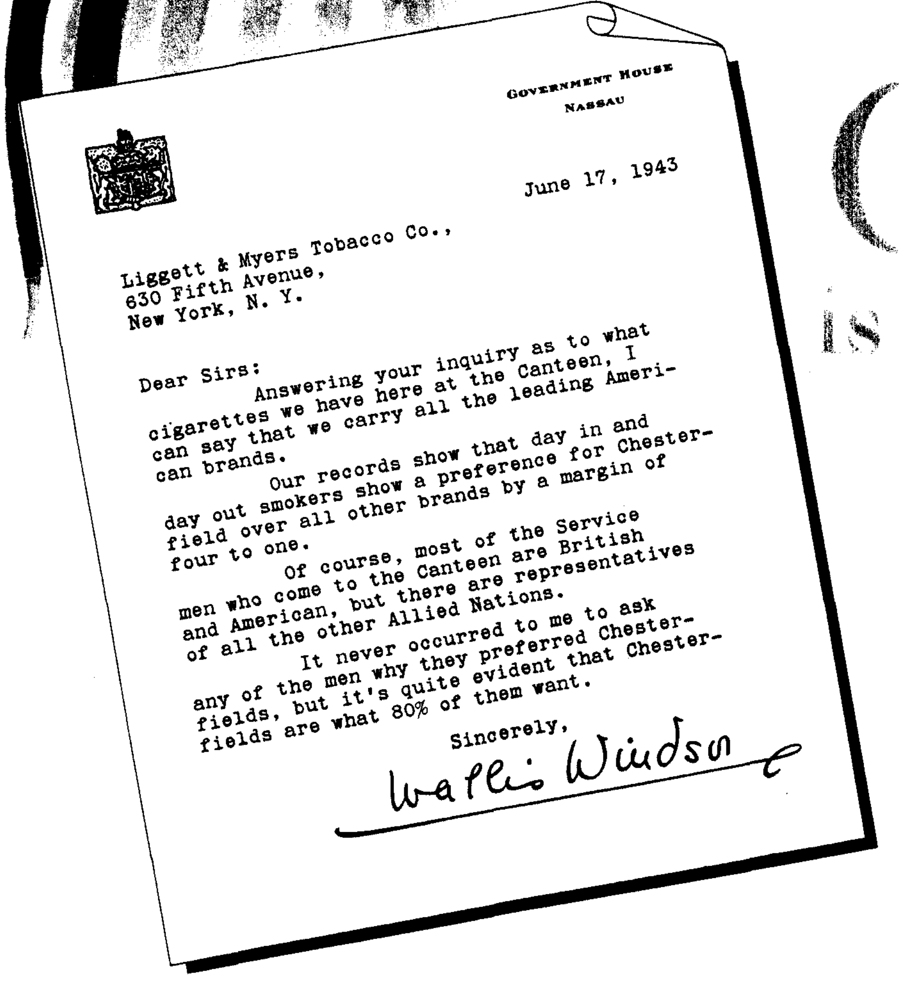


Salinas, with a record of many arrests but no convictions, refused to give any information

The American-born Duchess of Windsor presides in person at the United Services Canteen in the beautiful old Bahamian Club in Nassau. She takes an active part in making her service guests feel at home—cooks eggs and bacon, carries trays and hands out cigarettes.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

IN NASSAU AT THE *Duchess of Windsor's* UNITED SERVICES CANTEEN WHERE OUR SOLDIERS AND OUR ALLIES MEET



GOVERNMENT HOUSE
NASSAU

June 17, 1943

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Answering your inquiry as to what cigarettes we have here at the Canteen, I can say that we carry all the leading American brands.

Our records show that day in and day out smokers show a preference for Chesterfield over all other brands by a margin of four to one.

Of course, most of the Service men who come to the Canteen are British and American, but there are representatives of all the other Allied Nations.

It never occurred to me to ask any of the men why they preferred Chesterfields, but it's quite evident that Chesterfields are what 80% of them want.

Sincerely,

Wallis Windsor

Chesterfield is the Smoker's Choice

Yes, and it's Chesterfield at canteens, ship stores, post exchanges and everywhere that smokers want a milder, better-tasting smoke.

The basic difference between Chesterfield and other cigarettes is in the tobaccos we use and the way they are blended in the *right combination* to give you what you want in a smoke. They really SATISFY.

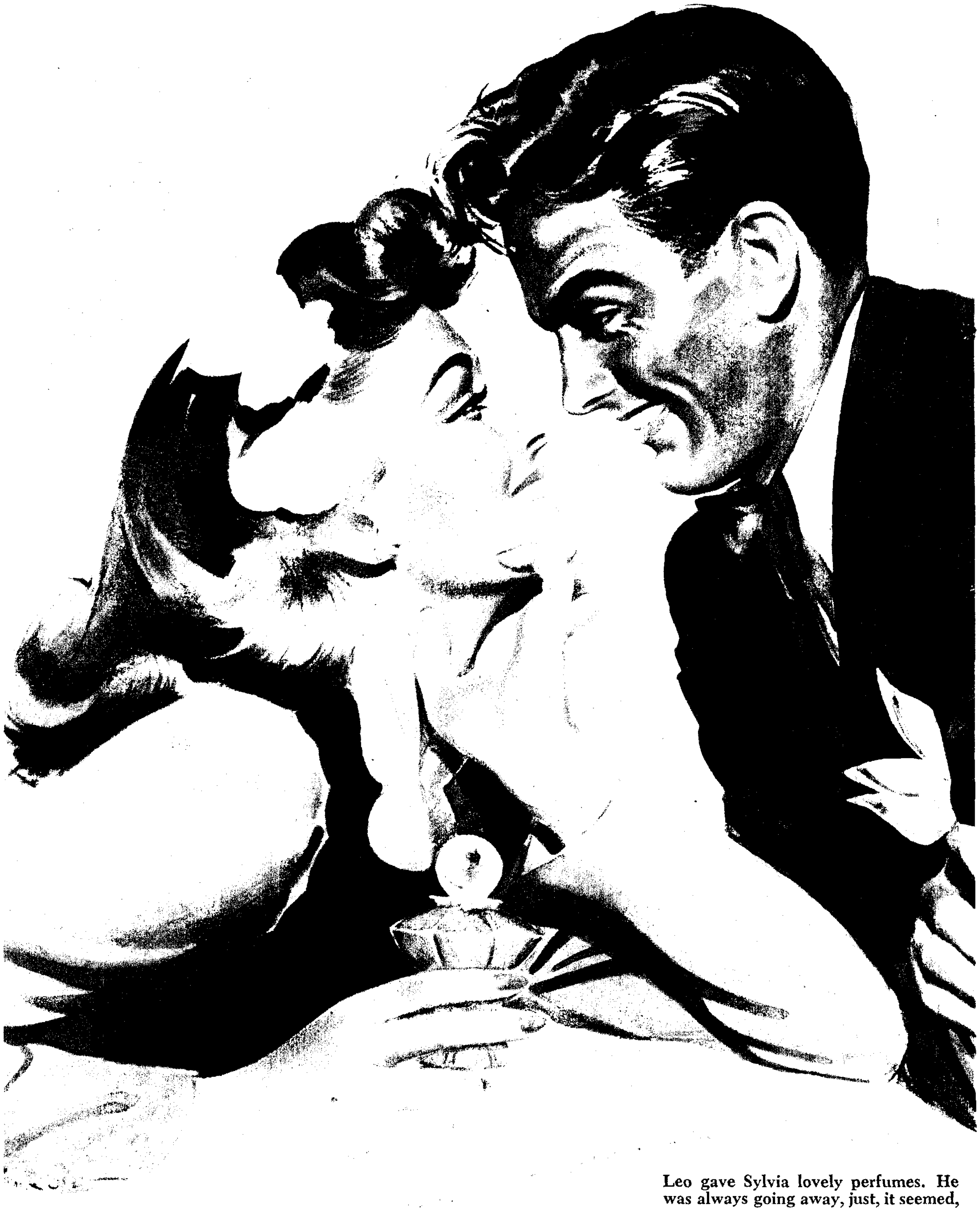
Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE DISGUISE

BY HAMLEN HUNT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

When a man wants to blow on the embers of an old love, should the girl he jilted meet him halfway?



Leo gave Sylvia lovely perfumes. He was always going away, just, it seemed, so he could come back with new, squat, satisfying bottles of heavenly smells

WHEN Greer's letter came, it did not really surprise Sylvia, although five years had gone by since she had turned that last letter of his in her cold hands. The war was uprooting people, shifting them, changing and setting them down in new or in old places, and it was entirely expected that Greer should turn up again. He was at camp in New Jersey. She was in New York, where he had left her.

I've known he was coming, she thought, folding the letter into her purse. It's as if I'd made him come alive by thinking about him again.

She had begun to think of Greer again, of course, when Leo Chalmers began to frighten her with his attentions. Victorian as that sounded, the fright was real. In five years, no man had come close to Sylvia without frightening her and making her think of Greer. She had never thought whether she loved Greer; she had simply loved, without hesitation or shame. Love had sprouted from her finger tips like leaves.

They had met at Columbia, where Greer had come to take a Master's in English. He was doing a thesis on English sports writers of the Eighteenth Century, and was very much the young blood himself, then—racy of language, given to late evenings, gambling and strong drink. But so charming!

The first night he came into the open-all-night restaurant where she worked, in such a state she had automatically brought him black coffee first, he had charmed her—and she had stayed charmed. For five years, colors had not seemed so bright, or sounds so clear, as they had during that one happy year of her life.

Now, as she walked quickly and competently along with all the other people hurrying to work, she almost smiled, remembering Greer. He was twenty-three that year, too, and beside himself with pleasure at the freedom of life in New York, of which she had been so large a part. A girl alone, living like himself, choosing her own way.

She could almost feel sorry for that boy in flannels and a checked jacket, waiting for her by the polished globe of marble, his hair flung up by the wind, smiling. Part of his charm was, of course, his handsomeness. He had a square, dark-browed face, with dark hair growing low, and a peculiarly bright smile.

How they had talked! No one else knew as much about her and the way she had scrambled through her early years, because her mother was dead and her father had vanished years before. She had concealed nothing. Greer was more reticent about his background because it was so filled with ordinary aunts and uncles and devoted parents of an only son, who were waiting for him to come back and take over the real-estate business they owned. He talked, hour after hour, about what he wanted and what he thought and felt, then, there, at the time. The present was so exciting a drink to them, they seldom gave the future a thought.

Sylvia was thin and gaunt that year, haggard, as if love gnawed at her vitals, but it was also three hours' sleep instead of seven. She worked at the restaurant at night to pay for her daytime architectural studies, and she was poor and shabby. She must have looked older than Greer. His parents certainly thought she was. They didn't like a girl who knew as much as she did.

"But he did love me," she told herself, as she had so many times—or else that year was wasted. "And God knows I loved him. I'll never feel just that way again. I've lost my courage. Why can't Leo see that?"

She was glad there was work to do. Not that Greer's letter had upset her.

"I've been so proud following your career," he had said. "You've gone ahead so fast you dazzle this plodding fellow. I remember how you used to defend women and say all they needed was to be willing to take their chance when it came . . ."

The war had helped, of course. It made new opportunities for women, but she had begun to rise even before the war. She was a good young architect, trained, willing to work like a machine. Now she was always in work, with factories and housing projects and government buildings lying, in embryo, on her big desk in the corner office. She'd had a little publicity lately, of course, and that made more work. There'd been the photographs in one magazine, the stories in several others.

Sylvia saw herself as she was in those stories and those pictures. A tall, big-shouldered girl with dark blond hair and big slate-colored eyes. A girl who laughed a lot, but whose smile was infrequent and had a curious hesitancy about it. A girl who wore well-tailored suits and simple clear-colored dresses. Yet she was feminine enough.

"I've got bosom and bottom," she admitted. "And I love perfume—smell me now!"

Leo gave her lovely perfumes. He was always going away, just, it seemed, so he could come back with new, squat, satisfying bottles of heavenly smells.

"You fight yourself as if you were strong drink, don't you?" he said once. "Why don't you give in, kid, and buy one of those trick hats and a nightgown with slathers of lace? Who'll see the latter, anyway, the way things are going?"

"Don't be gloomy tonight," she had begged him. "Don't remind me I'm an old maid and that I like it. Let's just have a good time."

"The trouble is, I know you love me," Leo said. "It hurts me to see you throwing away our days and nights, as if they were worthless, when each one is more valuable than the one before."

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! Not this time!" . . .

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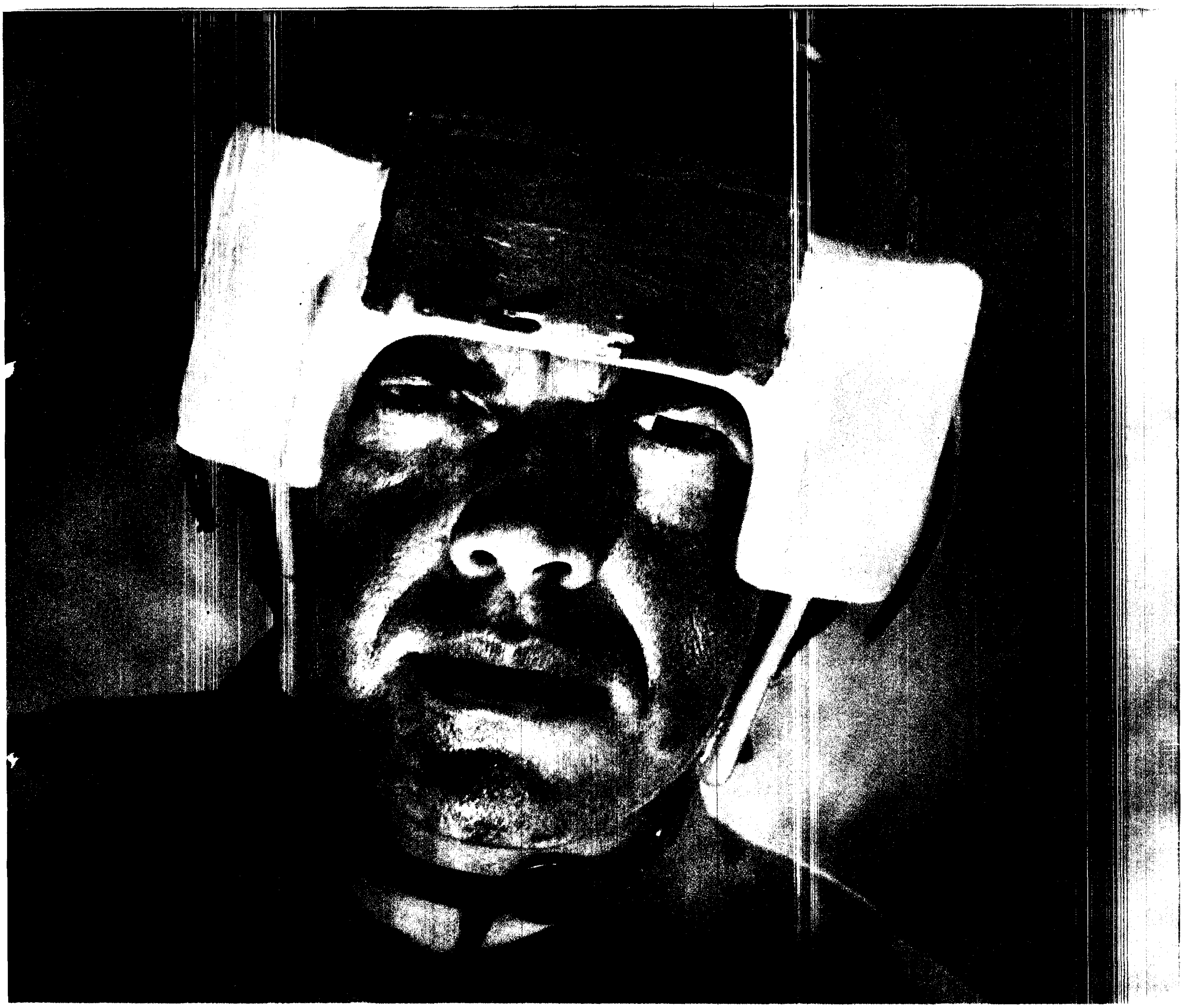


Here's new headgear for 1943 All-Americans

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

When Uncle Sam's big tanks go blazing into battle, the men inside get the wildest ride of their lives. But, no matter how rough the going, they must stay at their guns and take deadly aim at the enemy.

Something was needed to protect the soldier's head while sighting guns through periscopes and narrow slits in tanks. Goodyear went to work and produced a special type of cushioning — a gun sight pad which absorbs shock, prevents serious head injuries.

This pad is made of a spongy, resilient material known as synthetic Airfoam. It is fastened to the inside of the tank. The soldier presses his forehead into this cushioning and is ready to take the jolts and jars as they come.

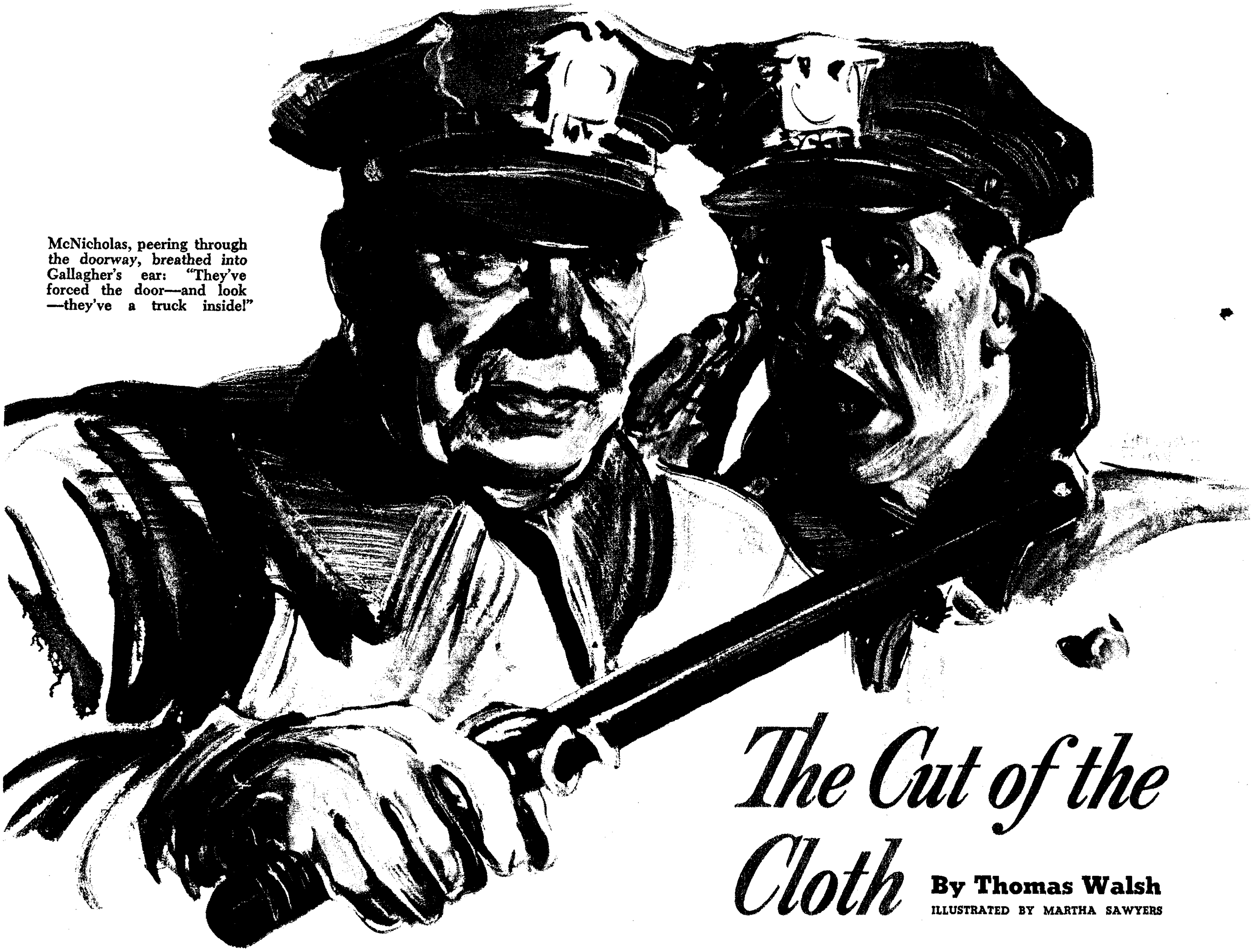
Solving specialized cushioning problems is something Goodyear has been doing for a long time. For years Airfoam, Goodyear's cellular latex product, has brought greater comfort to thousands, being widely used in furniture, automobile seats, mattresses. Today Airfoam has gone to war. When peace comes, it will be back again . . . to serve you in many new ways . . . to expand Goodyear's ever-growing contribution to your comfort and convenience.

All of Goodyear's skills — developed through years of working with rubber, metals, fabrics, chemicals — today help fight the war . . . paving the way for many new and more useful products for you when the peace is won.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



McNicholas, peering through the doorway, breathed into Gallagher's ear: "They've forced the door—and look—they've a truck inside!"

The Cut of the Cloth

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Gallagher was a harness bull who respected his own uniform, but he had to look death between the eyes first before he could respect the uniform worn by his son

THEY met about the usual time, in the usual place—a few minutes before one in the morning, outside the alley entrance to the eight-story loft building that marked the north end of Patrolman McNicholas' beat, and the south end of Patrolman Gallagher's. Of course, it was Gallagher who got there first that night; it was Gallagher, for one reason or another who got there first every night. A bulky, almost roly-poly man with a police cap drawn down squarely across his forehead and a night stick clamped in between his body and his right forearm, he came in quickly from the Third Street side, stopped after a few steps in the shallow depression of the truck entrance, and blew into one square gloved fist while peering impatiently around for Patrolman McNicholas.

It was very cold in the alley then, cold even for January. Gusts of wind swept icily around from North End Road, facing the river; it was the cold, doubtless, that brought Patrolman McNicholas to the meeting place almost on time. He hove into view at the Second Street side of the alley and hustled down toward Patrolman Gallagher with his head bent and the tails of his long overcoat soaring up ludicrously beyond his waist.

In January, Patrolman McNicholas found himself allergic to cold; in July it was always the heat that bothered him. Sheltered now by the overhanging eaves of the driveway, he chattered miserably that he was done. This night—how had Gallagher endured it?—Patrolman McNicholas was damn' near froze.

Gallagher looked around at him.

"All right," Gallagher said gruffly, raising the night stick and hammering it against the small wooden entry inserted like a panel in the overhanging bulk of the truck doors. "Hold on now. The old fella'll be here in a minute."

They listened anxiously. After a moment Gallagher hammered again on the door; McNicholas, pressed in against him, slapped his hands against his sides and muttered broken, pitiful ejaculations at every lash of the wind.

Yet when steps crossed the floor inside, and Old Teddy's voice addressed them querulously with a proper night watchman's caution, it was McNicholas who bellowed at him. Who would it be this time of night? McNicholas wanted to know. Was he trying to freeze them or was he not? Then the door drew back and McNicholas squeezed in after it petulantly. Another second, McNicholas told them, another half a second, and they'd have found nothing inside him at all but a glob of ice.

Inside, on a gas ring in one corner of the checker's office back of the loading platform, there was a pot of coffee waiting for them. They drank it quickly out of the mugs Old Teddy had prepared for them.

"That's it," McNicholas said, draining his off with a deep breath. "That's the lifesaver. What's whisky against it, Gallagher?"

SEATING himself carefully in a swivel chair behind the desk, Gallagher pushed the cap back on his head and loosened the coat. His wide, straight mouth, inclined to grimness, let pass the audible fact that it was cold. He had heavy, close-shaven cheeks that drooped an inch or so below his cheekbones, and round, rather truculent gray eyes under fierce-looking black brows.

McNicholas, more comfortable now with his coattails spread across the top of the radiator, looked at Gallagher. "And how's the Marine?" he asked, wheezing in the comfortable way that Gallagher had never been able to endure. "Did you get a letter yet? The missus said something at supper, d'ye see? Is it, she asked me, four or five weeks now since yer friend Gallagher heard from his boy?"

In the chair Gallagher moved his eyes slightly, not quite all the way around to McNicholas. Then he said in his expressionless deep voice, "Sometime then, I suppose. Around the holidays."

If he was aware of McNicholas peering covertly down at him he gave no sign of it; but then, as McNicholas often said, he was the kind of fella that liked to keep himself to himself. McNicholas did not like him very much, which was a very normal human reaction to the obvious fact that Gallagher did not like McNicholas. Now he lit his pipe and glanced at Gallagher with eyes as sharp and bright as a bird's eyes.

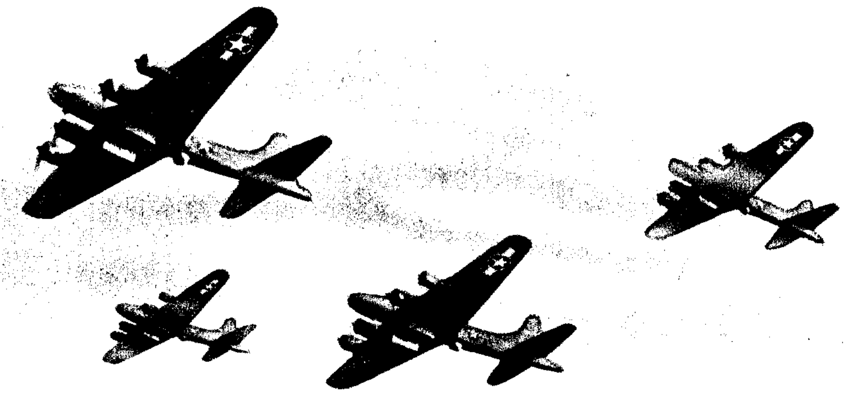
"The holidays," he repeated, with a grave nod of his head. "Of course he's over there on the other side of the world. And if it's only the mails, d'ye see—" He sighed heavily, conveying in such fashion the idea that it might be much more than the mails. "Maybe you're right not to fret over it. Where's the use? In the end, Gallagher, it might be that you'll hear soon enough."

Before McNicholas could think of anything else to add, Patrolman Gallagher reached for his cap. Ten after, that insensitive man declared evenly. They'd better be off.

McNicholas told him that he could speak for himself. Comfortable for the first time since twelve o'clock, when he came on duty, McNicholas ventured the opinion that it wouldn't be Sergeant Fogarty—Frank, the Lord Mayor, McNicholas called him—who'd be checking up on anyone in weather like this.

Gallagher did not argue the point. He buttoned his coat, flicked his club at them

(Continued on page 72)



Blankets — in the Sky

They're flying tonight — high in the bitter stratosphere over seas and continents. And as you drift to dreams beneath the G-E Automatic Blanket that keeps you safe and ever-warm in spite of temperature changes, you can know that this same amazing principle is keeping our sky-fighters warmed and vigilant in all the cold skies above the world.

Not in the shape of blankets like yours, of course — but in light, electrically warmed suits, boots, gloves and protectors adjusted to the most rapid changes from scorching earth to sub-zero stratosphere — keep numbing cold from men and delicate instruments.

This is only one of scores of war developments which have come from the peacetime skills of General Electric. For electricity's part in arming, powering and protecting our men and amazingly sensitive fighting machines will make one of the great chapters of this war. And every General Electric facility of science, engineering, technical pioneering and production is going to write it.

After Victory, our new skills will be reflected not only in the new G-E Blankets, but in the whole great host of new-day G-E *products* for better living . . . many of them ready to install in the new, low-cost home your War Savings Bonds will help to pay for.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: The "Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC. "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

AUTOMATIC BLANKET

GENERAL ELECTRIC

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR AFTER VICTORY HOMES

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLIPS

By Helena Huntington Smith

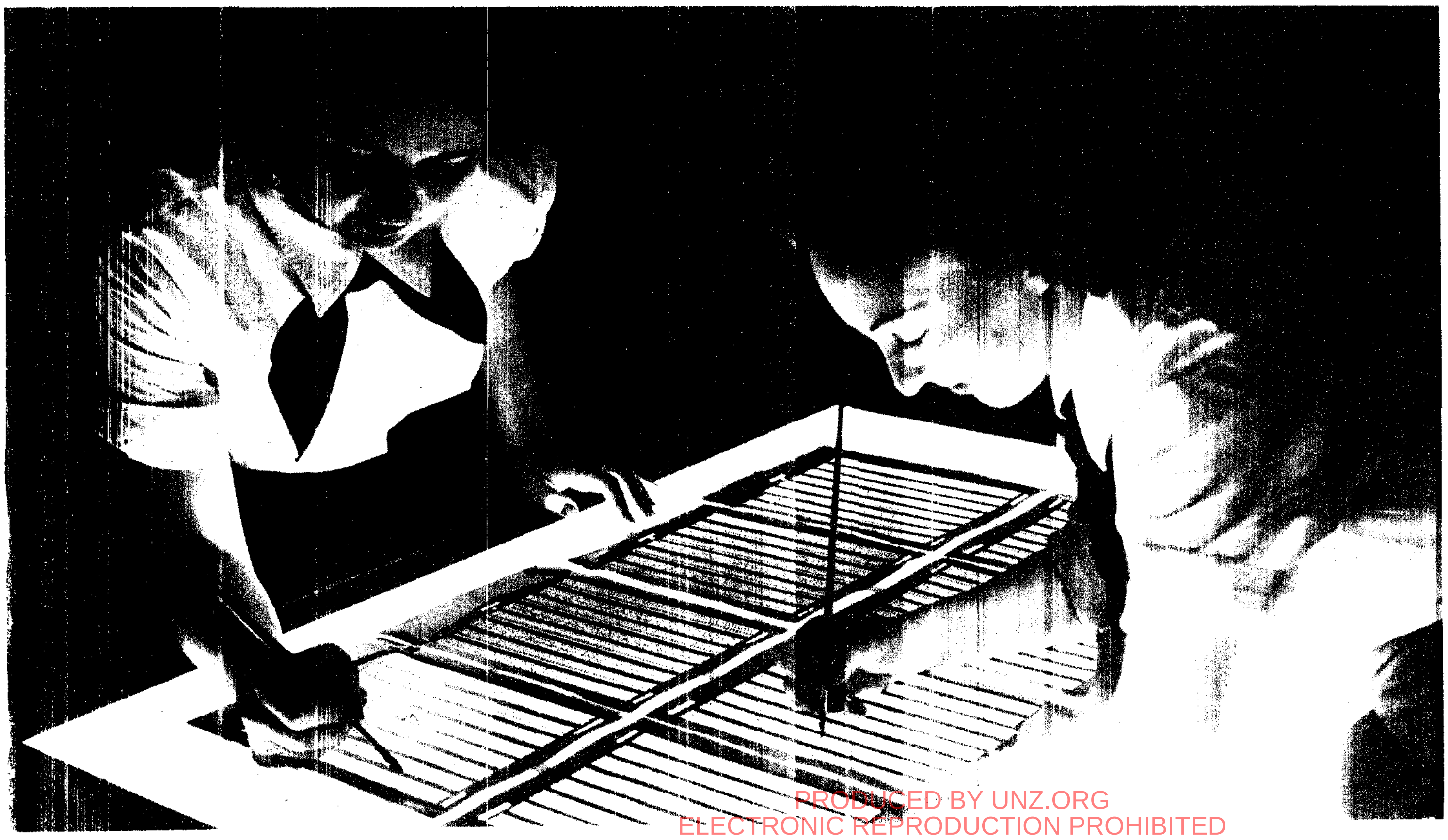
The Navy has taken its ladies to heart—with ungrudging but sometimes baffled admiration

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Phyllis Dockeray, of Los Angeles, replaces a man in the Floyd Bennett Field control tower. She has the night trick

Work in photographic darkrooms demands a skilled and precise touch. Maribeth Wetzel and Hazel Kull (shown below) have it

ACME



ON AN Eastern naval air station, a chief petty officer who had been in the Navy since virtually Admiral Dewey's time was looking forward with misgivings, last summer, to the arrival of a baker's dozen of new aviation machinist's mates—or aircraft mechanics, if that makes it any easier. Machinist's mates as such were nothing to him. The only thing different about this bunch was that they were women.

"Some of us still think," he said gloomily, "that we could win this war with men."

No doubt the Navy could win with men. It has done so before, but it is taking in 48,000 women by the end of this year because it expects to win a little sooner with their help. The Waves are *in* the Navy. They never were an auxiliary. Even their officers' commissions read "he" and "him"—which proves something, or the girls think it does.

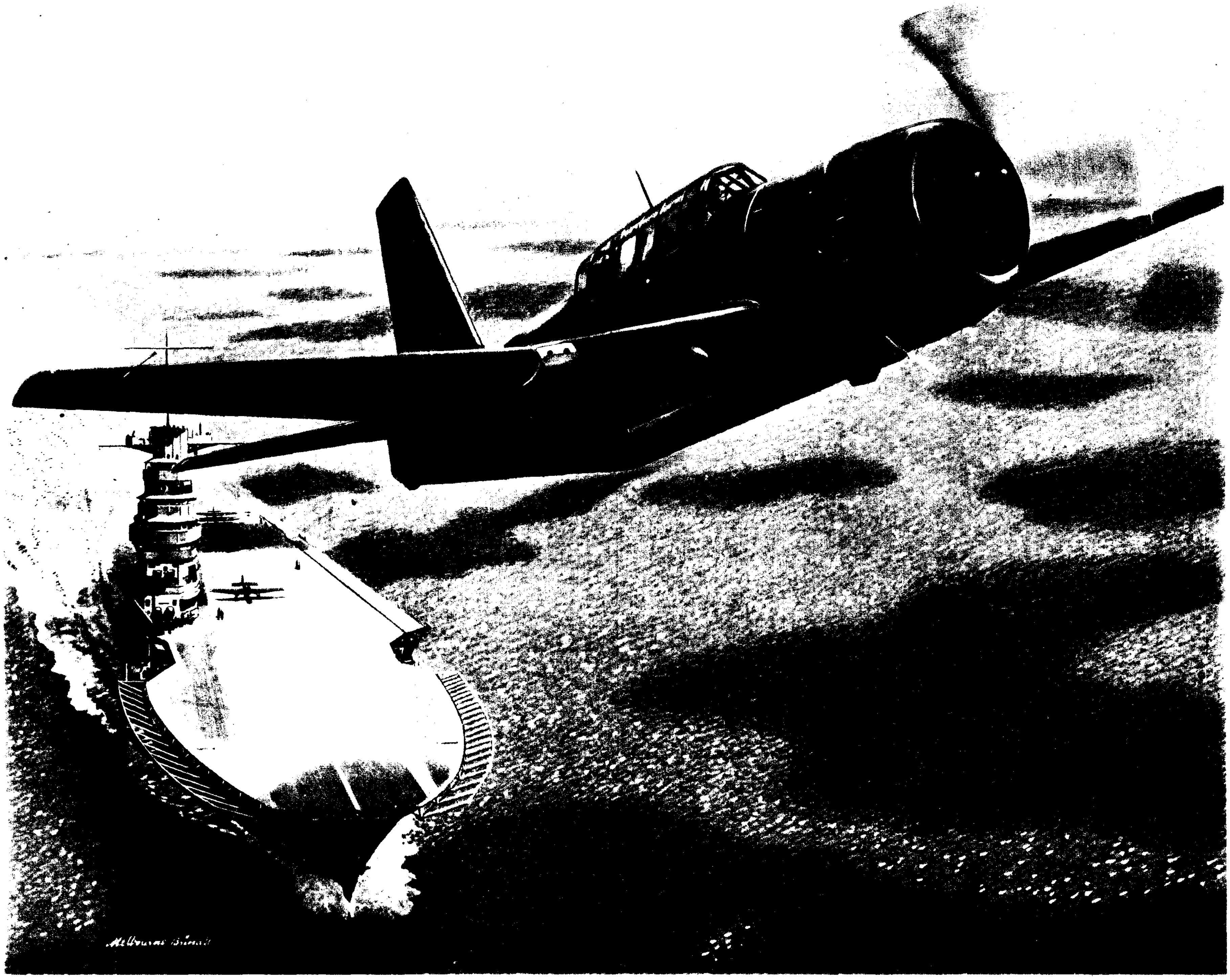
Before the war is over, they will have taken over most of the Navy's office work ashore, but office work isn't the half of it. In a few more months, there will be 13,000 of them in Naval aviation alone, doing technical jobs whose very names most of them had never heard of a year ago. Waves are acting as aviation metalsmiths and machinist's mates; aerographer's mates working on weather charts; parachute riggers; control-tower operators; gunnery instructors, and blind-flying instructors.

One day last summer, a Navy pilot was flying into a southern airport after quite a long stint fighting Japs out in the Pacific. He had been away some time and he hadn't heard how the world had changed in his absence. As he came up, he radioed his identification number to the control tower and asked for landing instructions. Back came the control tower's routine reply: "Navy-one-three-seven-seven. You're—clear—to the field. Take—runway—two-four"— in a sweet feminine voice.

With the swift-thinking characteristic of all airmen, he sized up the situation, thought he had it in hand, and came back over the loud-speaker: "What are you doing tonight?"

Doing a little swift thinking herself, the Wave in the control tower handed over her telephone to a strictly male seaman, who carried on from there in the usual Navy baritone. Too bad, but it's not on the record whether the pilot had his ears examined, or what happened that night.

The record is more explicit in the case of a redheaded ex-schoolteacher from Geo'gia, who joined the Waves and was assigned to the parachute riggers' school at Lakehurst, New Jersey. One day an Army paratrooper walked into the school. He had been overseas and was being sent in for a refresher course on packing his



None but the finest . . . with a Vengeance!

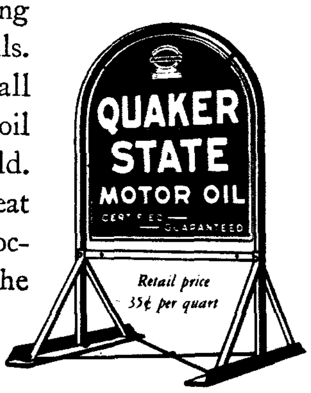
WHEN the pilot of this Vultee Vengeance goes upstairs, he's invading disputed territory—*hotly* disputed by Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs and hornet-y little Zeros. Naturally, he wants to be sure that everything about his ship is in perfect condition; the motor most of all. It must keep turning over. The success of his mission—his very life—depends on it.

All over the world in this war there are Allied fighting men whose lives depend on their motors. These vital motors need oil that will keep right on providing essential lubrication, in the longest pulls and in the hottest spots.

It is our good fortune that our planes enjoy the advantage of such oils. Neither by plunder nor by discovery in synthetics has the Axis been able to provide anything to equal the quality of these oils.

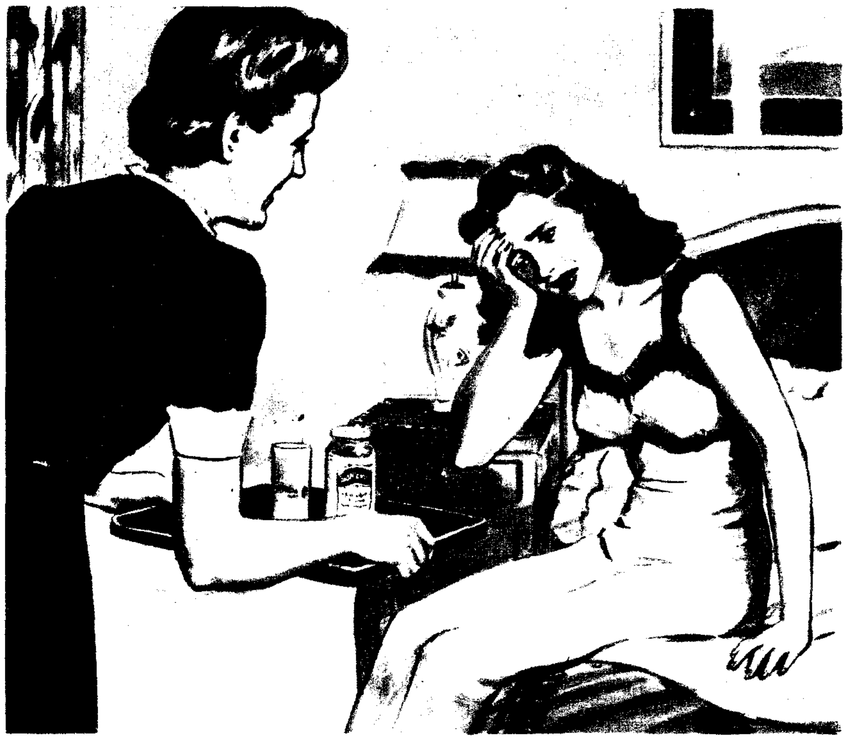
For there is only one place in all the world where the *best* crude oil is found—the Pennsylvania oil field. And, in Quaker State's four great modern refineries this oil is processed with skill and care to make the finest oils that money can buy—oils with that "Pennsylvania Plus."

In these war days especially, you'll find it pays to give the motor in your car the finest protective lubrication. Infrequent driving increases rather than lessens the need for such care. So drive in for Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants wherever you see the green-and-white Quaker State service sign — Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

7 A.M. . . . the world's all wrong!



ALACKADAY! You wake up feeling heavy-headed and fuzzy due to constipation symptoms. Don't put off needed relief. Take a sparkling glass of speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica . . . *now!* The minute you hop out of bed!

9 A.M. . . . and life's a song!

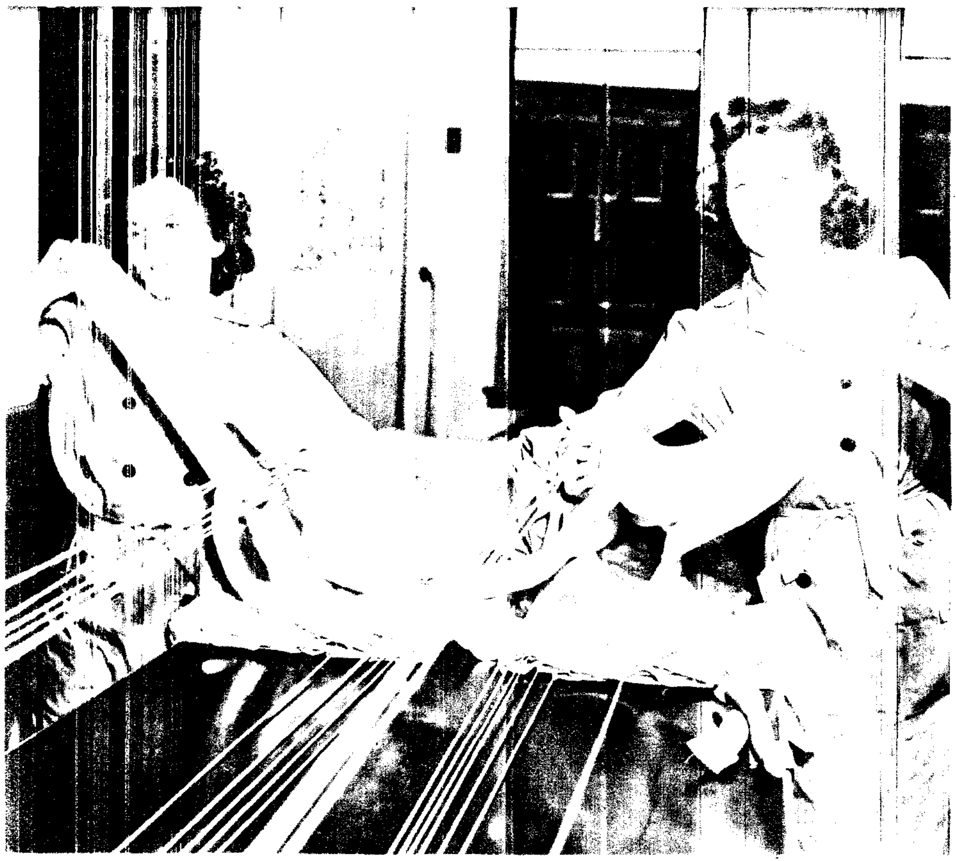
OH, HAPPY DAY! Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica acts quickly yet gently . . . usually, *within an hour!* What's more, Sal Hepatica also helps turn a sour stomach sweet again because it helps to counteract excess gastric acidity. 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a recent survey, recommend this sparkling, saline laxative. Try Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution, use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., EWT



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Parachute rigging is a most important duty in the Navy today, and Seamen Barbara Gardner and Florence Peters are learning how to "whip the canopy." Later, they'll be assigned to a naval air station to pack chutes for pilots

chute, and the redhead was the first Wave he had ever seen.

"What do you think *you* can do here, lady?" he asked.

"I'll show you what I can do," she said wrathfully, "before this day is out!"

Well, so they worked together after that, packing chutes being a team operation, and one thing led to another and now they are married.

As soon as the Waves were organized in the summer of 1942, the Navy found itself facing a set of problems which must have made John Paul Jones roll over in his grave—from laughing. Terrific problems in protocol confronted Emily Posts in gold braid. Was a lady in the Navy a lady, or was she merely Seaman Jones, Second Class? When a sweet young ensign sprang to her feet at an admiral's approach, what should the admiral do?

Problem in Naval Etiquette

In the latter case, it was officially and very sensibly decided that the answer should be left up to the senior officer involved. In front of the Navy Building on Constitution Avenue last summer, a dignified four-striper was seen approaching his car, accompanied by a snappy-looking Wave ensign, who jumped to open the door.

"Get in, get in, my dear," said he testily.

And there was the elderly commander —he must have been all of forty-two—to whom a pretty Wave offered her seat on a bus.

"Young lady, don't you ever do that again!" he said sternly.

On duty, however, the usual rules of the Navy prevail; as with that unique and glorified Wave who is an admiral's orderly in Florida, driving his car and running his errands and doing all the things that a male orderly does. She snaps to attention and opens doors for her admiral all right. And does she mind? We'll say she doesn't.

There was also the problem of how to address an officer when the officer happens to be female. In the Wac, the proper answer is, "Yes, ma'am." With the Spars, it's "Yes, sir"—never mind the skirts and damn the torpedoes. The Waves have thought up a nice solution of their own, very feminine and practical. It's "Yes, Lieutenant," if you don't know her name, and simply, "Yes, Miss Scruggs," if you do. The trouble is that the average Navy male is still so confused by the whole business that a Wave officer will often be addressed as "Sir," "Ma'am" and "Miss" by one man, in the course of a five-minute conversation.

There are more Waves in Washington than in any other one place, at least 5,000 of them working in various offices of the Navy Department. Enlisted Waves in Washington live in a converted apartment house and three dormitories known as Wave Quarters, A, B, C and D. Although most of them will never see a ship or a Navy plane, that does not keep them from being properly nautical.

A while back, a Washington Wave approached her quarters' commanding officer—or, in plain civilian English, her house mother—with a face full of trouble.

"I'm in an awful spot," she said. "I'm down for anchor watch Sunday night, and I'm getting married Sunday night."

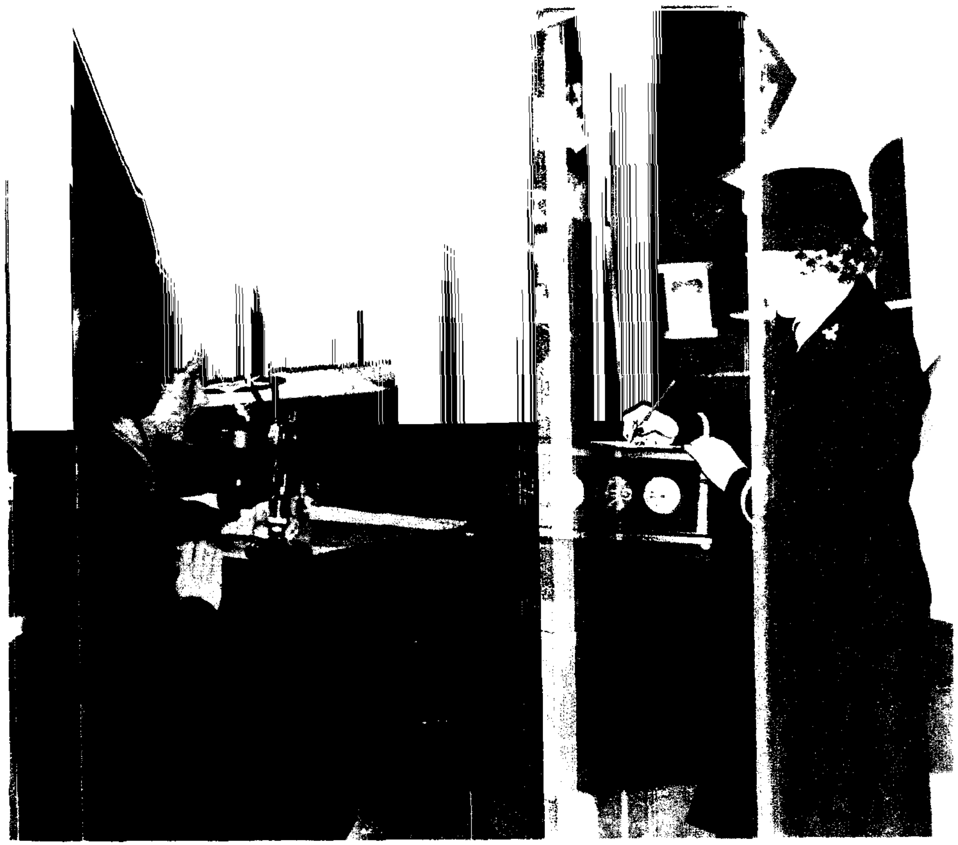
Anchor watch? Oh, that means answering the front door and the telephone. She was assured that somebody else would be found to mind the anchor while she got married.

As soon as Susie Smith enters boot camp—*i.e.* Hunter College, New York City—she becomes Apprentice Seaman Smith. She finds out that her room isn't on the fourth floor, it's on the fourth deck; that those things she's been going up and down all her life aren't stairs, they're ladders; and that she's not allowed to pin her boy friend's picture to the bulkhead.

The Makings of a Sailor

She also learns some other things that will make her useful to the Navy, and after six weeks, she may go out into service as Seaman Smith or she may take further training and become a specialist, with the right to wear a red stripe and an emblem of some sort on her sleeve. Over a third of the total Wave force are yeomen —to you, stenographers. Another ten per cent are storekeepers, so-called, who help keep track of the socks, the beans, the rivets and other items the Navy uses.

The Wave who is assigned to duty in Washington may lead a less glamorous life in some respects than her sister on a station, but she has the patriotic satisfaction of releasing some old salt of twenty-one or twenty-two who has never been to sea yet, but is raring to go. Very often she is coached by him for the job, in person. The arrangement suits all hands, as illustrated by one Wave who took over a hospital-corps man's duties in the naval dispensary at Arlington, while he moved



ASSOCIATION INC

Waves take over the Link trainer quarters a e Seattle Nava Base, checking the abilities of would-be pilots to bring lane home whe flying blind

WIDE WORLD

Navy couriers carry messages and must be dead-eye Dorothies. These Waves qualify as crack pistol shots

up nearer to the shooting. Said the Wave: "I *lo-ve* it! The man I work with is so wonderful to me."

Said the man: "Boy, am I pouring it on that Wave! I'll be out of here in no time."

In some offices, these transfers are going on hundreds at a time, with a good deal of kidding about how many Waves it takes to take the place of one good man.

"They all think of us as their little sisters," said one Wave magnolia blossom with soft brown eyes and a serious boy friend in Corpus Christi. We hope that makes the situation perfectly clear.

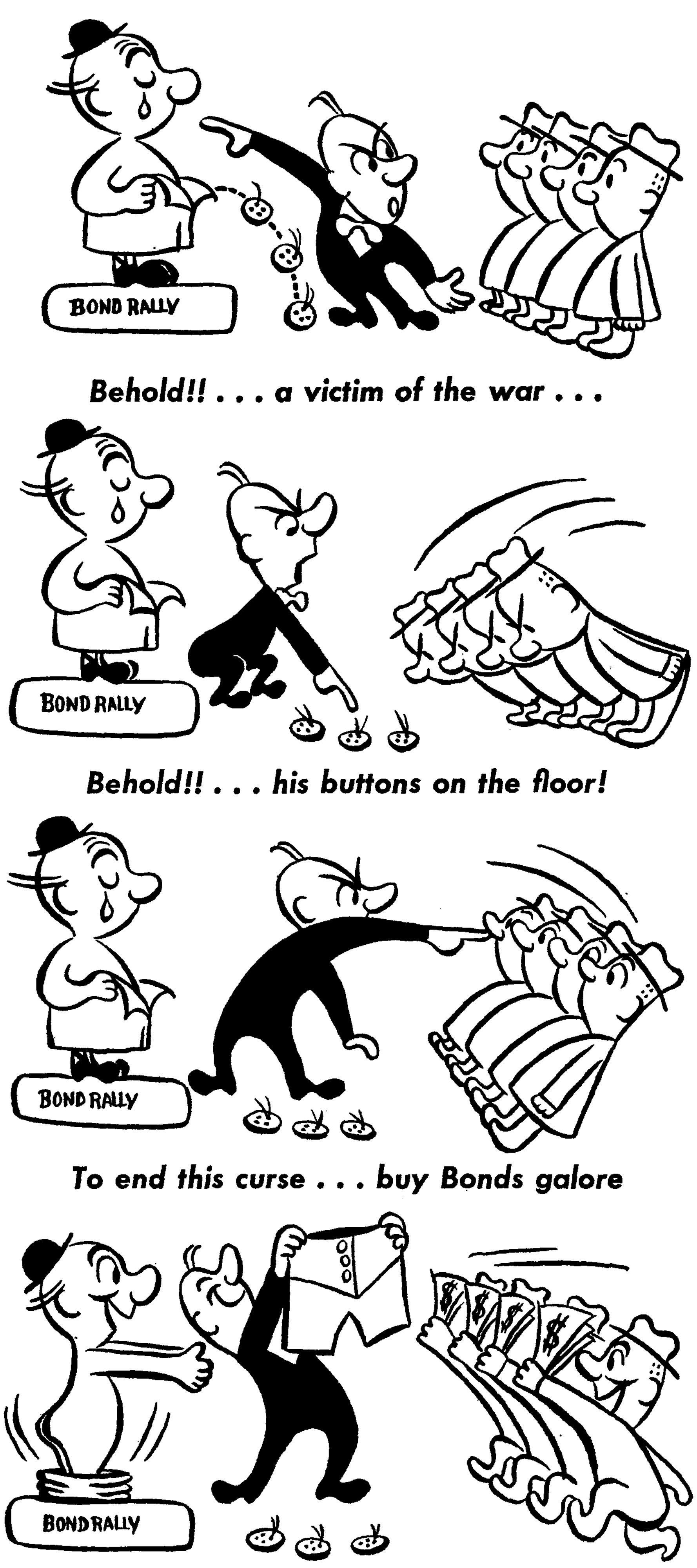
There are no Waves on ships or planes, nor are there ever likely to be. They are not allowed to go overseas, either; that, however, is not the Navy's fault, but is a limitation imposed by Congress, and a bill is now under consideration to remove it. Through taking over shore duties, the Waves have released enough men already to man a good-sized task force, and the plan is to increase their number to 91,000 by the end of 1944.

Probably the biggest news concerning the usefulness of women in the Navy is that they can teach men successfully. The Navy has discovered that women have patience and tact. These qualities are useful for Link-trainer instructors, and for synthetic gunnery instructors, who are also known as the Jam-Handy girls, after the name of the gadget they operate.

This device, particularly effective in the early stages of training, imitates the aiming mechanism of a 30-caliber machine gun, but costs Uncle Sam a lot less when it is fired. I visited one such synthetic gunnery class. Heinkels, Zeros and various other types of enemy aircraft swooped about on a movie screen in a darkened room, while sailors in dungarees fired bursts at them with the gadget, and a blond Wave corrected their angles.

At first, the Navy had doubts about Waves in this type of work; feared that there might be some whistling. It also feared smart comebacks from skeptical pupils. To guard against the latter, the girls were put through the complete aerial gunnery course with a class of men,

(Continued on page 75)


BOND RALLY
Behold!! . . . a victim of the war . . .
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Behold!! . . . his buttons on the floor!
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To end this curse . . . buy Bonds galore
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BOND RALLY
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The day is coming when Gripper fasteners will be back on a greater selection of merchandise than ever. To speed that day, all our materials and facilities are devoted to war production!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

Nobody Lives Forever

Continued from page 19

thoughtfully at the floor, sipping his coffee.

"Look," said Johnny, "why don't you two try to get along better? You're wearing me out."

Tony and Jim glanced at each other, then laughed. Jim came over and, bending down, kissed her on the mouth. She turned quickly and put her arms around his neck.

"No million-dollar widow's going to get you," she said. "Don't ever think she is."

"What Jim likes is her bank roll, darling," said Johnny. "Please—for Mike's sake—relax."

Half an hour later, Johnny left for Santa Monica, thankful to get away. Not only because he was tired of the constant bickering, but also because Tony was becoming more and more attractive to him. A crazy dame, who would never get a man in anything but trouble—headstrong, self-willed, violent; and yet . . .

"I'd sure take a chance—if the setup was different," Johnny told himself. "But I got to ease things along till the take. Maybe Jim'll be so sick of her by that time, he'll tell me to cart her off. And will I!"

Not long after Johnny left, Jim got up to go, but Tony protested. "It's only eight-thirty," she said.

"I want to get back around ten. Business reasons."

"What does this woman look like?"

"She's tall—forty years old," said Jim.

"You better make this take without any monkey business or I'm going to be very, very annoyed."

"She's a nice woman. No nonsense."

"Oh, yeah?" said Tony. "I know all about those forty-year-old widows. A cripple's not safe."

Jim shrugged. In comparison with Mrs. Halvorsen, Tony at times seemed pretty gross. He was anxious to get away.

But suddenly Tony flung herself into his arms, kissed him violently, but drew back and laughed at him as soon as she felt his arms tightening.

"I guess you're not in such a hurry," she jeered.

Jim tried to pull her to him, but she broke away and shoved a chair in between them. Then she dashed past him, ran into the bedroom and closed the door. . . .

IT WAS a hot night in town and Pop was sitting by an open window in Maxie's Bar, drinking a cold stein of beer, fanning himself, and praying for a breeze. The narrow street looked dingy and forbidding in the dim-out. The bar was crowded with sailors, who bickered drunkenly, and kept the battered old automatic piano going without a letup.

Pop felt a little weary and defeated. He wasn't the man he'd been a few short weeks ago and knew it. The brief glimpse he'd got of El Dorado had unsettled him. He'd come to hate standing on a corner with his telescope, cadging for dimes; worse still, his memory had begun to fail him, he'd lost his alertness, and his underworld clients, who had always praised him before and said he was one hundred per cent, were beginning to wonder about him.

Pop was always dreaming now. Doc had promised him five hundred; that wasn't a fortune by any means; but all in a hunk, it wasn't to be sneered at. The big fellow had said he'd take care of him. Pop would speculate for hours over just what the big fellow meant. Was Jim implying that he'd get a full share—ten grand? It could hardly be that and yet it was nice to think about. Or did he mean that he'd just take care of him personally for—say: a couple thousand bucks? Either way, he'd have a nice roll in his kick and could take it easy for a while. Maybe long enough.

Pop ordered another beer. Two sailors were dancing together to the piano, clowning, and they got annoyed when the bartender asked them to cut it out. Pop looked for something to get behind in case a fight started. But one of the sailors, older than the rest, smoothed things over.

THE waiter came with Pop's beer and he sat sipping it and looking out the window. Gee, it was hot. Nice to be out in the country on a night like this. But Pop wasn't thinking about the California countryside. He'd been born in Indiana and the older he got the more he thought about his home state. He was thinking about a flat farm country, bathed in soft moonlight, with crickets chirping in the tall grass, frogs croaking in the ponds, and cows standing along the fences chewing their cuds in the darkness. Dogs barked, answering each other from farm to farm, and lightning bugs flew among the big trees, giving off a faint, intermittent green glow. Summer smells were everywhere, and the air was damply cool—delicious.

Pop started. Somebody was touching him on the shoulder. It was Doc, smiling ironically, and not looking quite so seedy as usual. He had on a new shirt and tie, and his clothes had been brushed; he was even freshly shaved.

"Hello, Doc," said Pop, returning from a dream Indiana with an effort. "Sit down."

Doc sat opposite Pop and ordered a highball with a flourish. The waiter threw him a satirical glance, but made no comment.

"I was looking for you, Pop," said Doc. "Missed you—so I thought I'd try here."

"Yeah?"

"Nothing important. I was just wondering if you'd heard anything."

"Not a thing."

"You wouldn't hold out on me, would you?"

"Why should I?"

"Well—I figure you're pretty thick with Johnny and Jim."

"I'm waiting—the same as you fellows are."

"He better make this one, because I'm counting on it. Counting on it big."

Pop thought that Doc's eyes didn't look right. It was probably the junk.

"If he can't make this one, nobody can," said Pop. "Just keep your pants on, Doc."

"I wish I knew what was going on. I got a good notion to buzz my friend, Charley Evans. I don't like to be in the dark—especially with a deal this big."

Pop meditated, then spoke mildly: "It's all right to talk to me that way, Doc, but not to anybody else. If the big fellow hears about it, you might get in trouble. You're not insinuating he'd try to gyp us, are you?"

"He's not the man he used to be."

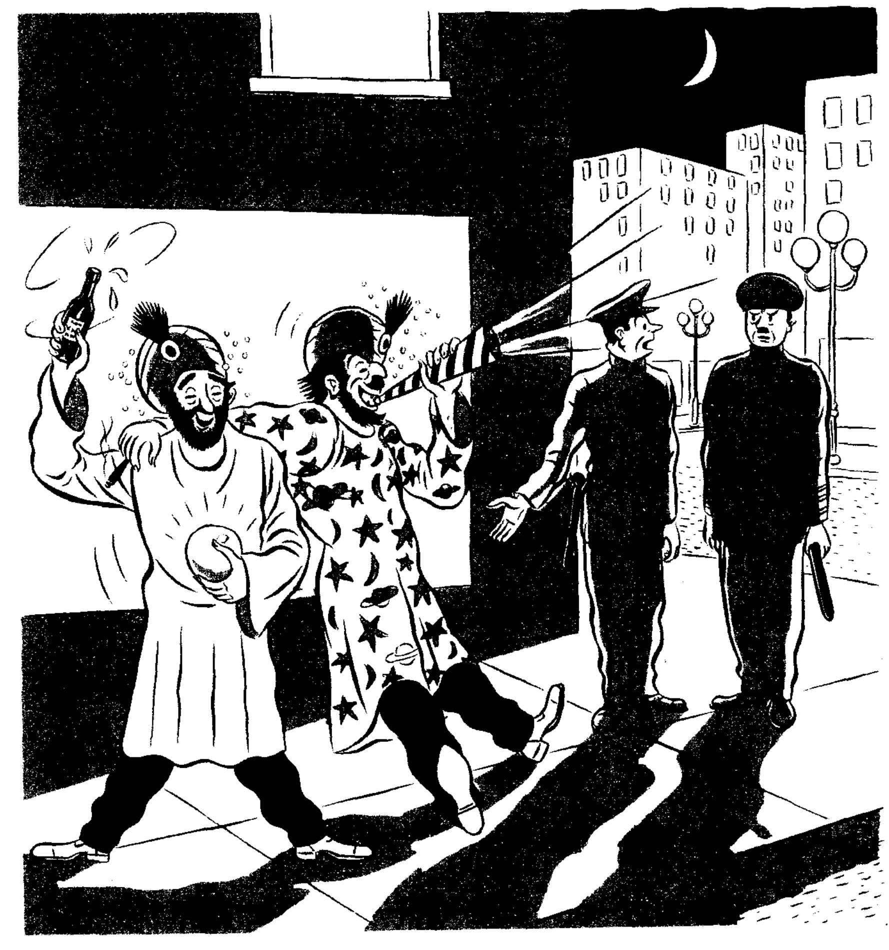
"Are you? Am I? Who is?" Pop sipped his beer philosophically, and wished that Doc would go away and leave him alone. There was something very disquieting about the restless, soured little doctor. An inhuman quality hard to describe. Pop was reminded of what he'd once heard a judge say: "A man desperate through lack of hope." That was Doc in a way. "Be sensible," Pop went on. "Don't go buzzing nobody. You might cause trouble—a beef. Leave it to the big fellow. He's been making record scores for years."

"Yes—and taking advantage of small guys working with him. Two thirds! Robbery—that's what it is."

Pop finished the rest of his beer and stood up. "I'm sleepy."

"Sit down. I'll buy you a drink."

"No, thanks. Doc—if my advice is



"A couple of crystal gazers. They say they're celebrating the unconditional surrender of Germany next month!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries

NEW

Longer Wearing Beauty . . . for Your Floors

Think of it! A Self-Polishing Simoniz for floors! Yes, it gives your floors the same long lasting beauty so famous for cars. All floors . . . wood, linoleum, terrazzo, mastic and rubber tile. Easy to put on? You bet! Just pour on Self-Polishing Simoniz—spread—and it dries to a shine in twenty minutes. A damp cloth wipes up dirt and keeps your floors sparkling immaculately month after month. Try this long wearing floor beauty treatment. Get Self-Polishing Simoniz today!

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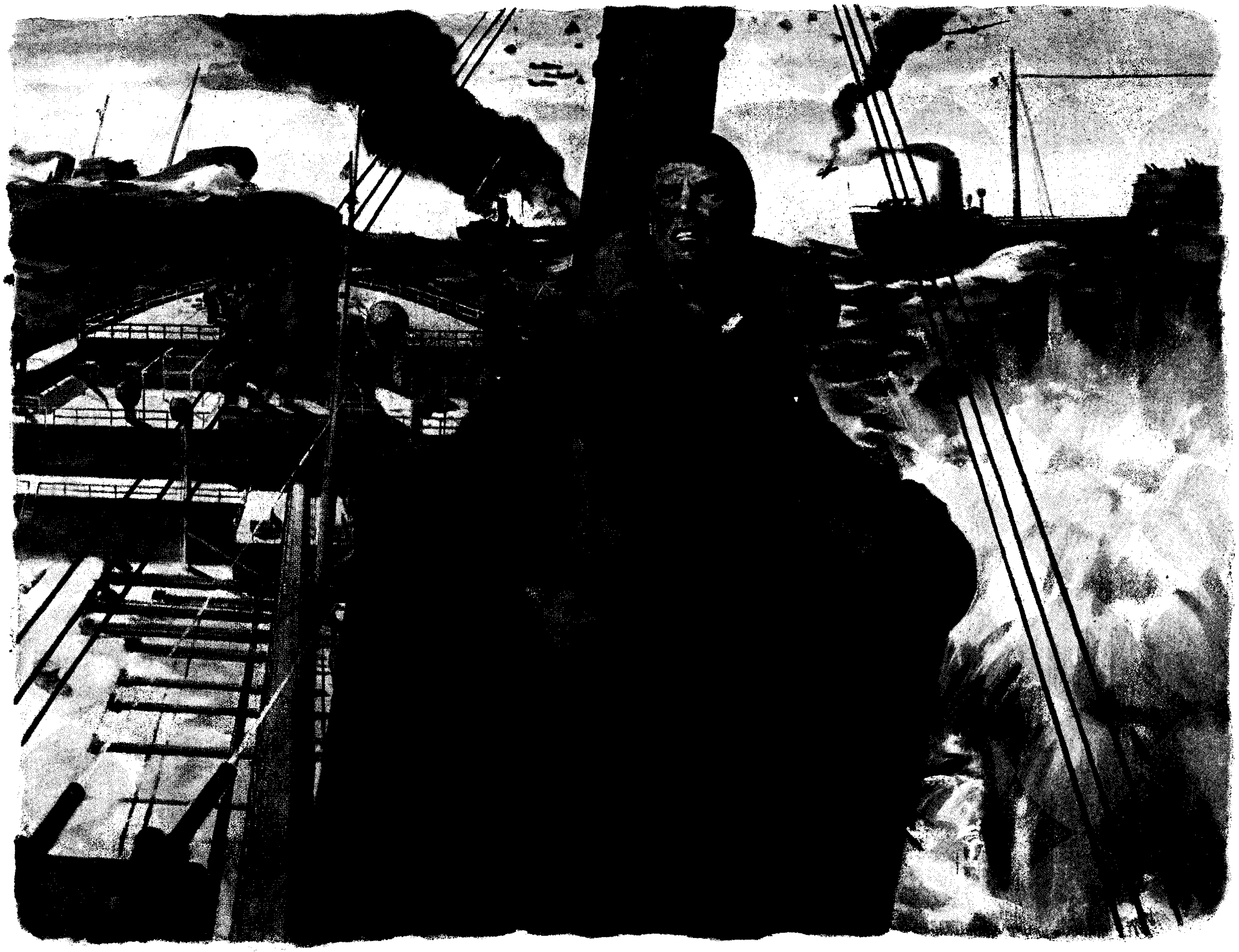
Make Your Car Look New . . . and Save its "After Victory Value", too!

Save by Simonizing now. It pays in money as well as additional pleasure. Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener do more than just make your car look new. They protect and preserve the finish. Make it stay beautiful. Give you more enjoyment per "rationed mile." So get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. The sooner the better!



First Class Fighting Man

He's won a place beside the Marines who made that deathless stand at Wake Island . . .

. . . he's comrade to MacArthur's gallant handful on Bataan, who repeatedly stopped a ten-against-one Jap juggernaut in its tracks — *and then attacked* . . .

. . . he's made of the same stuff as Chennault's Flying Tigers in Burma, who laughed at the odds against them, and wrote history with the smoky trails of shot-down foes . . .

And it's a cinch those glory-covered scrappers are grinning in admiration as the lad on the tanker takes on Nazi dive-bombers and submarines as matter-of-factly as he takes a trick at the wheel.

Courage? He's got it to spare. Our fighting forces, our whole war effort, depend largely on OIL — and come hell or high water, typhoons or torpedoes, the tankerman will see that the oil gets through.

This fleet of hard-driven tankers and their loyal crews was built up by America's petroleum industry. But shortly after Pearl Harbor, the fleet was turned over to Uncle Sam — together with its commanders and their men. It was a ready-made task force in the Battle for Oil — the battle on which the outcome of *many* battles would depend.

The ships of Tide Water Associated united with the ships of the other oil companies to join the colors. And our hands united, too, in many vital war tasks. Fighting as one, we have, where necessary, pooled our facilities, our equipment, our processes and our patents.

The fight will be hard — it may be long. But the United States has a united people. Standing together, we cannot fall.

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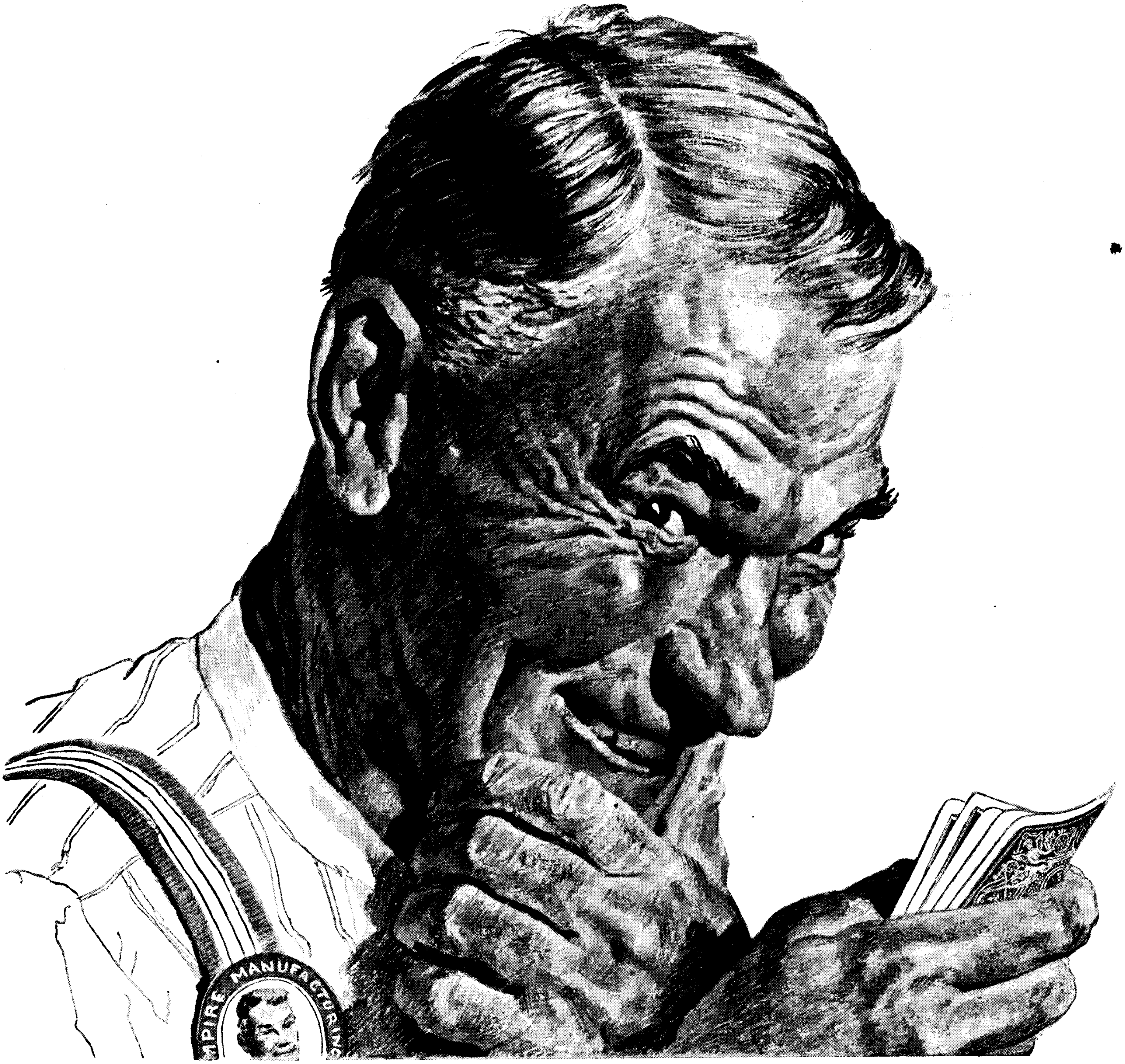

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worth anything, listen; don't tangle with the big fellow. Keep your nose clean. He's a good-natured guy but he's no one to cross. Good night."

He went out hurriedly. Doc sat watching him go.

"We'll see who's tough to cross," said Doc, half aloud, then he turned and called for another drink.

SHAKE was sitting with his chair tipped back and his feet on the window sill, talking to Windy, and looking out across the dingy rooftops of the dimmed-out city.

"With that kind of dough," said Shake, "I'll retire. If a guy's careful he can get by—and get by good—on eight-nine hundred bucks a year. Just think of that, Windy. Once I get my hands on that dough, I'm a cinch to live easy without a worry for ten-eleven years. I'll just sit in my room and read all day long. Reading maketh a full man," he added, glancing at Windy.

Windy looked thoughtfully at the floor.

"What's that 'maketh' business?" he asked finally.

"It's the same as 'makes'," Shake explained.

"Why don't you say so then?"

"It's a quotation from old-time writing. That's the way they used to say 'makes' in them days."

"Why?"

"Because that's the way they said it."

Windy pondered.

"Why does reading make a man full?" he inquired.

"A full man," said Shake. "Not a man full."

"You sure you got that right? It sounds kind of silly."

"Certainly I've got it right," said Shake indignantly. "Are you trying to tell me about reading and things like that? I've read over a thousand books, and I'll bet I read two thousand more before I kick off."

Windy looked at him for a moment with awe. "I wish I could read a book once," he said. "But I always fall asleep."

There was a short silence, then Shake asked, "What you going to do with *your* dough, Windy?"

Windy scratched his head. "I ain't decided—I got so many things I'd like to do. At first, I figured I'd get me a young babe. With that kind of dough a guy can get any kind of doll he wants. But I don't know. Then I figured I'd stash my dough and join the Army."

"They wouldn't take you. You're too old."

"Too old? I can lick any six guys you name." Windy trembled with indignation. "I'm strong as an ox. I'd take a Heinie in each hand and knock their dumb square heads together. Then when the war was over I'd come back with a medal. I'd unstash my dough and I'd be somebody."

"Suppose you get shot?"

"Yeah," said Windy, "I thought about that."

After a while, Windy got up, yawned, and stretched, then lay down on the couch. Silence settled over them. Shake sat on, staring out across the rooftops of the dark, sweltering city.

JIM found Mrs. Halvorsen in the bar. She was sitting on a stool sipping a brandy. She turned just as he came in as if she had expected him. Jim noticed that there was a certain constraint in her greeting, and wondered. Had she decided she'd been too friendly? Or was she a little put out that she hadn't heard from him? He smiled wearily, sat down beside her, and ordered a double brandy.

"I'm worn out," he said.

"What's the matter, Mr. Lloyd?" she inquired, very formal.

"I've really been working hard the last few days."

She turned to look at him. "Business?"

"Yes. Things just kept coming up—and Riley couldn't handle them alone. The war's knocked the devil out of everything. A man doesn't know if he's going or coming." He took a long sip of brandy and shuddered. "This is the first drink I've had in two days. I'll probably get tight and obnoxious."

Mrs. Halvorsen smiled faintly. "I was wondering why I hadn't seen you in the dining room."

She was still rather formal and Jim decided it was time to put on a little pressure.

"I was going to call you. I wanted to ask you to dinner. I know a place at Palos Verdes I think you'd like. But I just couldn't get away—so I decided not to bother you." Mrs. Halvorsen said nothing but sat staring thoughtfully at her drink, so Jim went on: "Would you like to go to Palos Verdes tonight?"

Mrs. Halvorsen bit her lip. "I'm sorry—I can't tonight. I'm to have dinner with Mr. Manning."

"Couldn't you put it off?"

"I don't think I should. He's been very nice to me."

"Well," said Jim, "I don't want to insist. I've just sort of been looking forward to . . ." He paused, glancing at her, and noticing again that strange mixture of eagerness and restraint in her attitude. He had no doubt that she'd prefer having dinner with him, but, on the other hand, she was not the type of woman who goes around standing guys up. "Oh, well," he said, "maybe some other time."

Mrs. Halvorsen took a sip from her glass. "Perhaps we could make it tomorrow night," she said, her manner rather cool.

"Tomorrow night will be fine," said Jim, grinning. "Shall I meet you here at eight?"

"I'd rather you came up after me."

"I'll be there."

THE little restaurant at Palos Verdes was in the midst of eucalyptus trees on the top of a hill, overlooking the ocean. They had a table at a big window. It was a clear night and far below them the dimmed-out shore line stretched for miles. Jim could see that Mrs. Halvorsen was very happy. They had two cocktails before dinner.

"I'm getting to be quite a toper," she said. "I'll tell you a secret. I never had a drink of brandy before—till the other night. My—but it's strong."

"It should be taken in small doses," said Jim. "Otherwise somebody touches you on the shoulder and you turn around and nobody's there."

She puzzled over this for a moment, then smiled. She was very charming when she smiled and Jim looked at her with a certain amount of admiration.

"I've never heard anybody talk like you," she said. "Sometimes I have to stop and figure it out."

"I've spent a lot of time with rough guys—in oil towns," said Jim. "I don't talk as well as I should."

"Oh, it's not that. I like the way you talk. Only it sort of bewilders me at times."

On the way back to the hotel, Mrs. Halvorsen was silent for so long that Jim began to look at her out of the corner of his eye. But her face seemed so tranquil in the light of the dash that he felt pretty sure nothing was wrong.

As he was leaving her at the door of her apartment, she held out her hand to him. It was cool and firm. Jim liked the feel of it.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good company," she said with one of her charming smiles. "But I really had a nice time."

"What do you mean you're not good company?" said Jim. "I don't know when I've had more fun."

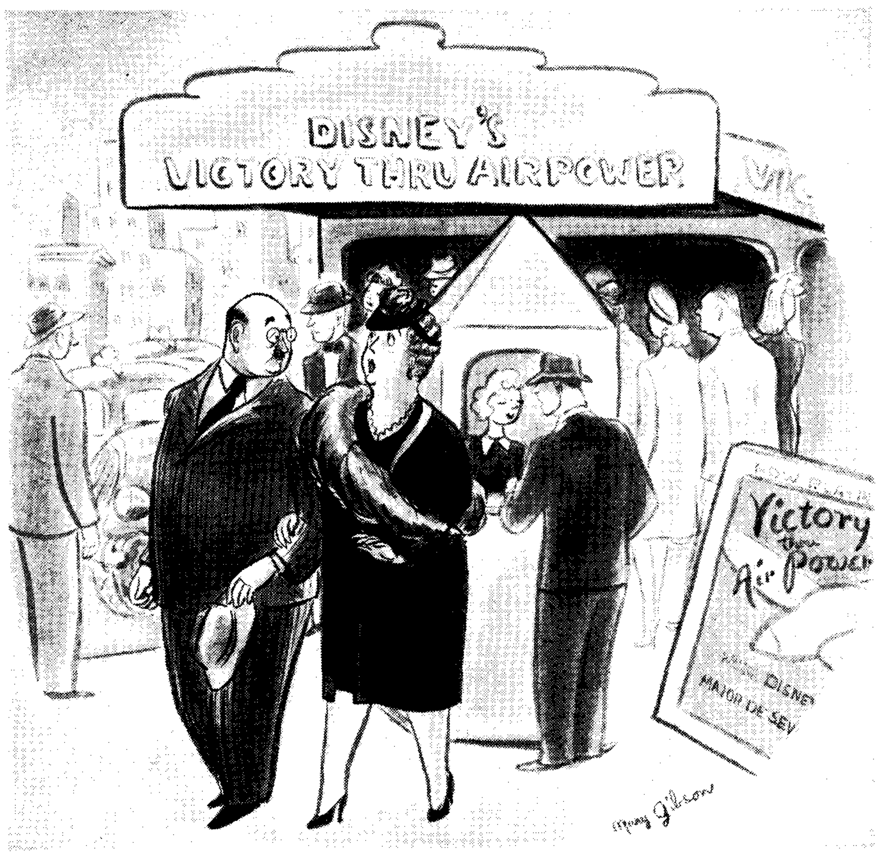
"You wouldn't just be saying that, would you?" said Mrs. Halvorsen, putting her head on one side, and smiling up at Jim.

In spite of her poise, there was at times a certain overarchness in her manner; probably, Jim thought, due to awkwardness. The little lady just hadn't been around very much.

And as he was saying good night he noticed again in her attitude that strange mixture of eagerness and restraint.

Jim unlocked the door of his apartment thoughtfully. Care was necessary with Mrs. Halvorsen. She was a new breed to him.

After the dinner at Palos Verdes, they went out together almost every night. They went to movies and regular theaters,



"If only Disney would get his teeth into those awful income-tax forms!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

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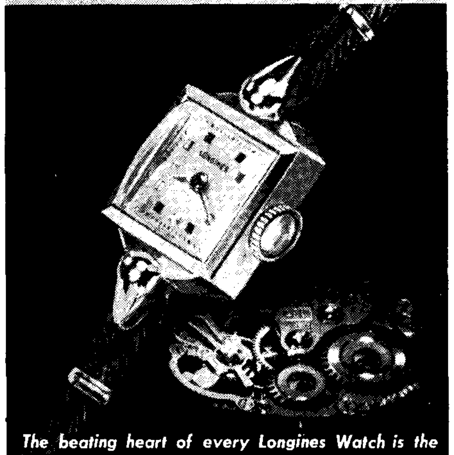

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and they made all the tourist joints, including Olvera Street, Chinatown, and even Earl Carroll's, where Jim saw a tall blond girl in the chorus he decided to check on for future reference—but changed his mind, figuring he had his hands full at the moment.

Mrs. Halvorsen was so dainty, and moved about with such an air, that Jim got so he took a definite pride in her company. They were a fine-looking couple and people stared at them.

She enjoyed herself quietly. At times Jim worried about her, wondering if she wasn't bored. But when he left her she always told him what a wonderful time she'd had and there was something about the way she said it that convinced him of her sincerity.

They became more and more friendly, but in spite of this, Jim still felt a certain constraint in her attitude toward him: as if he were on trial. At times it made him somewhat awkward in manner.

Jim was more than a little puzzled. He just wasn't sure of his approach.

THEY were sitting in a Hollywood Boulevard movie theater. There was a double bill and one of the pictures was a gangster thriller. Much to Jim's amazement, Mrs. Halvorsen got so excited during a chase sequence, when a car plunged over an embankment, that she gave a faint scream and took hold of his arm. He turned to look at her. She was intent on the picture, her eyes wide, her lips parted; but in a moment she sensed his scrutiny and looked at him.

"Exciting, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Jim replied, wanting to laugh. Imagine a woman her age getting that excited about a gangster chase! Kids slept through them now. All the same, it gave him a nice feeling which he didn't understand at all. "It's just that she's been cooped up so long, I guess," he told himself. "Been sitting around the house for ten years listening to the radio with a guy old enough to be her grandfather—almost. It's like a guy coming out of stir after a long jolt. Everything you see hits you harder than it did before. Like when Pete Weston was let out of Joliet: a little dog barked at him and he almost had a fit."

Jim thought the show would never be over; he crossed and uncrossed his legs fifty times; but Mrs. Halvorsen seemed perfectly contented. They saw two full-length pictures, a newsreel, an animated cartoon, an educational film dealing with what to do in an air raid, and an Army short. It was nearly one o'clock when they came out of the theater and they'd gone in fairly early.

"I liked both pictures, didn't you?" said Mrs. Halvorsen as they walked up Hollywood Boulevard toward the parking lot.

"Yeah," said Jim.

It was a warm summer night and there were a lot of people on the streets, considering how late it was. Earlier in the evening there'd been a mist, but now the atmosphere was clear and stars were twinkling brightly all over the sky.

Mrs. Halvorsen took Jim's arm at an intersection. A couple of passing girls looked at him, then made some remark. He glanced at Mrs. Halvorsen; she was frowning slightly.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You're frowning."

"Those girls," said Mrs. Halvorsen.

"What about them?"

"They were looking at you. One of them said, 'Look at that guy, honey!' "

"Maybe they meant somebody else. Or suppose they didn't?"

"I've seen women in the hotel staring at you."

"It's the way I wear my neckties," said Jim with a laugh, wondering what in the devil she was getting at.

There was a pause. They crossed the street and entered the parking lot. Jim handed the attendant his ticket, then gave him a big tip. The man grinned and ran off after the car.

"It's strange," said Mrs. Halvorsen, "but the minute I saw you I knew you weren't married."

"You mean I don't look sad?"

"Is that how you feel about marriage? That's a purely impersonal question, you understand. I'm so curious about you, Jim. I've never met anybody like you before."

"Well," said Jim, "I never gave it much thought. It just didn't occur to me to get married."

The attendant came with the car. Jim helped Mrs. Halvorsen in, then he got in, and drove off.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Halvorsen.

"Oh, I don't know. I've got nothing against it particularly. I guess I'm not the type."

Mrs. Halvorsen was silent for so long that Jim turned to look at her. What the heck, he thought. Then he started slightly. This million-dollar baby was toying with the idea of marrying him; no doubt about it. The thought jarred him for a moment out of his oil-man role. He shoved his hat back and ran his hand nervously over his face.

Pleasant vistas opened out before him. Marrying a dame with nearly two million was something to think about. But in a minute he recoiled from the idea, remembering what he'd said for years: "A guy who marries for money is getting it the hard way." Still . . .

Mrs. Halvorsen repeated his name several times before she brought him back to earth.

"Yeah?" he said, coming to suddenly.

"You're acting very strangely."

"I was just thinking," said Jim.

Mrs. Halvorsen sat lost in meditation. Jim could think of nothing to say. They drove to the Marwood in silence. The doorman opened the car door and Mrs. Halvorsen got out. Jim was just about to follow her when he noticed a little man standing at the corner under a partially dimmed-out street light. It was Doc.

"Shall I put it in the garage for you?" asked the doorman.

"No," said Jim. "I want to see the garageman." He leaned out of the car and spoke to Mrs. Halvorsen. "Shall we have a cocktail, or is it too late?"

"I'd love a cocktail. I'll wait for you in the lobby."

THE doorman escorted Mrs. Halvorsen into the hotel. Jim drove off. At the corner, he slowed down. The little man turned.

"Doc?"

"Yeah—it's me."

"Looking for somebody?"

"Not in particular," said Doc, insolently.

"Oh—just looking for trouble."

"If you want to put it that way."

Jim controlled himself with difficulty. It was obvious that Doc was loaded; with liquor, junk or both.

"Look, Doc. Be a good boy. Go home. Relax. Everything's going to be all right."

"It better be."

"Don't try to be funny. Who do you think you're talking to—Windy? Now get out of here before the hotel manager sees you. One more dumb play like this and I'll turn the sucker back to you. As a matter of fact—it's not a bad idea to do it right now."

Jim started to shift gears. Doc recognized the "clincher" but couldn't resist it. There was always the possibility with a big-timer like Jim that he wasn't kidding.

"I'm going," said Doc, and, turning abruptly, he hurried across the street and disappeared into the shadows.

Jim drove into the hotel garage, mutter-

★ ★ ★
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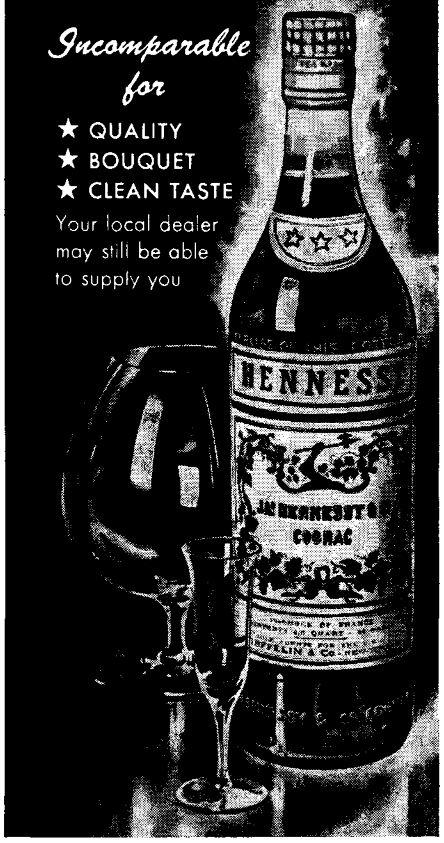
84 PROOF



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Dinosaur means literally a "terrible lizard"

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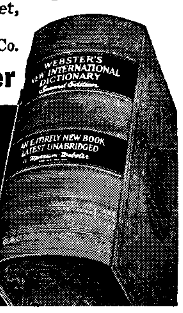

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Second Edition

ing to himself. Why didn't Doc drop dead and save everybody a lot of trouble? He was just living on borrowed time as it was; anybody could see that.

"Check the oil, gas and water," Jim said to the garageman.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lloyd."

THEY had a drink at the bar, which was deserted except for a couple of dignified-looking gray-haired men, patrons of the hotel, who were stewed to the ears. Both talked at once; neither listened. It got funnier and funnier. Mrs. Halvorsen struggled with her laughter. Shaking his head solemnly, Jim said, "Mr. Evans isn't going to like this. Gives the place a bad name."

They went up in the elevator together and Jim took Mrs. Halvorsen to the door of her apartment.

"It's nearly two o'clock," said Jim, glancing at his watch. "I didn't know it was that late."

"Is it—really? I was going to ask you if you'd like to drop in for a moment. But since it's so late . . ."

"Yeah," said Jim. "I'd better go and get some beauty sleep."

But he hesitated. He was studying Gladys closely and it seemed that the slight suggestion of constraint, always so noticeable in her attitude, had vanished. She looked eager and hopeful. There was a sweetness and charm about her at this moment which made Jim feel very strange. Her dark eyes, usually bright and alert, were soft, almost pleading. He felt that she had finally accepted him—at least in an emotional sense. If he knew anything, this was the time to blow. Let her think about him for a while.

"Good night," he said. "Will I see you tomorrow?"

"If you like."

"Dinner?"

"Yes, Jim."

She said this so compliantly that Jim was touched. Grinning, he reached out and patted her arm, then he turned and hurried down the hall to his apartment. At the door he turned. Gladys was watching him. He waved and she waved back.

They were sitting in Johnny's Santa Monica hotel room. The windows were wide open and a stiff breeze was blowing in from the sea, bellying the curtains.

Jim had told Johnny as much about the setup as he wanted him to know; never mentioning the marriage angle, of course. The little lawyer sat thinking it over, staring out at the harbor on which the bright sunlight was glinting.

"It's almost time for the plunge," said Jim. "But I'm in no hurry."

"What angle you going to use?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Anything will do—take it from me. I could even borrow a big wad from her with a little build-up. But I don't like that; the brush-off would be tougher unless I left town. I think oil investment's the best. I've already told her I'm in the oil-refining business. That doesn't sound like wildcat stuff. She's a cinch for a hundred Gs; maybe more."

Johnny nodded thoughtfully. He'd been in on take after take with Jim and the big fellow always operated in this apparently careless, unorthodox manner. In the old days he'd been an expert at the Big Store and the wire game; but he'd given them up, except for an occasional beat, because he said they were played out, and, besides, they bored him. He'd work carefully at the build-up until the sucker was ready to swear that the big fellow's word was good as his bond, then he'd quickly figure an angle and before you could realize it—the sucker was taken, the dough divided, and everybody happy; even sometimes the sucker, who didn't know he'd been taken.

"I'll let you know when to vacate the beach house," said Jim. "No use to leave till we have to. Tony likes it there."

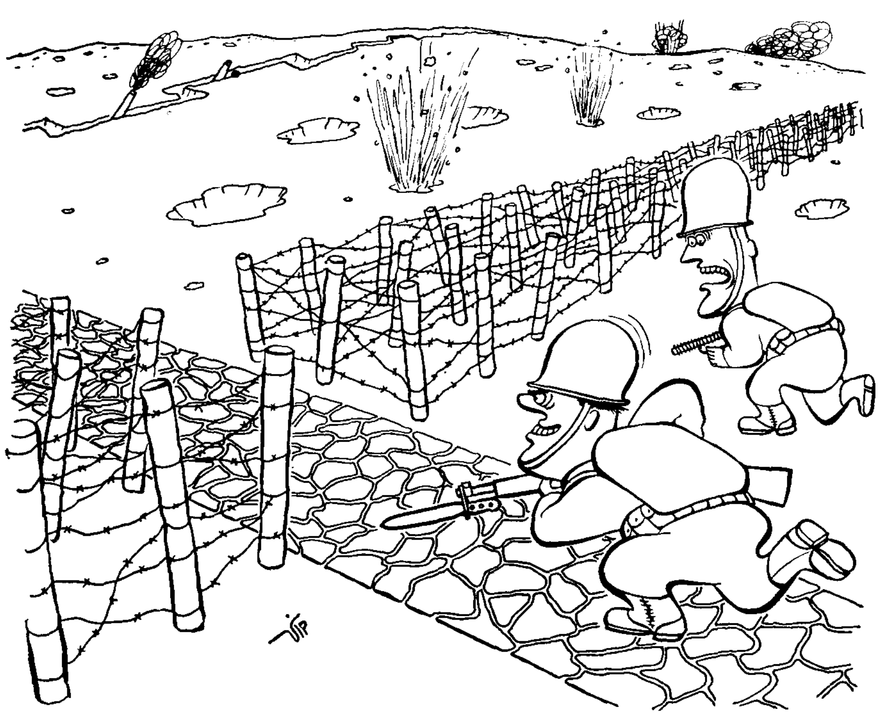
Johnny showed a flicker of interest, then restrained himself. "You and Tony getting along all right?" he asked after a pause.

"One day it's okay—the next day it isn't. It's not as bad as it used to be, at that. I'm wearing her down, or vice versa."

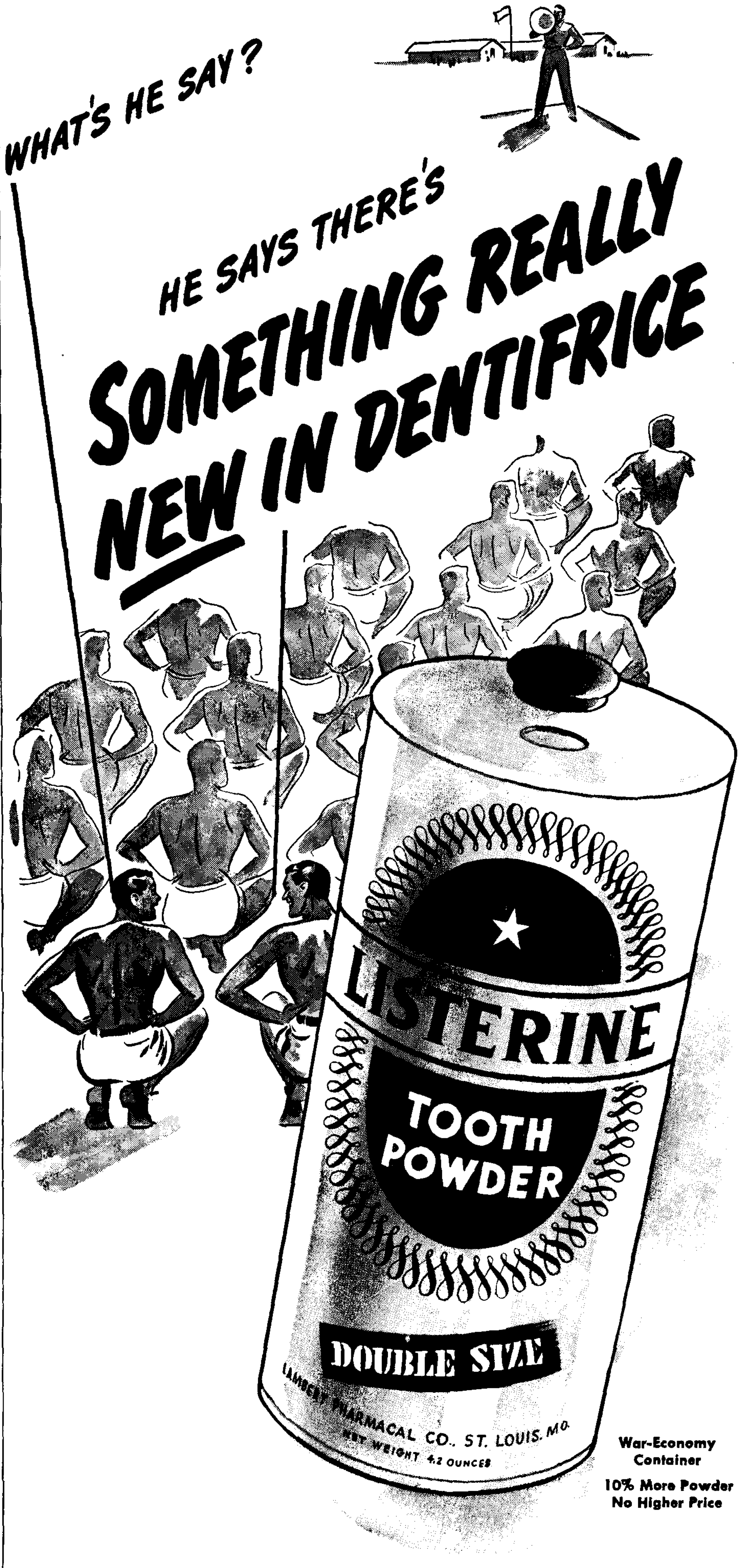
JOHNNY lit a cigarette and made no comment. Two days ago Tony had turned up at his hotel, saying she was bored to death staying at the beach alone, and that if he didn't buy her a drink and talk to her she'd go out and pick up the first soldier she saw—just for laughs. Johnny got her out of the hotel and over to the Ship as fast as possible. It wasn't healthy fooling with Jim's women—if he caught you. He took her into the private room, bought her a few drinks, and gave her a talking to, warning her to be careful. She laughed at him. She wasn't afraid of Jim, she said, boasting that she had him where she wanted him.

"Just like I could have you where I wanted you—if I wanted you," she added, laughing at Johnny.

They got a little tight before they were through and Tony sat on his lap, clowning. Johnny had felt a little uneasy ever



COLLIER'S "Look out—it might be a trap" VIRGIL PARTCH



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since. A bad dame, Tony. She'd get you into a jam out of boredom.

Just as Jim got up to go, the phone rang and Johnny answered it. He recoiled slightly, then recovered. "Jim's right here," he said.

"Who is it?" asked Jim, surprised.

Johnny handed him the receiver. "It's Tony."

"Hello," said Jim, annoyed. "How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't," said Tony. "I wanted to make a date with Johnny."

Jim grimaced. "Cut the comedy. What is this—a routine checkup?"

"Wise guy! You know everything."

"What are you trying to do—put Johnny over a barrel?"

Johnny glanced up uneasily. Jim looked at him and shrugged as if to say, "She's nuts—this dame." Johnny sighed with relief.

"I think he'd look cute over a barrel—but you'd look better. Jim—if you don't spend more time with me I'll do something desperate."

"Such as?"

"You worry about that."

"Look—I've got work to do. Relax."

"Coming down this afternoon?"

"I'll drop by. But I can't stay. Got to be in town for dinner."

"What—again? Don't that woman do anything but eat? On the other hand, I hope that's all she does."

"I'll be there in a few minutes. Good-by."

Jim looked at Johnny and shrugged. "When they passed out the brains—she got slighted."

"If she was as smart as she is good-looking, it'd be too much," said Johnny.

As soon as Jim left, Johnny called Tony.

"Hello, honey," she said lazily. "I thought you'd be calling. Did I scare you?" She laughed softly, but there was a jeering note in it.

"Jim just left."

"So I see."

"Take it easy, Tony, will you? For the love of Pete!"

"How did I know his nibs would be there? I was going to drop by and see you."

"Don't come here any more, Tony. You'll get both of us in trouble."

"Okay. I'll be over at the Ship as soon as Jim leaves."

Johnny hesitated, hating himself. "What time?"

"How do I know what time? You wait."

She hung up. Johnny rose and began to pace the floor. The nerve of that broad, ordering him around. Who did she think she was, anyway? Johnny fumed and fretted, then he got out a bottle and took a stiff drink. What made him so furious was that he knew he'd be at the Ship as soon as he could get there, and that he'd wait around till she came—no matter how long it took her.

IT WAS Saturday night and the fashionable little night spot was crowded. Jim and Mrs. Halvorsen were in evening clothes and that, together with the fact that they were a fine-looking couple, made them more than a little conspicuous. The people around them, for the most part connected in some way with the movie industry, were dressed anyhow; there was only one other couple in evening clothes.

A Los Angeles columnist went from table to table, talking to acquaintances, and trying to find out who Jim and Mrs. Halvorsen were. They both looked like money; and they both looked out of the ordinary. Nobody had ever seen them before so the columnist gave up with a sigh; if all these bright boys and sharp girls didn't know anything about them—well, they couldn't possibly be "anybody."

A rumba and conga band alternated with another outfit. Jim wouldn't and Mrs. Halvorsen couldn't dance to the South American music. They sat sipping their drinks, watching the dancers on the crowded little floor, and waiting for the straight band to take over.

"I wish I could rumba," said Mrs. Halvorsen, glancing at Jim.

"I don't," said Jim with a grin. "I'd have to get out there if you did. A man looks silly doing that dance. For a woman, it's all right."

"As a matter of fact, I haven't danced in ten years."

"I used to dance quite a bit in Florida," said Jim. "In a weak moment, I let a woman teach me the rumba—then I was stuck with it. She wanted to rumba all the time."

"What happened to her?"

Jim looked up in surprise. "The rumba dancer? Oh, she's in New York, I guess. Why?"

"I just wondered." Mrs. Halvorsen lowered her eyes and took a sip from her glass.

JIM studied her briefly. For the first time since he'd known her he felt a marked attraction. She was wearing a yellow evening gown, her thick, wavy, dark hair was set off with a couple of flowers, her dark eyes were shining with excitement; she looked very striking and unusual. Jim couldn't get over it, and kept glancing at her. It couldn't be the alcohol; he'd only had a couple of drinks. He'd always liked her looks which were of a delicate aquiline, patrician order; but, in spite of her obvious interest in him, she had always struck him before as being withdrawn and overladylike. Now it was different, quite different.

"Shall we have another drink?" asked Jim. "I think this spig band's going to play forever."

"This 'what' band?"

Jim was puzzled, then he understood. "Oh—this South American band, or whatever it is."

"At times you talk so strangely," said Mrs. Halvorsen, smiling.

"Sorry. I've met all kinds in the oil fields. I'm not as careful about the way I talk as I should be."

"Please don't be careful. I like it." She lifted her glass and finished off her drink. "I'm ready for another one now. It will be my third and that's two above my limit—so . . ."

"I'll see that you get home safe and sound."

Jim turned and ordered. The South American band concluded its number, then left the stand.

The waiter brought their drinks and they sat sipping them, waiting for the second band to get started.

"Gladys," said Jim, "you certainly look beautiful tonight."

"Thank you. And you look very handsome. As a matter of fact, I wish that little blonde over there would stop staring at you."

Jim smiled but did not look in the direction of the blonde. He didn't need to; he'd already noticed her, catalogued her, and dismissed her. He'd seen hundreds like her in New York and Florida; an affected dame with a line of some kind—strictly on the chisel. The guy with her looked like he had everything but good sense. A perfect combination.

"Do you think she's pretty?" Mrs. Halvorsen persisted.

Jim glanced at the blonde. "Depends on what you mean."

"Do you like that artificial type?"

"I don't think of women as types, mostly," said Jim; "at least not after I know them."

"And you've known quite a few, haven't you?"

"No more than average."

Mrs. Halvorsen gave him a look of dis-

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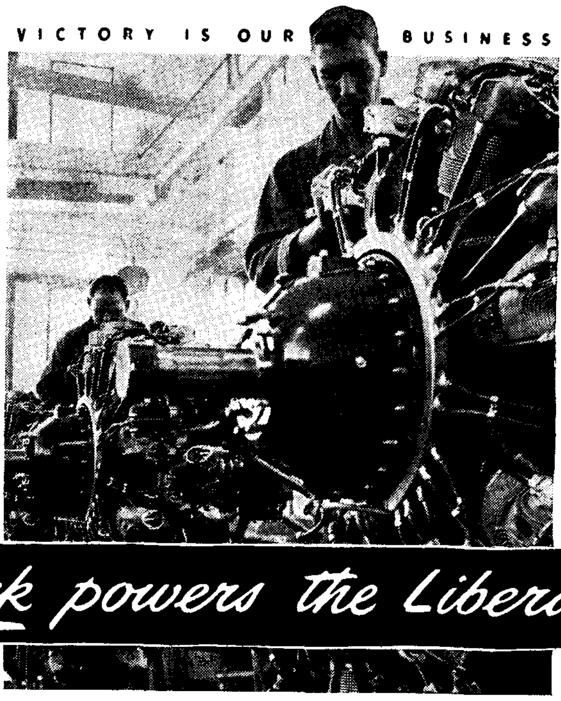

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belief, then laughed, and drank almost half her drink in one swallow. Jim sat trying to figure out what she was getting at. Several times now she'd tried to lead him into talking about the women he'd known. What was the idea?

"She's still staring at you," said Mrs. Halvorsen, who was beginning to show the effect of her drinks.

"She probably thinks I look like money in the bank."

"You're too modest."

The band leader waved his hands in a bored and languid manner and the band began to play a popular tune in slow tempo.

"Let's dance," said Jim, rising.

Mrs. Halvorsen smiled and got up. Her smile was a little uncertain and Jim took her arm and helped her onto the dance floor. People were already crowding in from all sides. Jim and Mrs. Halvorsen began to dance. After a few steps they collided with a couple. It was the blonde and her escort, a sour-looking, middle-aged man, rather fat.

"Sorry," said Jim, smiling.

The man compressed his lips and said nothing, but the little blonde smiled up at Jim and in a sweet voice said, "Oh—that's all right."

Her eyes lingered on him. She turned to look after him as the crowd separated them. Jim heard the man say angrily, "Eloise, if you don't . . ."

Jim grinned. "That man's got his troubles." He glanced at Mrs. Halvorsen, who was looking at him fixedly with an expression he couldn't make out.

"I want to go home," she said.

Jim's grin faded. "Why, what's wrong?"

"I don't feel well—anyway, it's too crowded in here. Hot. I can't breathe. I can't stand crowds. They make me nervous."

Her voice rose. Jim glanced about them in embarrassment as he escorted her from the floor.

Mrs. Halvorsen sat without speaking while he paid the check, and waited for his change. As soon as the waiter returned, Jim got up and helped her into her wrap. She rose quickly and hurried out between the closely packed tables, never looking back at him once.

They stood in silence, waiting for their car to be brought around. The stars were shining, a gentle breeze was blowing from the south.

"Nice night, isn't it?" said Jim, glancing at her curiously—feeling a little uneasy.

She looked round her like a sleepwalker. "I suppose it is."

THEY drove back toward the Marwood in silence. Jim kept glancing at her out of the corner of his eye. Finally he asked, "Something wrong?"

"No," said Mrs. Halvorsen mildly.

"Don't you feel well?"

"I shouldn't have drunk that third drink."

She spoke remotely, almost harshly.

Jim began to get annoyed. Why should she talk this way to him? He'd done nothing. "I'm sorry," he temporized.

She settled herself more comfortably, sighed, and stared straight ahead.

As they got close to the Marwood, Jim said, "Feeling better?"

She nodded slightly.

Jim was more than a little annoyed now. He had to keep reminding himself that this was strictly business, and that Mrs. Halvorsen, for all practical purposes, wasn't an individual at all—she was merely an impersonal problem. He had a strong desire to give some kind of expression to his irritation.

He took a corner sharply, throwing the wheel over. Mrs. Halvorsen, unprepared for it, fell up against him. He glanced at her. Her face looked pale and drawn in the soft glow of a dimmed-out street light. She stared directly into his eyes with an expression he couldn't fathom, then she drew away.

"Sorry I cut that one so short," said Jim, trying to make his voice sound apologetic.

They crossed the lobby in silence and went up in the elevator. They both spoke nicely to the elevator boy, but ignored each other.

As they walked down the corridor toward her apartment, she got out her key. Jim expected her to hand it to him as she always did, but as soon as they reached her door she unlocked it, opened it, and went in. Just as she was shutting the door behind her she said in a strange voice, "Good night."

THE door shut. Jim stood there staring at it, then he turned and walked down the hall, irritated and puzzled.

As he opened his door, he said aloud, "Is she nuts, or am I?"

He took off his dinner coat and flung it on a chair, then he tore off his collar and tie, and unbuttoned his shirt; then he kicked off his patent-leather shoes. Yawning widely, he got out a pint of bourbon and poured himself a drink which he took at a gulp.

"Let her sweat," he said, pouring himself another drink. "I don't know what's wrong with her, but whatever it is—she'll get over it. They always do."

It was nice to relax—get out of character. He was tired of being the conventional oil man. He wanted to be himself. A thought struck him, and he sat up suddenly. Tony! That's what he needed.

"She's crazy," sighed Jim. "But what a dame!"

He'd known a lot of women in the last twenty years, but none as exciting as Tony. He'd felt that way about her since the first time he'd seen her at the Casino. She had on a green evening gown covered with sequins; it looked great with her red hair. She was at the roulette table, smoking a cigarette, and staring intently at the spinning wheel. When she lost she groaned; when she won she cried out with pleasure.

He was with Ray Slavens. Indicating Tony, Jim said, "That's for me."

Roy gave Tony the once-over, then glanced at Jim. "Just another redhead, pal."

"That's one man's opinion. Find out who she is."

From that night on he'd hardly had a peaceful moment. At least not until he'd finally taken it on the lam; even then he wasn't free of her; he carried her image with him everywhere. At times she irritated him almost beyond endurance; they'd quarrel bitterly, hating each other; little by little the hatred would recede, but the emotional violence, brought on by their quarrel, would increase, if anything, and, carrying over into their love-making, would finally exhaust them.

Jumping up, Jim began to change his clothes, throwing his discarded shirt and pants on the floor. Just as he was tying his tie, the phone rang. To his surprise it was Mr. Evans, who seemed upset.

"Mr. Lloyd?"

"Yes."

"I hate to trouble you, sir. But—if I may ask you this question—wasn't Mrs. Halvorsen out with you this evening?"

"Yes. We had dinner, then went to a club."

"Anything wrong? I mean, did Mrs. Halvorsen seem upset?"

Jim hesitated. He didn't like the sound of this. What had happened? No doubt about it—the woman had been in a peculiar state of mind. Jim got cold at a sudden premonition. She'd knocked herself off! Several times she'd told him how lonely she'd always been. No relatives; no close friends; nobody.

"I didn't notice anything in particular."

There was a pause. Then Mr. Evans went on, "Sorry to trouble you, sir. But

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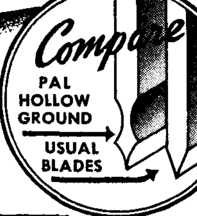

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did you know that Mrs. Halvorsen was checking out?"

"What?"

"She's packing. I've called a taxi for her—it will be along in half an hour—and I'm now making out her bill. I just wondered if you—"

"It's news to me," said Jim. "Thanks."

"I feel so badly about it," said the little manager. "I can't imagine what . . ."

Absent-mindedly, Jim hung up, then he stood in the middle of the room, staring at the carpet, thunderstruck. This unaccountable turn of events drove every thought of Tony from his mind. All his instincts rebelled at the idea of a million-dollar sucker running out on him. What a chump that would make of him!

He hesitated, then reached for the phone. It rang sharply, startling him. He answered it.

"Jim?" It was Mrs. Halvorsen. She spoke timidly.

"Yes, Gladys?"

"Your voice sounds nice, Jim. I'm surprised that you don't hang up in my ear."

"Why should I? I just figured you didn't feel well."

"I acted like the dope I am. A fine way to behave when you've been so nice to me; and we've had such fun; the loveliest time I've ever had in my life."

Jim sighed with relief. Dames!

"Oh, that's all right."

"No. I want to apologize—abjectly."

"Forget it." He almost added "sister"; and smiled to himself, wondering what her reaction to that would be. She'd probably laugh, and like it.

"I almost left without talking to you, I was so ashamed."

"You almost what?"

"I'm leaving, Jim."

"Why?"

"I've got my reasons."

"What are they?"

"I don't think you would be interested."

"Try me."

"No—really . . ."

"I'll be right there."

She began to protest, but he hung up, dashed out of his apartment, and down the hall. He knocked at her door. After a long pause, she opened it. She was dressed for the street in a tailored suit. Her eyes were red; she'd been crying. Aside from that, she looked wonderful—trim, smartly dressed, aristocratic, markedly individual. Jim felt a little clumsy and inadequate for a brief moment. As Doc would have said: "The bumpkin in him came to the surface."

"What's this all about, Gladys?" Jim asked. "I don't understand."

"Come in." Jim entered and she shut the door behind him. "Sit down, Jim. Let's talk this over calmly."

Jim sat down and lit a cigarette. He noticed that his hands were shaking and lowered them quickly. She sat opposite him. For a moment she couldn't bring herself to speak. Jim glanced at her. She looked sad but determined, as if she'd made up her mind to a certain course of action in spite of everything.

"I've decided not to see you any more, Jim."

"What have I done?"

"You haven't done anything but make me happy—and show me the best time I've ever had."

Jim smiled slightly. "You'll have to make it clearer than that."

"I intend to." She got up and stood looking directly at Jim, making him a little uneasy. "It's this—if we keep on this way, Jim, you're going to become indispensable to me. In fact—you are. I'm happy only when I'm with you. But it hasn't been going on very long. So tonight I made up my mind I'd go away and never see you again—that way I'd get over it. If I stay much longer—I'll never get over it."

JIM glanced at her guardedly. He could see that her calm was deceptive; she was holding herself in with a great effort.

"I see."

"You're not very communicative, you know," she went on. "But I think I've been able to figure out the kind of man you are. The fact that you've never been married is proof of what I mean."

"I don't get it."

"At least a dozen women must have tried to marry you—obviously without success. You're just not the kind of man who marries and settles down."

"You're more or less right."

"If you would happen to, by some accident—your wife would have very little peace of mind."

"Why do you say that?"

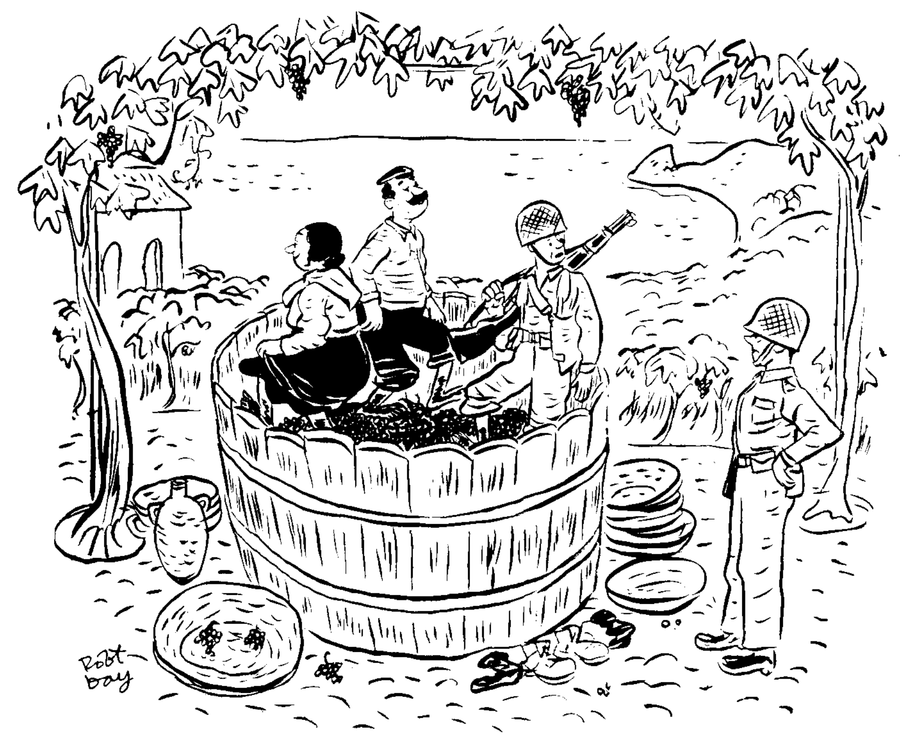
"Tonight that blond girl was the prettiest woman in the place. She singled you out. That decided me."

"She probably thought I looked in the money."

"You've said that. I just don't believe it."

"As for her being the prettiest woman—she's not even in your class."

Jim felt much better. Mrs. Halvorsen



"But we're supposed to help the natives with their crops, aren't we?"

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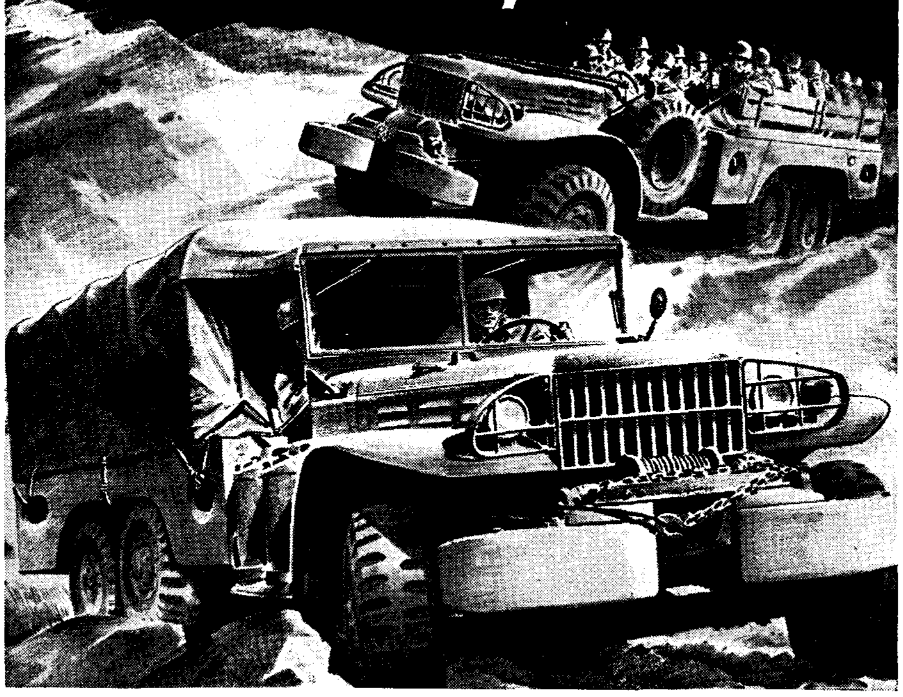

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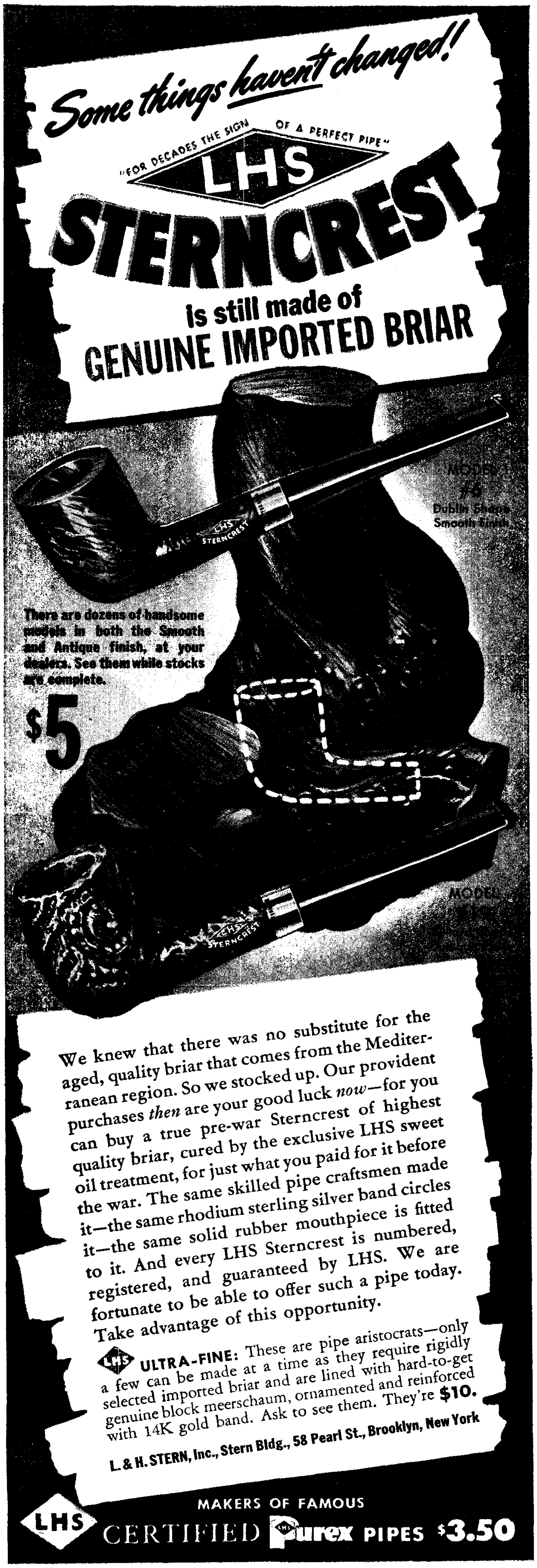
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wanted to marry him, but was afraid of it. All she needed was a little careful handling. It was too bad in a way that things had got into this state. Any sort of take was obviously out now. Marriage was something else. He saw difficulties ahead. Tony; Doc; the boys. But what a way to sign off from the racket for good: with a cool million!

Mrs. Halvorsen had sat down again. She was obviously nervous and at a loss what to say next.

Smiling to himself, Jim said slowly, "I'm still not sure what this is all about. But I'm going to make a guess. Either I'm crazy—or we've both got marriage on our minds."

"I certainly have," said Mrs. Halvorsen sadly.

"That makes two of us. It's up to you."

She sat as if glued to her chair and began to twist her handkerchief into a ball. Jim studied her, wondering what his next move should be; he didn't want to overdo it.

"You mean it—seriously. Don't you, Jim?"

"Sure."

"Why me?"

"I might ask you the same. It's just one of those things." He hesitated and crushed out his cigarette. "If you're dubious about it, think it over; take your time. If you're not, let's jump down to Mexico. Get it over with."

She got up and began to pace the floor nervously. "I don't think it will work out, Jim."

"I'll do my best to make it work out—that's all I can say. I'm not going to promise miracles." She stood looking at him in silence, her face drawn with indecision. "There's only one thing I don't like about it," Jim added. "You've got more money than I have."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Evans was bragging about you. Said you were very rich."

"I'm supposed to be. I've got money—quite a bit. But taxes ate up most of my husband's estate."

Jim laughed. "Taxes have practically eaten me up. I'm the next thing to a pauper."

Mrs. Halvorsen shrugged impatiently. "That's not important."

"It is to me. Wait till I start borrowing money from you—you won't like it."

"I tell you that's not important. We'll never starve—if that's what's worrying you."

She spoke so sharply, that Jim got up as if annoyed. Inwardly he was applauding himself, for playing it so cagily.

"It's the kind of thing a man thinks about," he said with some dignity.

"Oh, Jim," she cried.

He took her in his arms. She began to sob. He could feel her shaking.

"I think Mexico's our best bet," he said calmly.

"You take charge, Jim. I'm tired of worrying about everything. I want to relax." She hugged him fiercely as if she was afraid he'd get away. "Think for me, Jim. Tell me what to do."

Jim held her tenderly, and stood wondering just how he was going to handle Tony and the rest. It wasn't any bed of roses he was getting himself into.

THE Mexican town sweltered under the midafternoon sun. Dogs lay panting in whatever shade they could find, and along the side streets men, dressed in nothing but shirts, pants, and straw hats, were sitting on the pavement with their backs to the adobe walls of their houses, drowsing or languidly smoking. An occasional battered car bumped over the rutty streets, honking at the goats and chickens which moved lazily out of the way.

Beyond the town, the mountains rose steeply, looking stark and forbidding in the clear, dry light. The sky was very blue and almost cloudless; a few wispy white strands of vapor clung to the highest peaks. High up, an eagle circled, intently watching something below.

Jim, in his shirt sleeves, walked slowly down the main street, hot and thirsty. He was sweating profusely and from time to time he took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. With a sigh of relief he turned into a little corner cantina. The shutters were up and it was damp and cool inside, smelling of beer. Nobody was about. Jim tapped on the bar with a fifty-cent piece and waited. He tapped again, impatiently. These spigs—they'd never look after business. They hoped that if they ignored you, you'd go away. In a few minutes a fat Mexican woman waddled in from the back with a baby in her arms. She smiled pleasantly.

"Good day," she said.

"Hullo," said Jim. "How's chances of getting a bottle of beer—cerveza? A quart." He pantomimed a big bottle.

The woman nodded, reached under the bar, and brought up a pint, then another one.

Jim opened the bottles and paid the woman, who smiled and bowed slightly. Jim went over to a table near the door, took off his hat, and sat down.

"Make yourself comfortable, sir," said the woman. "I have work to do." She went out cooing to the baby.

JIM felt somewhat ashamed as he sat drinking his beer slowly and enjoying himself in the damply cool little cantina. Gladys, who hadn't got up due to the heat, had wanted him to stay with her; she had never been in a foreign country before, and the strangeness of it made her somewhat ill at ease. She hadn't asked him to stay, but it was obvious to Jim that she didn't want to be left alone in that hot, dingy, boxlike hotel room.

But he couldn't help it. He had to get away. For over a week he'd had scarcely a minute to himself. For the first time in his life he'd been cooped up, day and night, with another human being, and the confinement made him irritable and jumpy. Later, he'd do as he pleased: go and come when he felt like it; but this was supposed to be a honeymoon and he was trying to play it straight.

Gladys was not only nervous and touchy, but extremely affectionate. She stroked him, patted him, talked baby talk to him, and didn't want him out of her sight over a minute at a time. Two things about her surprised him very much: the violence of her emotions, and her simplicity. She seemed like a schoolgirl when it came to love.

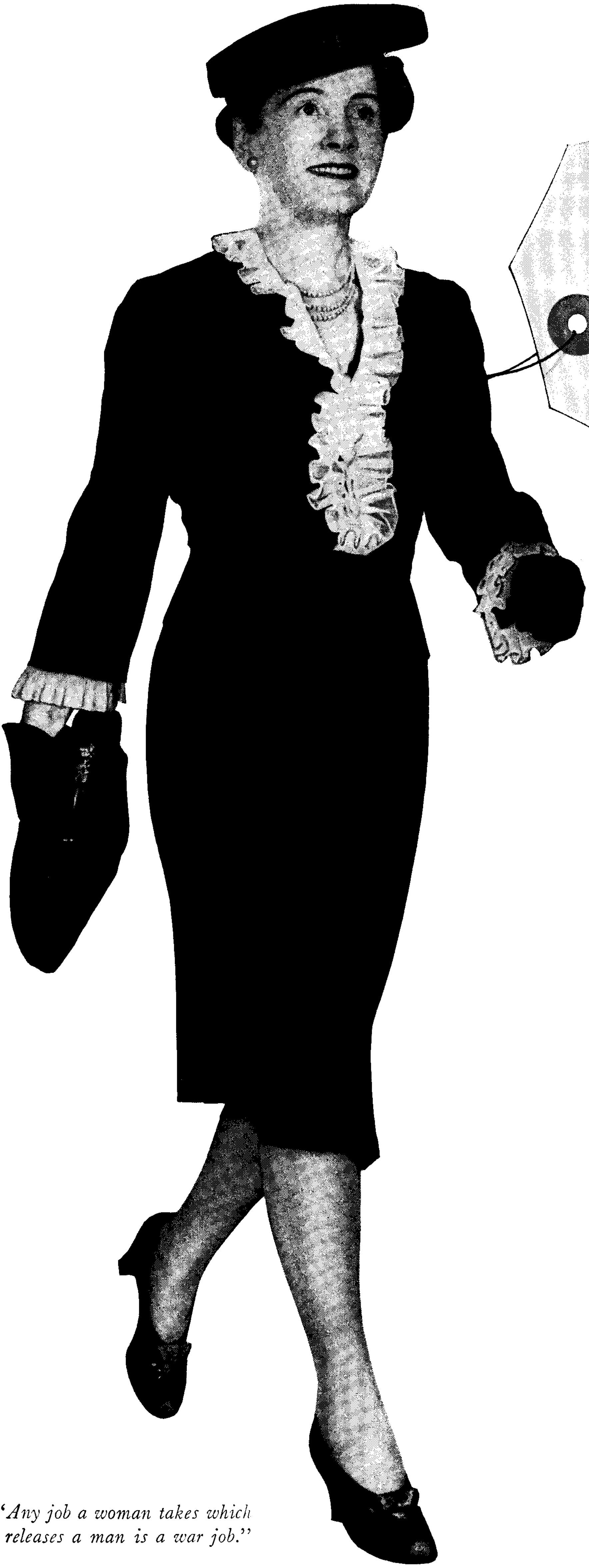
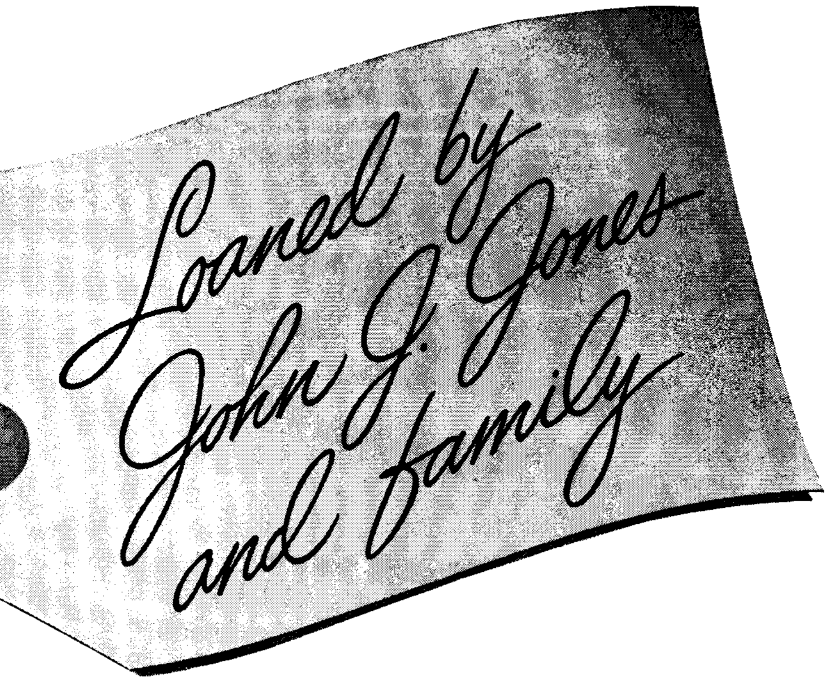
She was a light sleeper; he was not. If he turned over abruptly or talked or groaned in his sleep, she woke immediately, thought there was something wrong with him, and wasn't satisfied till he'd opened his eyes and assured her that he was all right.

Finally he said, "Honey, I hate to bring it up—but you're used to an invalid. I never have anything wrong with me. Stop worrying."

He'd spoken more sharply than he'd intended, and she'd been so hurt and affronted that she was unable to sleep the rest of the night. As soon as he woke in the morning, she began to tell him how rude he'd been in the night, and he was forced to apologize two or three times before he could get her to drop the subject.

He found her too sensitive for her own good; in this respect she certainly didn't belie her appearance. There was something very finely drawn, and highbred-looking about her, like a thoroughbred filly.

If things had been on a different footing, Jim wouldn't have been so patient. As with Tony—for instance. It wasn't that Gladys was now his wife, however,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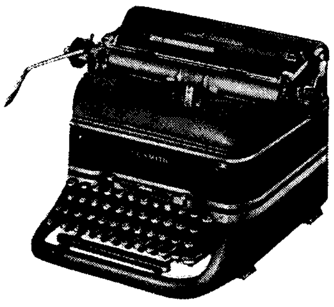


"Any job a woman takes which releases a man is a war job."

that caused him to restrain his difficult nature. In spite of their intimacy, he still thought of Gladys impersonally: she was a business problem and, as such, deserved careful and patient handling.

Jim finished the first bottle of beer and started on the second. He didn't want to rush things with Gladys, but in a few days he'd have to be getting back. He'd communicated with nobody but Johnny. And even the little lawyer didn't know that he was getting married. Jim felt a bit strange about that phase of the setup. It was going to cause trouble, plenty of it—no doubt about it. First—Tony was going to throw a tantrum. Second—he'd have a row with Johnny who would warn him that he was skating on thin ice—and that he might have a brush with the law. Third—Doc would probably take it into his addled head to make difficulties.

Jim had no doubt whatever of his ability to cope with all the various problems raised by his marriage—still, it was going to take a little doing.

Tony would cause him the most trouble. Even now she was probably raising hell with Johnny, trying to find out where he was. He'd given Johnny the unpleasant task of telling her that he'd been called awav on a very important matter. He hadn't wanted to tell her himself and be forced to go through the usual silly, pointless, inevitable row.

Tony!

Her image rose before him, seductive and mocking: her bushy red hair wild, her gray-green eyes narrowed with laughter, her full lips parted, showing her strong white animal teeth. The image was so vivid it was almost like a hallucination, and Jim ran his hand nervously across his eyes. Damn his eyes, anyway—they'd been giving him a lot of trouble lately.

He finished his second bottle of beer and got up. He wanted to stay in this cool, restful little place and drink a couple more bottles of beer. But he knew that Gladys would be wondering where he'd got to.

"Oh, hell!" he said. "I'll be getting back."

He went out into the heat and glare of the deserted street.

GLADYS was lying back in the big chair, looking very pretty in her negligee, but rather pale. Jim had just had a bath and was sitting on the bed in a dressing gown, his powerful legs stretched out.

Night had fallen. Music drifted up from the street: Mexican music, corny and sad.

"How do you feel?" Jim asked, finally.

"Oh, I feel all right," said Gladys, but he knew she didn't.

"Look—I think we ought to be getting back."

Gladys glanced at him, smiling slightly. "Fed up already?"

Jim shrugged impatiently. "Of course not. I'm worrying about you. You haven't been up to par since we got here. It's too hot; it's too dry; you can't get anything you want. It's like living in Alaska or some place."

"We could go on to Mexico City."

"Yeah—we could. But why? What's wrong with southern California?"

"Nothing." She gave Jim a quick, penetrating glance.

He noticed it and looked at her thoughtfully, wondering what she meant by it. "Anyway," he said, "there's a war on. It's not a bad idea to be in your own country."

"I suppose that's true. What about the war, Jim? How do you stand—I forgot to ask." She looked at him anxiously, trying to keep her face composed.

Jim was a little surprised by the question. "Me? Oh, I registered in Florida. Far as I know, I haven't been classified. No reason why I shouldn't be 1-A."

"You're married now."

"Just," said Jim.

Gladys smiled faintly. "We might adopt a few children."

"I'd rather join the Army."

"Do you really feel that way, Jim?"

"No—just clowning."

"Sometimes it's very hard to know what you think or feel. I often wonder if you ever say what you mean."

"Oh—once in a while I slip up." Jim laughed to himself at this strictly private joke.

"When I first knew you, I thought you were one of the most forthright men I'd ever met. Now I think you're one of the least"

"Is that bad?"

"It makes me a little uneasy at times."

"Why should you be uneasy?"

Gladys hesitated. Looking down at her hands she said abruptly, "Jim—who's Tony?"

HE DIDN'T move a muscle—if anything he sat too still—but he felt a slight quiver in his stomach.

"Tony?" He stalled, glanced at his wife. "Why—I used to know a girl in Florida named Tony."

"You knew her pretty well—didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Last night you were turning and twisting in your sleep. I thought you were in pain or something. So I tried to wake you. You pushed me away and said, 'Leave me alone, Tony.' "

Jim burst out laughing. "That's a hot one."

Gladys turned and smiled at him, trying to appear amused, but there was a hurt look in her eyes. Jim smothered his irritation and went over to her. She reached up and took hold of his hand.

"Jim," said Gladys, looking up at him, "be honest with me—that's all I ask."

"Sure," said Jim. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"At times I feel that you're not. I can't explain it. I try to talk myself out of it. But it's no use. I feel that you're hiding something from me—I don't know what. Gradually the feeling goes away. But it comes back."

Jim grinned carelessly, and Gladys' heart contracted. How could she think such things about him? Ridiculous! No man with a grin like that could be anything but honest and aboveboard. It was only when she was lying awake in the darkness while he slept—or when he was away from her—that she distrusted him.

"I'm sorry you're not happy," said Jim. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea—for you."

"I *am* happy," Gladys declared with a vehemence that surprised him. "I've never been so happy in my whole life. I'm so happy it makes me uneasy."

"Uneasy about what, honey?"

"Oh—it just seems too good to last."

Jim patted her shoulder. "Come on, honey. That's no way to feel. Let's have dinner. That's what you need—something to eat."

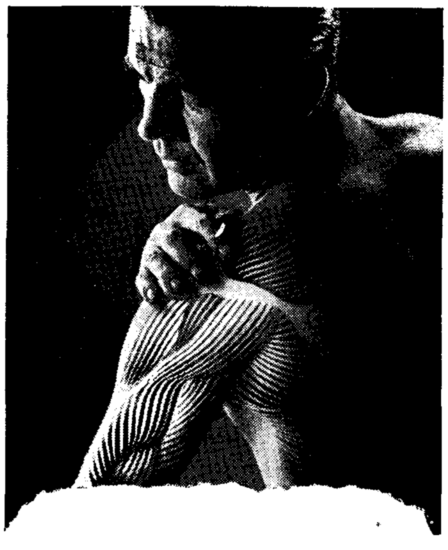
"Will you call room service?"

"Sure—only why don't we go down and eat in the dining room?"

She looked at him softly. "No. I want to eat up here alone with you. And listen to the music, and maybe go out on the balcony, and look at the stars . . ."

Jim bent down and kissed her; he was highly irritated but determined not to show it. He wanted to dress up in his best and swell around the hotel; maybe order champagne in the dining room and take a gander at the upper-class dames—some of them weren't bad, though a little dark for his taste.

"Just as you say, honey. Good idea. Why don't we have some champagne? Celebrate a little."



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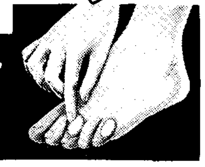

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"Oh, fine. Shall we dress?"

"No. Let's eat this way. It's a hot night."...

Later, they went out on the balcony to look at the stars. Due to the champagne, Gladys was feeling rather gay. She stood pressed up against Jim with her arms around him, listening to the Mexican music which drifted up to them lazily from a big cantina across the street.

It was a moonless night but so clear that the mountains could be seen beyond the town, looming up huge and hulking under the glittering diamond points of the stars. A warm breeze was blowing, carrying the smell of dry vegetation.

"I love you, Jim," said Gladys.

"Same here, honey."

A high-pitched melancholy tenor voice, accompanied by guitars, began to sing a Mexican love song.

"I always dreamed about something like this," said Gladys. "I never had any idea it would really happen."

Jim was going to make a crack about the tenor, but wisely refrained

JIM was so preoccupied that from time to time Gladys asked him if there was anything worrying him. He kept answering her in the negative but, as this did no good, he finally told her that his eyes were bothering him.

"Yes," said Gladys, "I've noticed you frowning, as if your eyes hurt you, especially in the sun. I think you should have your eyes examined, Jim. That's something you shouldn't take any chances with."

"Oh—they'll be all right," said Jim offhandedly. "I can see fine."

"Eyestrain can cause a lot of trouble. I know. I suffered from it for years without realizing it."

She turned and put her head on Jim's shoulder. They were driving through burnt-up country, toward the border. It was a very hot day with an almost metallic blue sky and a dazzling sun. Heat waves danced over the flat land, which was empty except for boulders, mesquite, and giant Saguaro cactuses. On the road ahead of them they saw, from time to time, quickly vanishing mirages which resembled shallow pools of water, as if it had rained recently. As they crossed one desert sink the mirage moved ahead of them for miles, then disappeared at a turn. Gladys remarked how awful it would be to be lost in a place like this, then shuddered. Jim agreed with her. In the desert a man was nothing: he was less than the lizard, the coyote, or the black, ominous buzzard.

"My eyes never bother me except in the sun," said Jim.

Gladys laughed. She was feeling much better, and was more herself. She looked so young at times that Jim had to keep reminding himself that she was forty years old.

"You know what I think," she said. "I think you're too vain to wear glasses."

Jim glanced at her slightly annoyed. "Could be."

"*I* am."

He glanced at her again, grinning. "Do you need them?"

"Need them! I wear them all the time for reading. That's my deep, dark secret."

"You do? I never saw you with them on."

"You never saw me reading. As soon as the honeymoon's over—in nine or ten years—I'll start using them again."

Jim laughed, then fell into a long silence. Gladys kept glancing at him, but said nothing. His preoccupied silences always worried her and she wanted to bring him out of them, chiefly because she'd come to feel that when he wasn't noticing her in one way or another she was only half alive. It was a trying state of mind, and she fought against it; especially so as she realized that it was growing on her. It explained so many things about her that Jim couldn't comprehend: her lack of ease, her sudden hurt withdrawals.

Jim wasn't worrying about his eyes. He had other problems which seemed to him at the moment much more important. He was worrying chiefly about Doc: as soon as that little chiseler found out he had married Mrs. Halvorsen, he was going to regret having agreed to the thirty-grand guarantee. A junky is always unpredictable, but especially one like Doc: smart to start out with, educated, soured, beaten, but not resigned

"Oh, well," Jim told himself, "maybe I'm looking for something to worry about. Ten Gs ought to quiet a guy with the seat out of his pants."

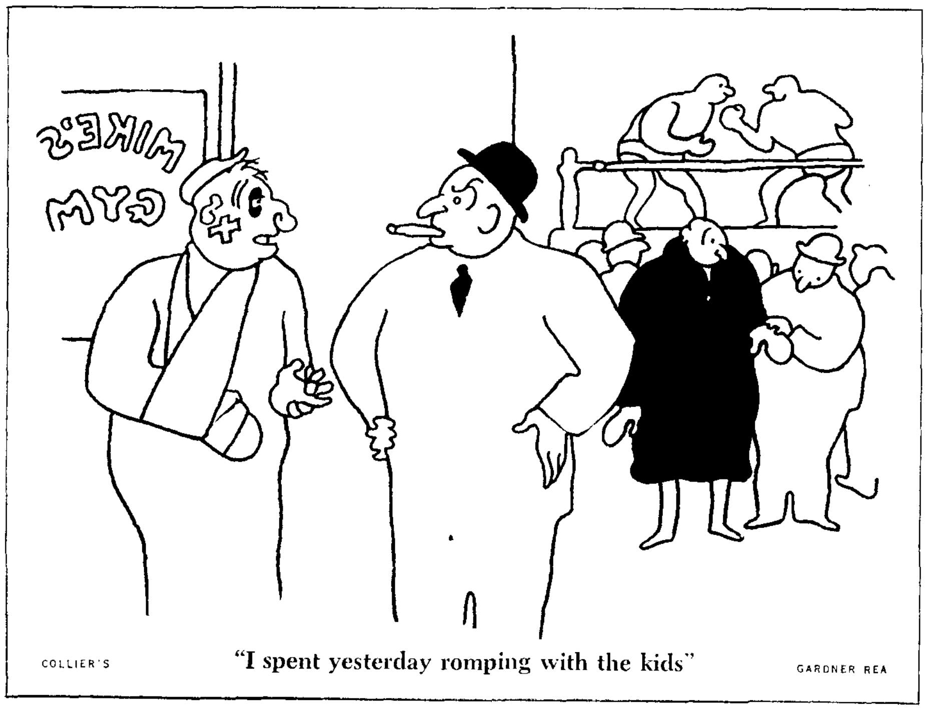
Naturally he had no intention of telling Doc, Shake and Windy that he'd married the sucker. But Doc had run her down in the first place through Evans, the manager, and eventually he'd find out. If he could only figure some way to persuade Gladys to keep the thing a secret.

Jim started slightly. It seemed to him that Gladys was reading his mind because she was saying, "I can hardly wait to see Mr. Evans' face when we tell him, Jim. What will he think of me? Knowing you such a short time: Running off and marrying you like this."

"I'm not looking forward to it," said Jim. "He's such a nosy little guy."

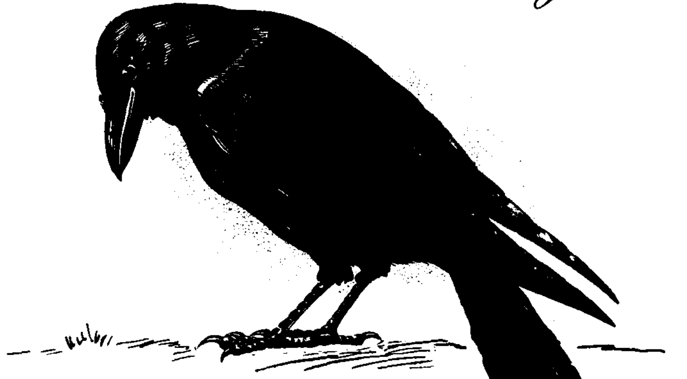
"I know he's going to be shocked. But it's sort of fun in a way. It will be the first time I've ever shocked anybody in my whole life."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "I spent yesterday romping with the kids" GARDNER REA

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.



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The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

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I don't wanna be "A Little Soldier"!

"BE A LITTLE SOLDIER and take your laxative!", I used to say to Bobby. And *then* what a fuss he'd make! Poor kid, no wonder he carried on so. That medicine not only tasted bad—it left him feeling weak as a kitten.

Some laxatives are too strong!

NO TROUBLE NOW, I THOUGHT, when I bought what was supposed to be a very mild laxative. But Bobby gagged on that, too—said it tasted awful. When he did manage to get some down, it merely stirred up his little insides without giving him proper relief... **Some laxatives are too mild!**

FINALLY I GOT WISE TO EX-LAX! Right off, Bobby loved its good chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's so thoroughly effective—yet so *gentle,* too! When taken in proper doses, Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild... **EX-LAX is just right!**

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As a precaution use only as directed.

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Report on the German People

Continued from page 17

Almost every town now has such a new poor class whom the residents regard not sympathetically but reproachfully. "Why should they come to us?"

Hitler's 1,000-year kingdom, which promised to eliminate classes, now, after ten years, faces a cleft between two classes—those who suffered bombing, and those still awaiting bombs—the proletariat and the haves. I already knew what the evacués and those remaining in the bombed areas wished for—"Peace . . . irrespective of what kind."

A Stuttgart merchant had no objection to meeting me at the house of some Stockholm friends, where a German banker was also staying. "I never was a real Nazi," he said. "Naturally, I was a party member, but what does that mean?"

The banker merely laughed when asked if he believed Germany would be victorious. "Who does? I hold shares in many companies. What will be left of these if the bombings continue? We will be ruined, our industry and trade shrunk to nothing, our workers unemployed. We must make peace as soon as possible."

The merchant declared that the question of whether Germany or the Allies won didn't interest him. "The problem will be simpler if we can do business after the war is won. If not, we are lost. Everything else is just empty phrases."

No One Exempt

Nobody escapes war service in Germany. Children serve in air-raid squads; women work very hard. Here is a typical day of a 20-year-old Berlin woman: At 4:30 she gets up and washes the previous night's dishes, then breakfasts; from 6:30 to 1:30 she works in an electrical-instrument factory. Then home, where she prepares a sandwich for herself and her invalid, bedridden mother, in order to get out quicker and get a good place in line to do her shopping. Shopping, however, takes at least three hours. Then home to cook a hurried evening meal at 7; then a little gossip, and at 8:30 to bed, dog-tired. No social life or recreation; she is too tired.

Not everybody works so hard. A bank clerk, conscripted for work in a factory, arrives there and asks the foreman, "What am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know," replies the foreman. So the bank clerk stands around. The foreman, when he gets tired of the clerk's questions, points to an iron bar. "Take that to the next workshop." This the clerk does.

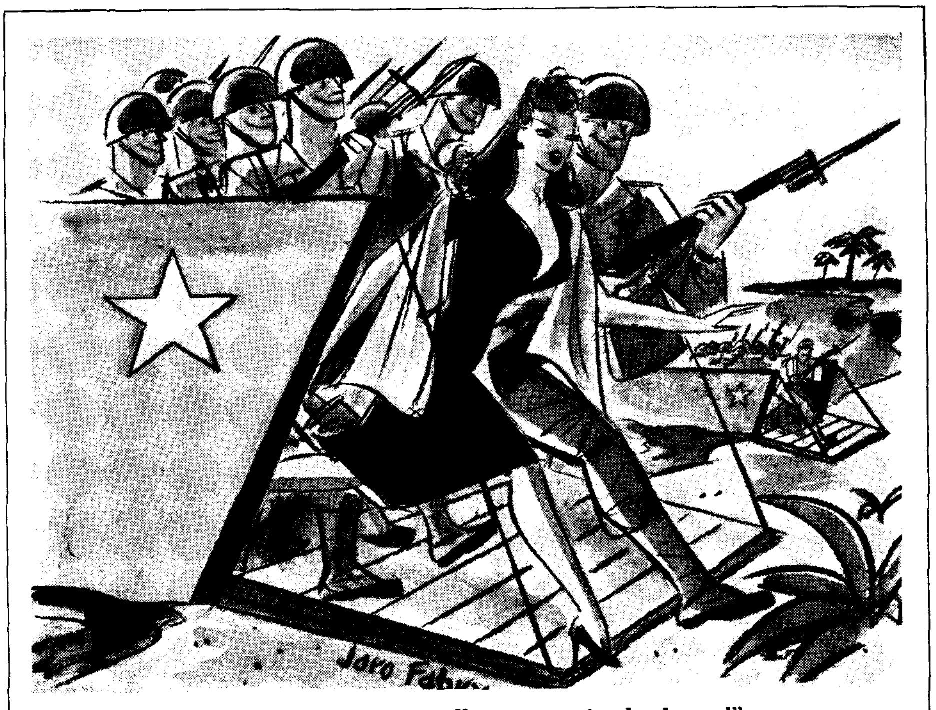
"What the devil will I do with that? Go to blazes!" shouts the foreman in the next workshop. So the clerk takes the bar back. Gradually he realizes that workmen don't want newcomers to do anything useful, for if one is found capable of replacing a workman, the workman is sent to the front, which all wish to avoid. Not only Socialists and Communists but all are agreed not to die for a pack of Nazis, and therefore are glad to see foreign laborers working badly. Everywhere newly mobilized workers are idling their time away, as nobody is organizing the work. It is impossible to augment production that way. Total mobilization? Yes, total mobilization illusions. The illusion that more hands means more output, even if those hands are unskilled and unwilling.

Rations are generally obtainable, but the black market flourishes everywhere. Even in the darkest days of the first World War, such corruption did not exist. More fats are required, as are also fruits and vegetables, for the people's strength is declining. A report I have seen of Health Minister Conti shows that the mortality rate for some diseases rose 49 per cent in 1941-1942!

It is impossible to buy clothes, which are only for the bombed-out. Since August 24th, it has been impossible to purchase a hat, cap, suit, shirt, pajamas, underpants, collar, tie, stockings, socks, scarf, gloves, handkerchiefs, raincoat, overcoat, suspenders, umbrella, pullover or overalls of any kind, while women cannot buy blouses, underclothes or aprons. However, anyone knowing Herr Bruennel at the Berlin Gestapo, in charge of distribution of clothing-ration cards, can get such a card for 5,000 marks. What clothing cards are available without Bruennel's help? Only those for knitting wool!

Usable toilet articles are unobtainable, and tooth paste is so treacly that most people prefer to use salt. Even the indispensable things are impossible to procure. One illuminating advertisement in a German newspaper reads "Exchange Meissner service for artificial manure." Mourning garments, however, are always available—and they are necessary.

The willingness of Germans to sacrifice the lives of their dearest ones on the



COLLIER'S "Next time I'll say goodby to you in the house!" JARO FABRY

BOMBERS over Essen—or the South Pacific—mean that AC's special, precision-built Aircraft Spark Plugs are firing away at the Axis again. Since long before Pearl Harbor, these plugs have been rolling out to the fighting fronts, by the hundreds of thousands, every month.

The Army Air Forces recognize the need for *regular* spark plug *service*,— and so should you. No matter how well designed and built your spark plugs are, they will last longer, save gasoline, and assure easier starting *if they are kept clean, and the gaps accurately adjusted.*

Expert Service Now Available

Your automotive service man can give you this service. He can match it with Conservation Service on the other eight AC products used on millions of cars, trucks, and tractors. We urge you to use this service (briefly described below)—to save badly needed material, and to conserve gasoline, oil, and tires.

When replacement is necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
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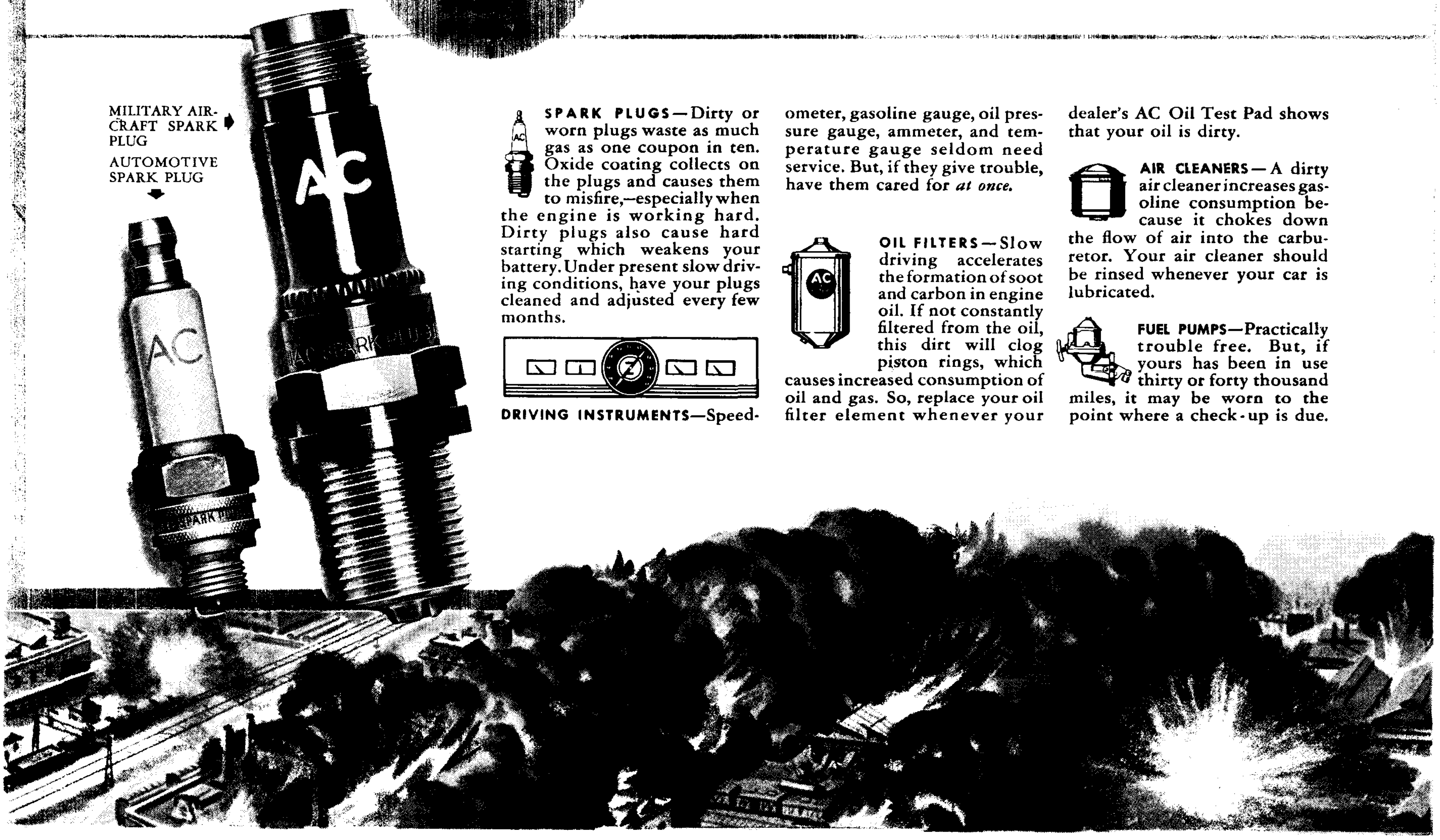


SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

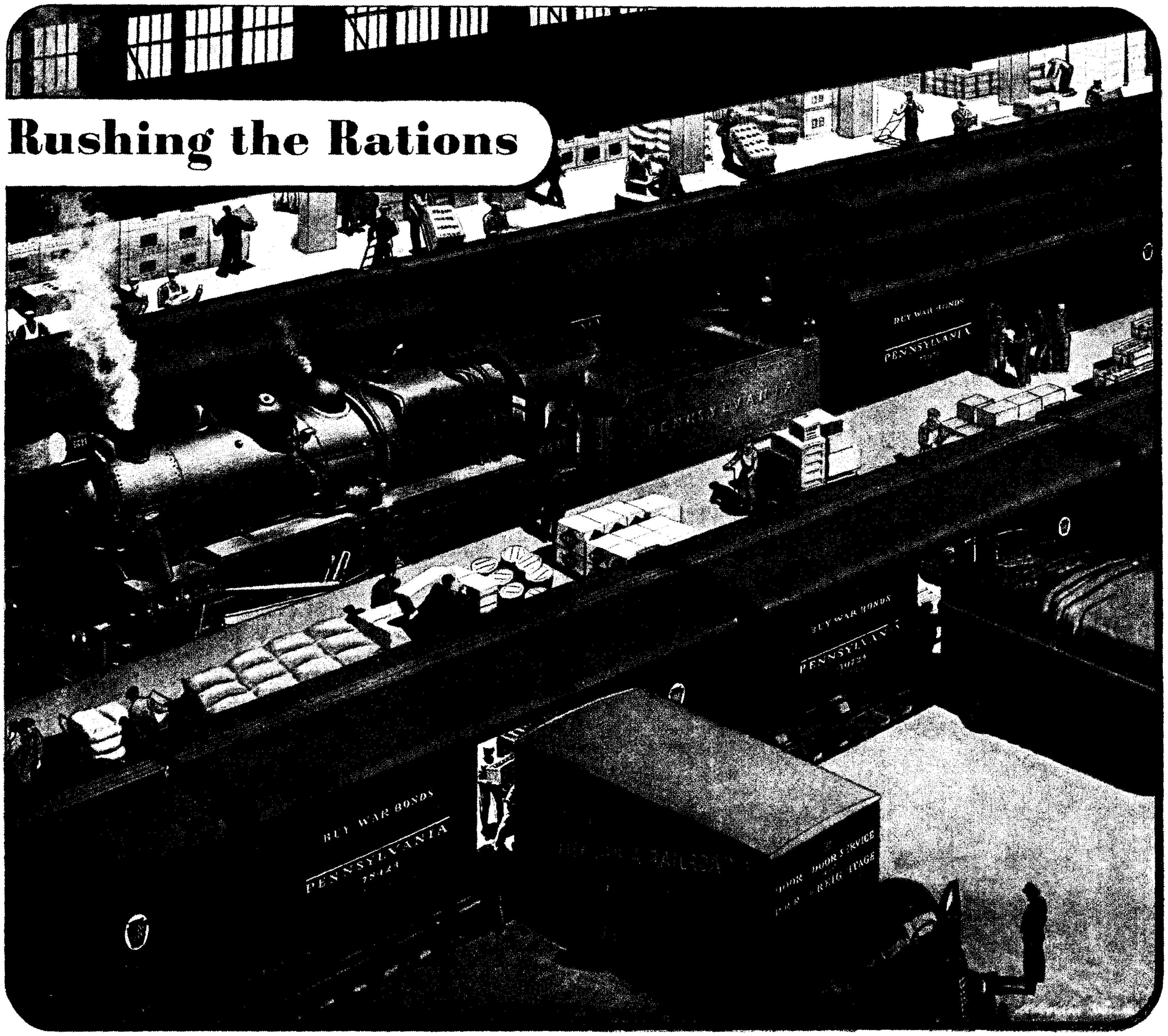
DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, which causes increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

Rushing the Rations



IT is early morning. Stars still hang in the sky. Folks are deep in slumber. But at the many great freight terminals of the Pennsylvania Railroad all is bustle and activity . . . *the rations are rolling in!*

Fresh meats from great packing centers . . . crisp vegetables and juicy fruits from lands where the warm sun shines . . . butter from creameries . . . cases of canned goods from canneries . . . the foods so essential to wartime energy and health.

Over the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad more food is moving than in any year within memory . . . particularly to great industrial centers and Atlantic ports, for shipment overseas.

But that is only half the story. In the face of rising costs, *the railroads today are hauling food at virtually the same low freight rates prevailing in 1939.* That helps materially to keep living costs down.

Of course, to keep this tremendous tide of food flowing in from every part of the country often means delays for passenger trains and less vital freight shipments. But these are days when "first things must come first." And food certainly is a *first.* So if your train should be a little late, please remember that vitamins for the overseas or home front may have had the right-of-way.

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

★ *35,661 in the Armed Forces* *53 have given their lives for their country* altar of the Fatherland has entirely disappeared. Death notices such as "Gave his life for the Fuehrer and for the future of Greater Germany" are now seldom seen. "Hard fate has taken even our third and last son" is more frequent. No matter what German propaganda shouts, people have ceased to believe that "elastic warfare requires the shortening of our lines."

The Germans are aware what that means. Stalingrad was the first big shock; Mussolini the second. How many more can they stand? Common sense tells them it is clearer, each passing day, that the game is lost. The armor of belief has burst from Hamburg to Danzig, Stettin to Klagenfurt. There are no longer illusions, merely despair, in the heavily bombed regions; dread in the regions not yet heavily bombed.

The Youth of Germany

"The whole youth of Germany is on the battlefield, while at home are the party leaders, the aged, the very young, eight million hostile foreign laborers, and millions of enemy prisoners of war who are our mortal enemies. Was that the object of this war?" Thus they talk openly on the streets of Berlin.

If the war is already lost, everybody reasons, why must my son die for nothing? Thousands of mothers write to their sons at the front, not, as formerly, "I'm proud you're serving the Fatherland," but, "If only you were home!"

Theodor Korselt of Rostock wrote the following to his son on the Eastern front: "I hope God will prevent that it will be necessary to sacrifice you, too."

This is where Himmler comes in. What are things coming to if soldiers are getting the impression that the people at home no longer believe? Ruthless terror will make it clear that those unwilling to sacrifice their sons must be destroyed. So Himmler's first measure as Minister of the Interior was to have 52-year-old Theodor Korselt executed.

Henceforth, letters to the front have had a more cautious tone. But it is no longer possible to alter the attitude of the Germans.

My talk with one German made a deep impression on me: "What's our life like? Look at us! Worn out, pale, emaciated. Don't think we are unaware of what is happening. Italy is lost. Hungary and Finland are on the point of giving up. It is impossible to check the Russians, yet we keep sending thousands of men to useless death. Of 108 called up in Rosenbad, North Bohemia, 97 were killed. But the Nazis won't yield until everything falls to pieces about their heads. We Germans don't dread any one army of occupation more than another. No matter what happened, we could not be any worse off than we are now. Having experienced the first World War and the Polish campaign of this war, I know what war is. I am an officer, and no coward, but I will do everything I can to save my life. I will not return to the front."

Of an infantry regiment which lay at Velikie Luki, only about a dozen men remained. One of them told me that the Russians were good soldiers, and their endurance was wonderful. "We never thought the thing would take such a long time. When we heard our communiqué announce we had made a successful counterthrust, we knew it was untrue, because we were there. But we thought they were lying to deceive the enemy."

Soldiers, he said, received daily half a loaf of bread, an ounce and a half of butter, five ounces of sausage or a little cheese, a quart of coffee, six cigarettes, a quart of hot, thick soup containing potatoes and, once a week, a pint of schnapps. Never vegetables or fruit.

"Often we were hungry," he added. "Then we made bread soup in the evening. The soldiers often thought it would be impossible to win the war. But then what would happen to Germany? It will be worse than in 1918. Can't it be prevented or, at least, postponed? So we kept on fighting, because we thought the folks at home were all right."

Then home to Hamburg, on leave, only a couple of days before the week of its destruction. "That was hell. Even without bombs, things were worse for them than they were for us. One understands everything better from behind the lines. God knows how things would go if soldier had more leaves!"

German soldiers in the occupied countries understand even better. Every day, Germans attempt to dessert, while others commit serious acts of sabotage against their own war machine. In Warsaw, German soldiers were allowed to go about only by threes. From the frequent attacks on German soldiers, "it is easy to observe they are hated indeed."

Austrian soldiers going home on leave seldom return to the front. Many flee to the Alps. The Yugoslavs assert that there are numerous Austrian deserters among Yugoslav guerrillas. The home front has an enlightening effect on the soldiers; the despair and anxiety of their parents at home dissolve what remains of their beliefs. When the German generals are faced with this fact, they grow irate.

Himmler and the Home Front

During a conference with Hitler, Generals Mannstein, Ruoff and Halder demanded that Himmler's present headquarters be abolished, that the Waffen SS be subordinated to GHQ and that all military decisions be left to the militarists. Himmler's friends Jodl, Zeitzler and Jesschonnek protested that this would mean the end of the party's influence in the military plan. A sweating Hitler protested feebly. Thereupon Goering smilingly suggested a compromise: Himmler was needed in Berlin to deal with the home front. General Halder agreed with this. Hitler hesitated. But who else could master the home country's problem if not Himmler? So Himmler became Minister of the Interior, losing all military power. Thus Goering slyly won a great victory for the generals. Their plan is: Germany loses the war, but it will be like 1918. The home front cracks, while the German army saves its honor for posterity.

Himmler has promised the home front that traitors would be liquidated. Shortly after the Allied raid on the secret experimental station at Peenemunde, Goering's friend Major General Chamier was found dead, with a bullet hole in his head. The battle for power between Himmler and Goering was never more acute: Jesschonnek dying of a "gastric ulcer"; Goering clearing the Luftwaffe of Himmler's men.

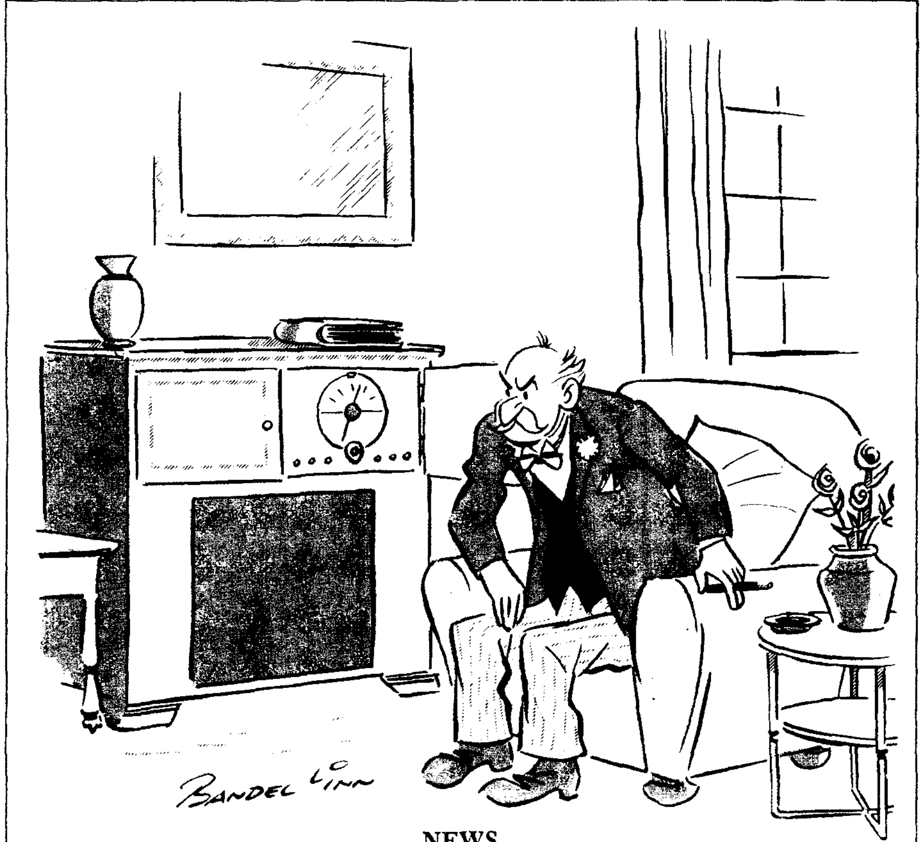
Goering has lost favor with the populace but not with the army. "Our Badoglio," is the senior officers' nickname for the many-uniformed opportunist, Hermann. Now he is seen only among the generals; he knows the party has lost the game and he is trying to rescue the army's prestige.

Himmler, on the other hand, is anxious to save the party's prestige. "There will be no repetition of 1918! I keep up the people's morale."

Hitler, at Berchtesgaden, is a pitiful figure in the eyes of the generals and the party bigwigs, and the German people are desperate, knowing they will meet the same fate they calmly watched other nations meet—the terror of the Gestapo.

Under a dictator we can't expect a general strike in Germany. But if the Allied armies make a show of overwhelming strength on the Continent, the German people will become Naziism's fifth column. Goebbels is right; there will be no 1918—it will be worse.

THE END



NEWS

". . . and I'd like to say a few words to you businessmen! The question has been raised: "Will civilian industry start getting a few breaks? In answer I would say, 'Yes and no.' Some war plants have already ceased expanding. This may be due, in part, to the high peak reached in war production—or, as some quarters suggest, it may not. In the case of reconversion reserves, the need is difficult to determine. This is a problem of tax policy, not renegotiation policy. Present high taxes encourage inefficiency and high-cost operation, but even so, the new corporate tax may be increased to a rate of 45 per cent—or, at least, it will probably not be allowed to slip below the present level unless something unforeseen should arise, which is possible . . ."

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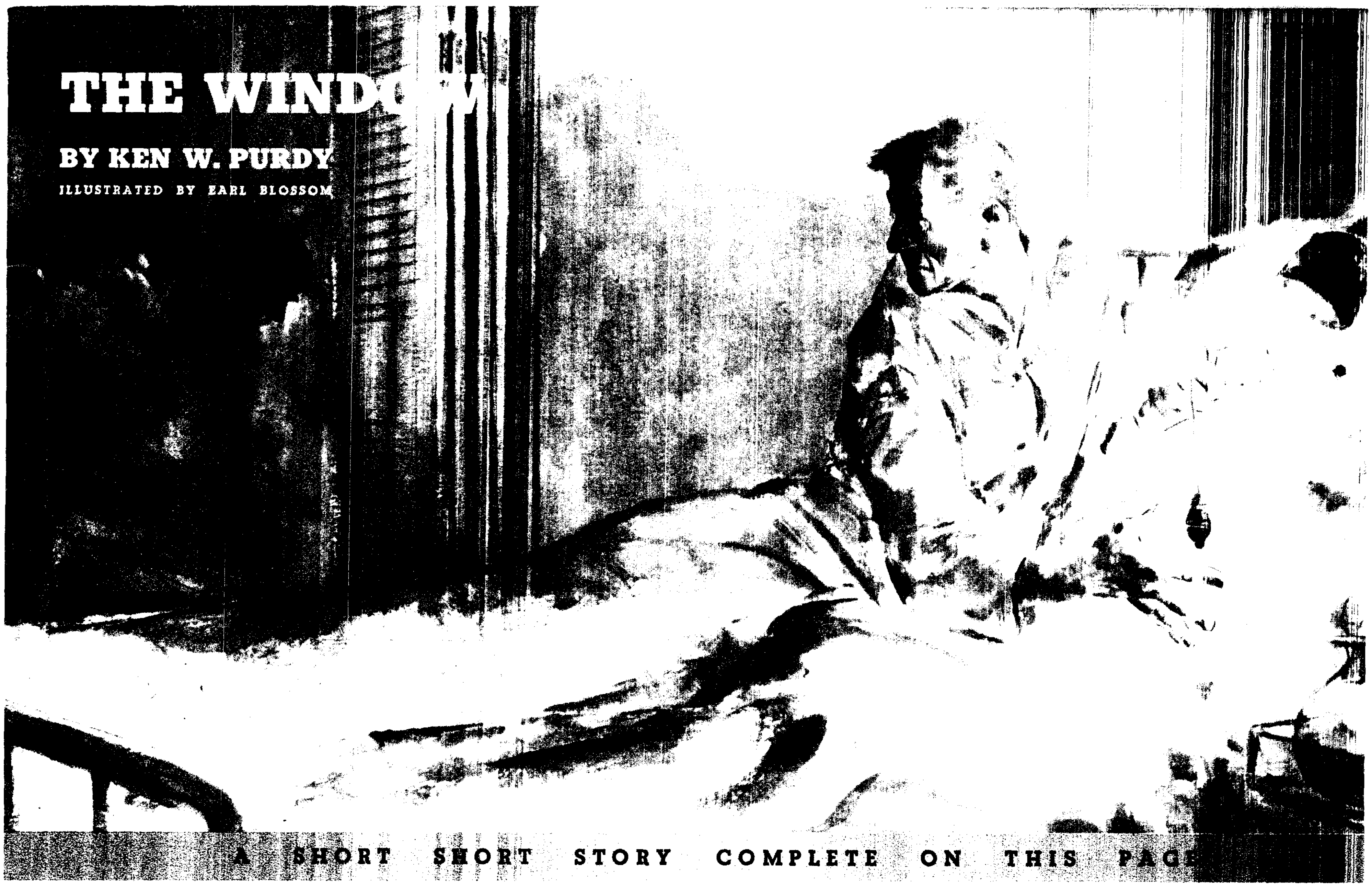
THE WINDOW

BY KEN W. PURDY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

He swung around for the cord and pulled it up. Finally he had it in his hand, and he clamped his thumb on the bell savagely

SAM NEELY dropped the magazine to the floor beside his bed. He wouldn't be able to reach it again, but the hell with it! It didn't have anything in it, anyway. They never did.

He looked down across the foot of the bed to see if Batterman was awake. He was. He was lying there, staring at the ceiling.

"Look out the window, Jack," Neely said. "What's doing outside?"

Batterman moved his head. That was about all he could move. It hadn't been much of a crash, as auto accidents go today, but both his arms were in plaster, all the ribs on one side were broken, and he had a punctured lung.

He looked out of the window.

"Well, those same kids are back in the park," he said. "They sure get a lot of exercise. The redheaded kid's got something under his arm, looks like a kite. There's a good breeze out there, from the looks of the trees; he ought to get it up pretty high today. It's a nice kite, bright green color and just about as big as the kid himself. There's a girl out there, too. She's got a sailor in tow, and they're looking into the pond. I think she's the same one we saw yesterday."

"What do you mean, 'we' saw yesterday?" Neely said. "You saw yesterday, you mean. You're the lucky stiff by the window. I can't even see out of a corner of it."

Batterman looked a little hurt. "Well, in a way, we both see out of it, Sam," he said. "I can tell you what I really see, and that's the next best thing."

Neely grunted and stretched his arms. He was a big man, hairy, heavily muscled. "Yeah, I know, chum," he said. "But I'm going nuts over here. With you, it's a little different. Being outdoors doesn't mean a hell of a lot to you. But I've been in this hole six weeks and, brother, that's the longest I've been inside since I was about a year old. You get a lot of fresh air in my racket."

Batterman didn't want to hear about that again. "I know, Sam," he said. "A hospital's tougher on you than on me."

"You bet it is," Neely said solemnly. "I'm used to an active life. Look out the window again. What's that sailor up to now, the lucky slob?"

"He's gone," Batterman said. "Maybe he knows a better place. The redheaded kid's got his kite up, though. It's going good, but I guess he'll call it a day pretty soon. It's getting toward sunset. You can see the water in the pond getting red streaks in it, and the tops of the trees, too. They look nice. They look like real woods."

BATTERMAN kept it up until just before the supper trays came around. Then he coughed a couple of times and had to stop. He wasn't supposed to do much talking, anyway.

Neely polished off his own supper and watched the orderly feeding Batterman. The guy never ate much and he didn't seem to like what he did eat.

Neely thought he looked like a guy who would have a lettuce sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch. He drank a lot of milk. A couple of times every day, he'd have Neely push the bell for him and then he'd ask one of the nurses for a glass of milk. They always got it for him. They took pretty good care of him, everybody liked him, and at one time Neely had figured that if Batterman asked for it, they'd let the two of them swap beds. But then he'd heard one of the doctors telling a nurse that Batterman was on no account to be moved any more than was strictly necessary, and the room was too small to wheel the beds around. So that was that.

Neely tried to put the thing out of his mind, but it wasn't easy. He wanted that window, he'd wanted it for six weeks, and it didn't seem like such a big thing to want. Batterman practically never looked out except when Sam asked him what was doing outside. He spent most of the time reading or sleeping. The nurses had rigged up a table for him that would hold an open newspaper, and he'd read every line on both pages, and if nobody came around to turn it for him he'd read it all again. Or else he'd lie there and recite poetry to himself. The guy knew a lot of poetry by heart, and none of it made much sense.

Neely stretched his arms again. His arms were all right, the falling beam had only crushed a leg. He had good arms, and sometimes he fell into such a fury, lying there like a baby, that he wanted to pull himself out of bed and walk over to the window on his hands. He felt like trying it now, and knowing that he couldn't do it was a bellows put to his anger.

He looked over at Batterman, but it was too dark to see him. "You asleep, Jack?" he said softly.

There was no answer. Just like that. The guy went to sleep like turning off a faucet.

"Nuts to you, Batterman!" he said aloud. "Nuts to you, you slob!" It made him feel better, getting it off his chest.

Neely finally went to sleep and he figured later that it must have been about 3 A. M. when he heard the noise. He came awake instantly and listened hard. He heard it again—a gurgling half-cough, half-sob, from Batterman's bed. He grabbed for the bell, but something held his hand.

"Hey, Jack," he called out. "What's the matter?"

There was no answer.

"What's the matter? You got another hemorrhage?"

There was no reply, and the bubbling and gurgling went on. Even if Batterman were conscious, Neely knew he wouldn't be able to speak. He dug under the pillow, found the bell button, but it slipped out of his hand and fell off the bed. He swung around for the cord and pulled it up again, taking his time, making it hard to do. Finally he had it in his hand again, and he clamped his thumb down savagely.

"All right," he muttered to himself. "So I ought to let him pass out. So I'm too softhearted. So what?"

A NURSE came in quickly, and there were a couple of doctors on hand within minutes, but Batterman had needed them a little sooner than that. They tried hard, but it was no good. He just slipped out of their hands. After they had wheeled him out of the room, one of the nurses stayed around a while and talked to Neely. He asked if he could have Batterman's bed. She gave him a queer little look and said she didn't know why not, if he wanted it. Then she left, and Neely went back to sleep. He'd seen men die before, and a good deal more spectacularly, if it came to that.

A couple of orderlies came in to move him, right after breakfast. They were strong boys, and they just picked him up and plopped him down in the other bed. The shade on the window was pulled to the sill, and Neely asked one of the orderlies to raise it. He was grinning with anticipation as he turned his head, and even after he'd been looking out of the window for quite a little while, the grin remained—a stupid, absent-minded grin.

For the window faced a courtyard, and there was nothing to be seen, except, twenty yards away, a blank brick wall.

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TWELVE YEARS TOOK DANNY from obscurity to marquee mazda fame. And with Sam Goldwyn's forthcoming "Up In Arms"—Broadway *and* Hollywood now spell o.k. O ! Kaye ! ! But fame and fortune haven't changed his sense of values: "Regent's King Size make real sense to me! It means top value—a cigarette that's more than 20% longer!"

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Maxine and the Marvelous Babe

Continued from page 15

Fortunately, the stick did not budge. The check pilot was holding it and saying: "Let's wait for the crash until you are solo!"

Val was furious. He was angry with himself for having pulled a fat-happy trick, but he very easily transferred his anger to the check pilot.

"Relax," said the voice through the gosport.

Relax, relax, RELAX! It was all check pilots thought about; some of them had it painted on the back of their helmets.

Still frothing, Val had taken off and was just starting his turn out of the wind when the next emergency came. He was two hundred feet up, still in the traffic circle. He should have got his nose down before he started his turn back to the field, but he had just had rather bad results from trying to get his nose down. And because his anger had kept that situation fresh in his mind, he failed to realize that this was a different one. He began his turn, but the plane, losing speed, stalled, was caught by the cross wind, and in a moment would have begun to spin.

WITH throttle, stick and rudder, the check pilot took over and righted the plane.

"We'll have no more of that, Mr. Simmons," he said. "I'm a family man."

He kept the controls himself and set the course for the main field. It was just as well. Val was white and shaking, knowing how near he had come to a spin and a crash. Maybe the check pilot realized it; maybe he wasn't the demon Val imagined. At any rate, he kept on talking, easily, calmly, half to himself.

"Actually," he said, "I'm a family man with no family. I'd like to bring the wife and kid down here, but there's no place for them to live. I've hunted the town over, but you can't rent a house for love or money—"

He went on talking: His kid had four teeth . . . his wife made good lemon pie . . . and by the time they had landed, Val was over his fright, over his mad, and practically over Mary Ellen.

"Think about this," said the check pilot, "before tomorrow. And remember the three rules for flying: One, two, and three: Keep up your flying speed."

"Yes, sir," said Val.

Val knew that he would get a down check; he even knew that he deserved it. Sometimes you could laugh it off; sometimes you could blame the check pilot.

But not this time. He'd get another chance tomorrow. Tomorrow! Val got cold all over, because if he got two down checks, he would have to go before the Squadron Flight Board to see if he could go on squadron time, additional time, extra flying time. It was like being kept after school to see if teacher could help you pass. And it should happen to him, Val Simmons, who was practically an H.P.!

Val surveyed the situation with amazement. He had run the chance of being wrecked, washed out, sent to the laundry, all on account of a babe! Because if he hadn't been thinking of Mary Ellen he wouldn't have made his first wheel landing, and if he hadn't done that, he wouldn't have been rattled and have done all the other fat-happy tricks. No woman was worth it.

When the returning bus passed the tourist camp, Maxine was not in sight.

"Where'd I get the idea," asked the pug-nosed cadet, "that an elephant was good luck?"

No one bothered to answer him.

Maxine was out behind the barn with Jabez, who was trying to persuade her to draw a plow. Pecan trees took a long time to mature, and ground had to be broken first. Maxine could have drawn the plow as well as not; in the circus she drew a red-painted wagon containing two performing poodles. But Maxine was enjoying poor health. Besides that, she had been left alone all day. So Maxine swayed gently in her tracks and blew little puffs of dust at Jabez.

On Saturday morning, the world was brighter. Jabez was in the house, trying to buy a horse over the telephone, and Maxine, a good breakfast under her belt, was roving the yard, pretending not to notice the rose garden, or Mrs. Tilton, who was working in it.

Maxine sighted the bus down the road and waved enthusiastically. As it came alongside she sat up and curled her trunk with a flourish.

"Lookit," shouted the pug-nosed cadet, "the old lady's feeling good. I bet I can get that old crate off the ground this morning."

No one, Val could have told him, referred to a plane as a crate. Val nobly refrained, but he uncrossed his clammy fingers to wave to Maxine. He was not fat-dumb enough to think that an elephant made any difference, but he was taking no chances. Hurriedly he recrossed his fingers.

When the bus came back at noon—Saturday was a half day—Maxine's salute was greeted with whoops and yells and shouts. It had been a swell day, a slick day, a bright blue day with almost no wind, and everybody on the beam. And Maxine had given the word.

"She is," caroled the pug-nosed cadet, "my lucky star—"

"You better come out Sunday," Johnny Burke advised him, "and bring her some peanuts."

Val was nonchalant. With difficulty he kept his face from breaking into a grin. He lounged, negligent, aloof, as befitted an H.P. Phrases that his check pilot had used, this time flowed happily through his brain: relaxed . . . smooth . . . used his judgment . . . knew the course rules . . . more than satisfactory. Val soloed happily in his imagination, but he saluted Maxine.

And that wasn't such a bad idea, he thought, bringing the old girl some peanuts!

VAL was still floating when he and Johnny Burke, pressed and polished, presented themselves that night at a large, white-pillared house.

"Strictly private shindig," Johnny had said. "Very select."

"How'd you get asked?" Val had wanted to know, establishing himself, by such pleasantries, as out of the droops.

The broad hall was full of cadets, some with girls, and a sprinkling of ensigns, all with girls. A three-piece orchestra, under the stairs, was managing to keep time. Val was introduced to his hostess, not a bad number, and to her mother, a haggard old battlewagon in long gloves. He attached himself to a group of wolves who were giving the assemblage the eye.

Val was flying an SNV, doing a neat wing-over. All the girls looked pretty to him. A girl in a blue dress danced past, a full blue dress with little puff sleeves like clouds. Val's eyes followed her. She had long blond hair pinned back with little bows like wings. Wings. Val could feel them sprouting on his chest. He dived from his cloud and cut in on the blue dress. The girl danced lightly, like a falling leaf. Val was flying a Corsair. . . .

"What's your name?"

Val made a proper landing before he told her. "And what's yours?"

"Amalie. It was Mamma's name. Are you kin to the Simmons in Mobile?"

Val said no, that he came from Cherry Point, Iowa.

"Sure nuf?"

Val said sure enough and tightened his arm a little. He liked the way Southern girls talked—it was kind of cute.

Amalie wanted to know if Val had been at the base long. He favored, she said, a handsome ensign that she had seen on the street.

That kind of sweet talk was a lot of prop wash, and Val knew it, but he liked it. He gave Amalie a little squeeze.

"Who you kiddin'?" he asked.

But he was a flier, Amalie insisted. She could tell; there was something different about fliers.

Well, yes, Val was a flier.

Wasn't it scary, Amalie wanted to know, to be 'way up there in those big old planes?

VAL was in the middle of telling her how it felt to be 'way up there when Johnny cut in. Val glowered at Johnny, but he was cheered by the slight, lingering pressure of Amalie's hand. He cut in again as soon as he could get rid of a plumpish drip in pink satin.

"Hello, sugar," said Amalie.

"Hello, yourself," said Val. He had a sudden idea. "How about you and me stepping out tomorrow?"

Amalie said she'd love to, that there was a marvelous movie at the State. Before Val could explain that he didn't like movies unless there was flying in them, he lost Amalie again. Val didn't like that, he liked his girls to himself, but he got her back for the supper dance.

With the strains of There Are Such Things running through his head, Val got two plates of chicken salad and hot biscuits and took them out to Amalie, who had cornered a piece of veranda where the shadows were dark.

There really were such things, Val thought—a dark, warm night, a pretty girl, and chicken that tasted like chicken. Val ate hungrily and sighed with contentment. Amalie was telling him about her cousin who was aide to somebody, 'way up in Washington. The cousin had been a flier, too, but he was dreadfully old now, almost forty.

Val explained that flying took it out of you, that most fliers were washed up at thirty. It was a hard life, but some people took to it naturally. Take himself, for instance—

"Sure nuf," said Amalie.

Val was amazed when Johnny routed him out and said that it was time to go home. He dropped Amalie's hand hastily but took it back again as soon as Johnny's back was turned, reassured himself of Amalie's address and said that he would call for her the following afternoon.

They had to run for the last bus, which was hot and crowded and noisy with other late returners. Val dreamed along, thinking of Amalie, and did not give ear to Johnny until they were back at the barracks.

"Well!" Johnny undid his tie. "If that is high society, they can have it. Lousy music and spun-in sea gull! Did you get in on the babe in blue?"

Val was standing in front of the mirror with his back to Johnny. Johnny, Val sometimes felt, was a trifle callous.

"I danced with her a couple of times," he said.

"I tried her out," Johnny continued, "just to see what the rush was about, but I don't go for that 'sure nuf' stuff."

"She's a good dancer," Val defended. "All Southern girls talk that way."

Johnny, divested of his clothes, looked up at Val and caught, in the mirror, the extended chest, the lifted head, the dreamy eye. Johnny's heart sank to where his boots were not. He knew the signs. Val had fallen again, fallen for the little number in blue. Johnny could foresee the familiar pattern of events; he had gone through it before.

Val would give this queen the gun, rush her to pieces, and would be all right so long as she stood it; but when she stalled, why, then Val would go into a spin and droop. And there was no doubt about it, the babe in blue would stall, she wasn't the steady kind. Johnny had seen her out in a dark corner of the veranda with an ensign.

"Come to think of it," said Johnny, as he flopped on the bed, "fliers *are* different."

WHEN Val called for Amalie, she was ready and waiting. She wore a little hat with a mass of roses on the front, and Val thought she looked and smelled delicious.

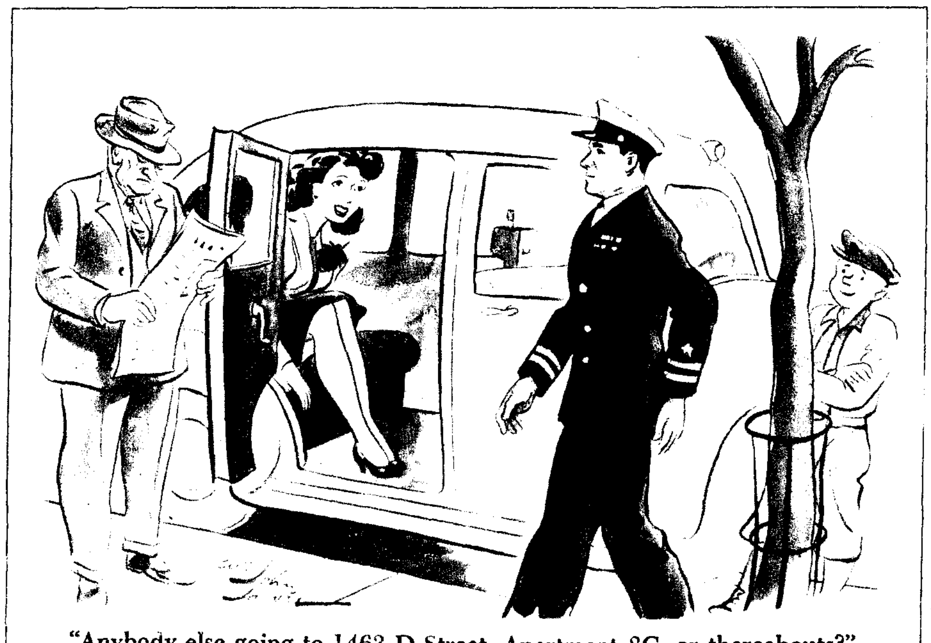
"You look mighty handsome," said Amalie. "Will we get to the first show?"

They weren't, Val explained, going to the movie, they were going to see an elephant.

Amalie's lower lip pouted, and her eyes welled disappointment.

A very special elephant, Val went on, his own, particular mascot. He had looked up the bus that went the nearest to the tourist camp, and walking Amalie to it, he explained about the elephant and the significance of Maxine's behavior with regard to an upcheck or a downcheck.

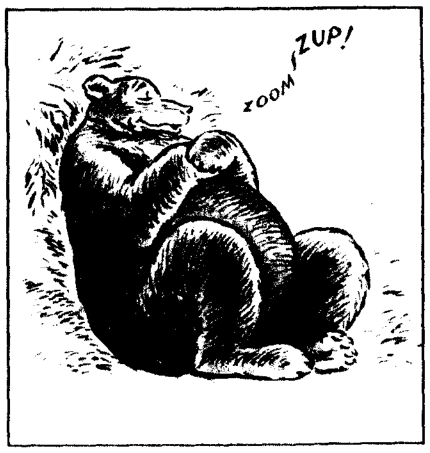
"Of course," he admitted, "she's sort of the mascot of the whole class, and some of the lads are going out to take her some peanuts, but she is extra special to me be-



"Anybody else going to 1463 D Street, Apartment 3C, or thereabouts?"

COLLIER'S SGT. JOHN JARVIS

1. A bear has a pretty nice life. He never works, pays taxes, worries about the war, or wishes he dared drink a cup of coffee. This lucky Mr. Bruin just wanders around, eating whatever it is he likes to eat, and—



2. When he wants to sleep, he sleeps . . . a long time. If the caffein in coffee keeps you awake, you'll agree this is the best part about being a bear, just being able to go to sleep when you want to.

3. For you *do* work, and pay taxes, and worry about the war, and you need to relax instead of belting your system with coffee containing caffein. Maybe you know you are one of those who should avoid coffee, but *can't* resist.

CUCKOO-CUCKOO

4. So you toss and turn far past the witching hour. Should you give up coffee? Perish the thought! You should switch to Sanka Coffee, the *real* coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!

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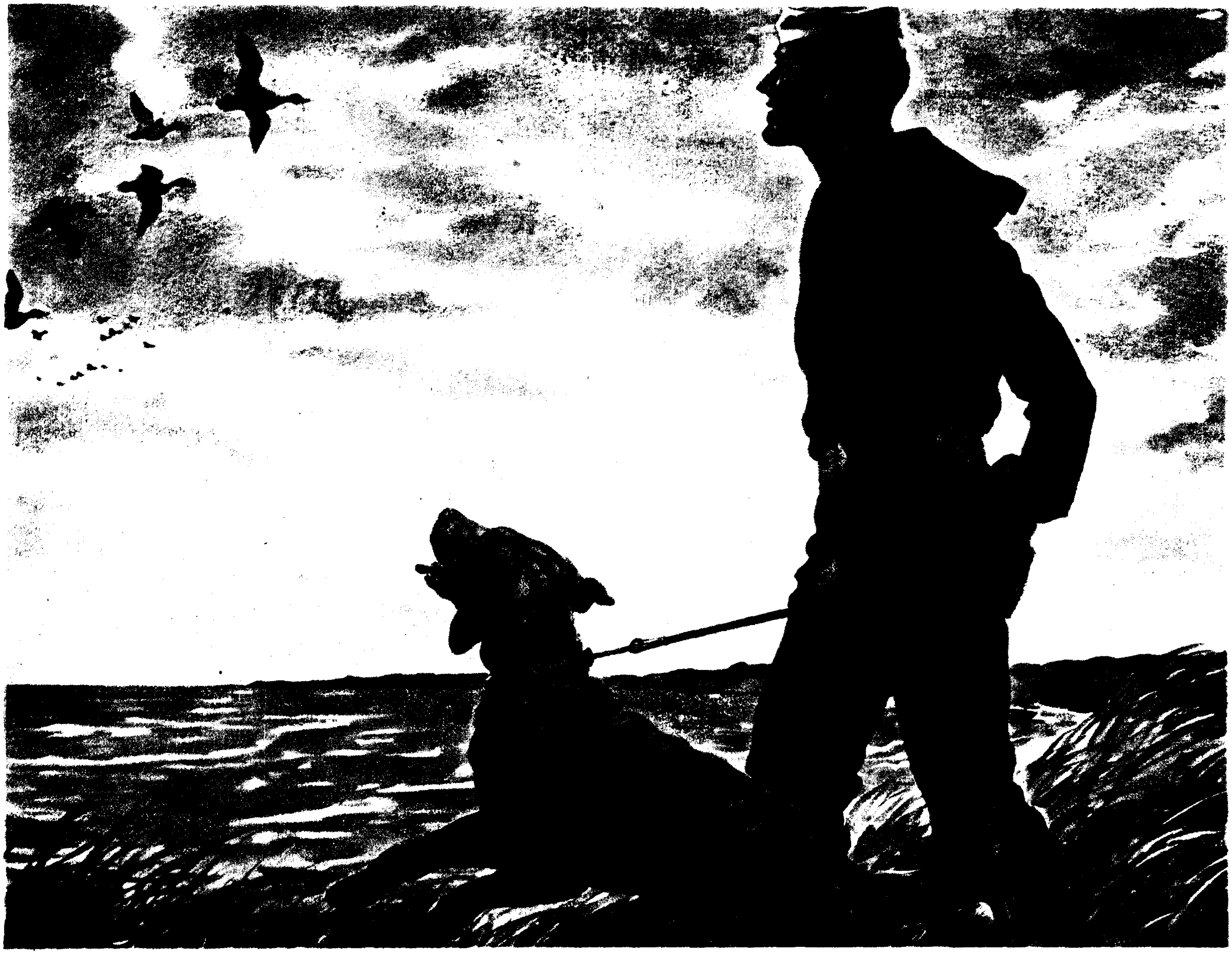

"Maybe next year, Queenie!"

"Mallards! Gosh, don't they remind me of some swell times!

"Gets *you* kind of excited too, Queenie, doesn't it? I understand. My dog was a lot like you, and I know how he loved hunting.

"There'd be cold, gray autumn mornings when the wind almost blew our ears off. Just the right weather for ducks. I'd paddle us out to our favorite hunting place in the marsh. Pretty soon our wooden decoys would be bobbin' away, natural as life, and a big flight of mallards would start down to get chummy. Then—*whammo!*

"No matter how far away the ducks dropped, that dog of mine used to retrieve 'em every time. I'll bet you did too. And boy, what wouldn't we both give to do some duck hunting this season!

"But there's a war on now, Queenie. We're in the Coast Guard, and we've got a job to do. Maybe *next* year . . ."

* * *

Remington's job right now is to supply a lot of military arms and ammunition fast—to help speed, among other things, the return of hunters and hunting dogs to their favorite marshes. Here is what we are doing . . . .

1. ***Every working day,*** *Remington produces* ***thirty million*** *rounds of military small arms ammunition.*
2. ***And, every working day,*** *Remington produces more than enough military rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment at full fighting strength.*

After the war is won, we will again be serving our sportsmen friends with Remington shotguns and rifles, Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core Lokt big game bullets. *Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed," "Sportsman," Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

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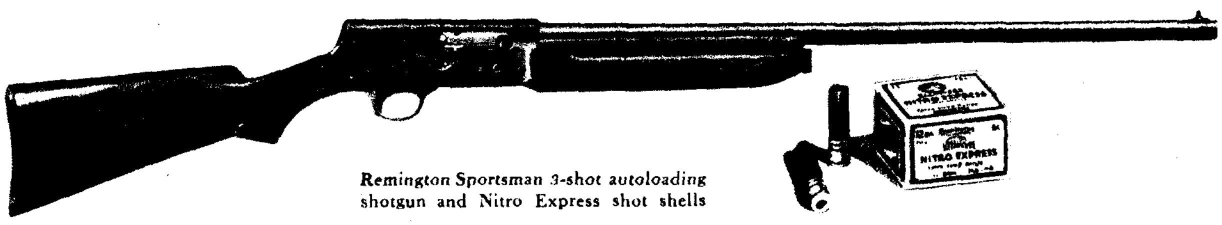

Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells

Remington

DU PONT

cause she waved the old trunk and gave the word for my A check on the same day that I met you."

Val ventured a slight squeeze of Amalie's arm, and Amalie, cheered by the thought that she would see other uniforms, let her blue eyes grow friendly. She seemed to listen as Val whiled away the ride with details of his check flight, and interrupted him only once, to tell him of her cousin who was aide to an admiral in Washington.

They leff the bus at a solitary crossroads where two hound dogs slept in the shade of a live oak and started to walk along the paving. It was hot.

Amalie pattered along beside Val, trying to keep up with him. They had to stop every twenty paces or so to remove sand and bits of loose stone from Amalie's shoes. Val told himself that he liked that; he liked to have Amalie lean on him; he liked to see her toes.

"Your nose is getting pink," said Val, as they came in sight of the cabins.

It was, and there were beads of perspiration on Amalie's lip and forehead. She opened her bag and powdered hastily.

"Is that the stuff that smells so good?" asked Val. The inside of her bag was a mess, but he guessed all women's were.

"Oh, mercy, no," said Amalie. "That's Rose of Darkness." She took a small bottle from the bag and dabbed a finger on ears and hat. "My cousin sent it to me. He's Admiral Grogan's aide. See, I'm almost out."

"That's too bad," said Val. "Come on."

MAXINE was loitering, lonely, in the yard as they came up. She had investigated the fence to the rose garden and found it stout; and there was no incentive to pull it up because Mrs. Tilton had forehandedly cut all the blooms. Maxine flapped an ear sociably, for it seemed to her that life was duller than it used to be.

Val put his hand on the gate, but Amalie hung back. She was hot and tired, there was not another cadet in sight, and Maxine looked very large.

"Come on," said Val. "Don't be a drip; she's gentle as a kitten."

This was guesswork on Val's part, but Maxine, anxious for company, was looking her most benign.

Amalie gave in. After all, one cadet was better than none. This one wanted to visit an elephant, and Amalie had been reared in the tradition of humoring her men.

They stepped inside the gate, and Maxine swayed forward to meet them.

"Hup!" said Val, because he wasn't exactly sure what you said to an elephant on the loose.

Maxine curled her trunk and then extended it, sniffing, toward Val's brass buttons. She liked brass buttons—they reminded her of the circus; but there was something else, something that Maxine could not quite place, something fragrant, delicious.

A sudden gleam came into Maxine's eye; she swept her trunk in a wide arc toward Amalie. In a flash, before you could say "Rube!" she had snatched off Amalie's hat and stuffed it, roses, smell and all, into her mouth.

Amalie screamed. At first she screamed in terror; then, as she saw what was happening to her hat, she screamed in rage. She beat at Maxine's trunk with her fists.

"Give me back my hat," she yelled, "you—you old elephant, you!"

Mrs. Tilton came running from the house.

A car came to an abrupt halt before the gate, and two men in uniform got out. One was Lieutenant Coombs, Val's check pilot. The other was Johnny, who, aware of Val's plans, had started for the tourist camp and had been picked up by Lieutenant Coombs, also headed for the same destination; though why, Johnny hadn't bothered to figure, being busy turning over in his mind possible schemes for the salvage of what might yet be a flier.

"What goes on here?" asked Lieutenant Coombs.

Because Amalie, for once unaware of the presence of rank, oblivious to Mrs. Tilton and Val, had jerked shoe from foot, and was belaboring the astonished Maxine with her sharp heel.

"Don't!" panted Mrs. Tilton. "Don't. She isn't used to being hit!"

But Amalie, having given way not only to rage at the loss of her hat but also to disgust at a hot, wasted afternoon, would not hear her. Her face was crimson, contorted and unattractive.

Val was surprised that he had ever thought her pretty.

"Quit it," he said, trying to hold her flying arms.

Maybe Val would realize, Johnny thought, that he'd caught a wildcat.

"Now this is one of the jobs you can handle just like the men"

COLLIER'S HOWARD BAER

"Simmons!"

Val turned and snapped a salute. A superior officer, at this minute, was the last straw to his camel. He could ignore Johnny, but not his check pilot, with whom he had a sudden, revived desire to be in good.

"Sir!" said Val.

"Somebody make her stop," begged Mrs. Tilton.

Johnny suppressed a grin. According to Navy Regs., the Senior Officer Present was supposed to handle any situation. This situation was one for the book, and there was an S.O.P. present. Let him try.

But Maxine, having skipped that page of Navy Regs., and feeling that enough was enough, had her own ideas. Without further ado, she lifted Amalie and held her calmly at trunk's length, dropping, as she did so, the remains of the hat from her mouth.

Mrs. Tilton gasped.

Val stood rooted stock-still in horror—in horror lest the great beast, infuriated by the unaccustomed blows, should dash Amalie to the ground and trample her to death, to a death for which he would be responsible. Right in front of a superior officer!

With another gasping sound Mrs. Tilton picked up the hat and bent her face over the mangled roses. Amalie began to cry.

Mrs. Tilton checked what this time sounded like a giggle and admonished Maxine.

"Put her down," she commanded. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Maxine wouldn't hurt her," she explained. "She's just"—she waved the hat—"just *very* fond of roses!"

Roses! Val relaxed. Of all the— Imagine an elephant liking roses!

Maxine deposited Amalie beside Johnny, whose expression changed from amusement to unpleasant realization of his duty. As Amalie leaned against him, he put his arm around her. This much he could do.

With the situation in hand, Lieutenant Coombs, too, relaxed.

"I—er—came about a house," said he. "I want to rent a house and I saw these cabins from the bus."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Tilton, slipping back into her tourist-welcoming manner without a wrinkle. "You'll want to look at them. Just a minute."

She held out the hat, looking uncertainly from Val to Johnny for the proper recipient.

With a hero's gesture, Johnny took the hat and led Amalie away to the car.

VAL made no move, said no word; in his heart, he knew he was glad to see Amalie go. He did not even feel sad, only much obliged to Johnny.

He felt a gentle touch. Maxine was straightening his cap, which, in the excitement, had become not quite flush with the deck, then she rested her trunk softly on his shoulder.

Val slipped her a peanut, not wanting her to hold a grudge against him. Not that he was fat-happy enough to think that it made any difference. He slipped her another peanut and laughed, thinking about the roses and how silly Amalie had looked, dangling from Maxine's trunk. She'd been scared, plenty, and it served her right.

He was through with Amalie. He was through with women. They took his mind off flying. Precision and circle landing—that was his next check He hoped Coombs got a house; it would improve his disposition. Coombs wasn't such a bad guy.

Mrs. Tilton and the check pilot came back, both beaming.

Val said, "No, sir, but thank you, sir," to the proffered ride. He was through with women. He would stay behind to get better acquainted with Maxine.

THE END

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Action This Day

Continued from page 12

cry 'Long Live Spain!' and die as a patriot." Louis Moscardo, 24, was shot on July 23, 1936. The words of Colonel Moscardo are inscribed on a tablet in the midst of the ruins.

After our visit to the Cathedral, we called on Archbishop Pla y Daniel, the Primate of Spain. He is a man in his late sixties, small in stature, very cordial in manner, clear and quick in mind and in speech. He has a tremendous task confronting him. His diocese is very vast; many of his priests have been martyred; and, in addition to religious cares, he has worries temporal and material.

There are things about Spain that are difficult to understand; but then, I suppose, there are things about every country that a foreigner has difficulty in understanding. I have sought opinions from Spaniards and non-Spaniards about the future of Spain. I am unable, however, to have a clear picture of the whole situation. The past is clouded. The present and the future are foggy. The clouds and fogs are essentially the same, and both are tinged with red—and not with the red of the sunrise. Spain is definitely war-weary, but the spirit of war is smoldering. The wounds of civil war are deep, festering, difficult to heal.

Struggle for Neutrality

Generalissimo Franco is in the middle of all. Some are favorable to him, some opposed; some partly favorable, some partly opposed. Most of the people whom I met in Madrid are supporters of Franco. His supporters say that the generalissimo is striving to keep Spain out of the war.

Spain's attitude toward the United States has improved immeasurably during the past twelve months, as I learned from sources other than our ambassador. This change in feeling was at least partially due to the fact that America sent petroleum and cotton to Spain, and both products are vitally needed by the Spaniards. As a consequence, the Spanish people have liked us better. There is very strict control, so that none of it can reach Germany. Thus, by improving our country's relations with Spain, Doctor Hayes fulfills the mission of an ambassador. Some criticize this policy as appeasement. The inexorable implication is that appeasement is something inherently evil, and that an expedient thing cannot be a good thing.

A word equivocally used in Spain and America is "Loyalist." The term is very impressive. Anyone would instinctively give sympathy and support to a group claiming to be "Loyalists." However, other Spaniards do not call them "Loyalists." They call them "Communists." It was this group of Loyalists or Communists that assumed power in Spain at the time when King Alfonso XIII fled.

General Franco's supporters maintain that the general would have assumed control over Spain if international legionnaires had not come to the aid of the Loyalists. Then Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy sent help to Franco. Whatever else happened, this much is sure: Spain lost, and lost desperately.

The Franco adherents fear a Communist sweep to and through the Pyrenees. "Now that Communism is on the march," one Communist leader is reported to have said, "we will not stop till we reach the olive groves of Spain."

There are many Spaniards who desire a return of the monarchy and are in agreement more now than formerly, for the pretender to the throne has married a Carlist, which unites in one family both groups desirous of monarchial rule.

The Republican-Loyalist-Communist coalition calls itself democratic. It favors "reform." Spain needs reform, and so does every nation and person. But whatever they are for, they are certainly against the clergy. In Madrid alone, they killed seven hundred priests; eleven Spanish bishops throughout the country perished.

Chaos was everywhere. People were stopped on the streets and asked to which party they belonged; if they gave the wrong answer, they were shot. Thousands were put to death for no greater crime than wearing a necktie, because that custom indicated that they belonged to the middle class, and were therefore definitely against the working people.

Hatred of religion and its manifestations approximated a hysterical high point. On the so-called "Hill of the Angels," which is in the geographic center of Spain, there is a large statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Fanatical hatred of Christ and Christ's religion reached such a point that a firing squad "executed" the statue. When Franco and his Falangists achieved control of Spain in 1939, thousands of Spaniards were cast into Spanish prisons. Many of them are there yet. Naturally, the prisoners are very bitter; the relatives of the slain on both sides are bitter; and domestic hatreds in Spain are very deep. No family has been spared death, and the streets are filled with women dressed in mourning.

Little pestilences, fires and avalanches, religious and racial hatreds kill, burn and sweep onward. *"Hodie mihi; cras tibi,"* Christians and Jews may say to one another. "Today, me; tomorrow, you," is true of more things than death. Self-interest, as well as mutual sympathy, should unite Jews, Christians, all nationalities, all peoples in common efforts for justice and peace.

On February 15th, Ambassador Hayes accompanied me to meet Count Jordana, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was very pleasant and interested in America.

On Monday afternoon, I was informed that Generalissimo Franco was to receive me the next day. I went alone to the Prado Palace and arrived shortly after midday. I was saluted by a company of soldiers, and escorted up a flight of stairs to a large waiting room, beautifully furnished in the usual Spanish style of palaces, with Goya-designed and Madrid-executed tapestries of a century ago, and also a rug, evidently made expressly for the room, bearing the date of 1825.

Audience with Franco

The room was provided with the usual great number of tables and chairs and mirrors around the sides of the wall, rock-crystal chandeliers, and equipped with clocks to the number of three. I did not have more than a moment to glance around the room when Baron de Las Torres, the Chief of Protocol, came into the room, and in a minute or two we went back across the hall, through another waiting room, and, on the opening of double doors, were in the presence of the generalissimo.

His room is large but not unduly so, and the walls are covered with red damask. He was seated at a desk, the end opposite to the door, with high windows along the side to the right hand of the entrance and the left hand of the desk. He left his desk and came forward to meet me, and motioned me to a seat and the baron to a seat by my side, and he himself took a seat with his back to the window. Thus his face was in a shadow, and I myself was facing the glare of a real bright day all during the hour and a quarter that the audience lasted.

My impressions of him are in accordance with his reputation as a very sincere, serious and intelligent man. He smiled a half-dozen times during the course of our conversation, and when he does so, he is indeed very pleasant. He seems to be brimming over with health and energy, and his desk, stacked high with folders and papers, reminded me of my own and I felt sorry for him. During the entire audience, he talked in Spanish and I talked in Italian. We understood each other perfectly.

The conversation pivoted on the international situation and the war. We covered a great deal of territory, and in time, we went from the Treaty of Versailles down to the present, and we did not stop there. We ventured a few thoughts about the future. I explained the American point of view as well as I could, motivated by facts and examples.

Naturally, the generalissimo understood that I spoke to him as a private American citizen, intensely interested in and devoted to the welfare of my country, and as a priest, interested in and devoted to the spiritual and temporal welfare of all peoples.

An Admirer of America

Whatever criticism had been made of General Franco (and it has been considerable) I cannot doubt that he is a man loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare, and definitely willing to sacrifice himself in any capacity and to any extent for Spain.

As I took my leave, the generalissimo again expressed his admiration for America and wished me a happy journey.

BARCELONA, SPAIN
February 18, 1943

My dear father: A great deal of superpatriotism, supercharity, and supergood sense is needed in Spain by all. Some might think it could all be solved by saying: "Let every one be free, just as every one in the United States is free, and then everything will be just fine." The formula for freedom is not so simple in every place in the world. Freedom is an anomalous term. To some, it means opportunities to be brutal, to rob and to kill.

Before the recent civil war, Spain was in a relatively prosperous condition, but there has been so much destruction and so many people killed that the country is depressed. The death toll was seven hundred thousand lives lost in battle, thirty thousand by execution or assassination, and fifteen thousand in air raids. I was told that in the one city of Barcelona, eighty thousand people were slain, and from the Madrid airport I saw a cross which marks the location of trenches where three thousand Nationalists were executed by the Loyalists in two days.

I spent the last afternoon in Madrid, praying. I was saddened by all that I had seen and heard.

On Wednesday, February 17th, Ambassador Hayes went with me to the airport. When I left, snow was falling in Madrid, a rare occurrence. The plane was an Italian Savoia-Marchetti, and seated eighteen. All the passengers looked at all the other passengers and wondered, for no traveler on any airplane, at least any airplane flying over Europe, is traveling just for fun.

I met several old friends in Barcelona, among them Father Isasi, a Carmelite priest, who for many years was stationed in the United States. I met also some Republicans and Loyalists. One very sincere young man was most frank. According to him, "hunger" is Communism's chief food in Spain. There are about one and a quarter million people in Barcelona and, of this number, only about fifty thousand are well off; the rest have an awful struggle to survive.

The young man cited an instance of a family consisting of a husband, his wife and child, and his mother-in-law. They live in a hovel. The rent is small but it is great to them because they cannot pay it. The husband has been without work for some time. In order to keep the family from starvation, the women have been making aprons at the rate of ten centimes each (about two cents in United States currency). By working from daybreak until well along in the night, the three women are able to make between seventy-five cents and a dollar a day. With this amount, the whole family tries to subsist.

There are thousands of similar sad situations.

VATICAN CITY
February 28, 1943

My dear father: I was delayed a second day in Barcelona and I went to visit Mount Tibidabo, imaginatively considered as the place wherein our Lord was tempted. From the mountaintop, there is a tremendous vista of surrounding countryside, and the Mediterranean. *"Tibi dabo"* means "I will give to you," the words of Satan tempting Christ in His human nature as he showed Him the vision of all the kingdoms of the world.

While we were waiting to leave Barcelona, I had the unpleasant experience of witnessing the departure of an American-manufactured airplane bearing the Nazi emblem, taking off for Stuttgart and Berlin. It was one of a number of Dutch aircraft captured by the Germans when they struck Holland.

The trip to Rome was beautiful. Imagine flying over Corsica with Sardinia visible to the south! Within half an hour, we passed above Ajaccio, Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon, and Elba, the place of his exile. But what events occurred in the lifetime of Napoleon between Ajaccio and Elba! I thought of Napoleon's modern counterpart who has set on fire and ravaged the modern world. I visualized him as he looked down on Napoleon's tomb in Paris, after his Nazi legions had devastated Poland and western Europe from the Baltic to the Pyrenees, and I thought of the first time I had looked at that tomb of Napoleon.

It was in 1911, and as I stood beneath the dome of the Invalides and gazed on the porphyry mausoleum that contains the body of Napoleon, I heard a Frenchman say: "I curse that man who was the curse of France! I curse him for the lives he took, the loves that never lived on his account, for the inch he took from the height of Frenchmen who lived after him!"

What did Hitler think when he saw Napoleon's tomb? Whatever he thought, he makes me think of Antichrist. Never before has anyone sown so widely, so thickly, and so deeply the dragon's teeth of hatred and cruelty.

Happiness Tinged with Sorrow

At Littorio Airport in Rome, he who has been always a loyal, devoted friend, Enrico Galeazzi, was there to welcome me. For the moment, everything was wonderful.

And yet, with everything familiar, I moved in an unfamiliar world. I was told to get into an automobile. I did so. The automobile started. I was told that I was to go to the American College on the Janiculum Hill which Italy considers extraterritorial. I said I wanted to go to St. Peter's. We went to St. Peter's!

I got out of the car. Friends and acquaintances of years ago greeted me. Others recognized me and welcomed me. I walked up the steps and entered St. Peter's. I prayed before the tomb of St. Peter, where I offered my first Mass as a priest; and before the altar of the chair of St. Peter, where I was consecrated a bishop. I walked about the Basilica,

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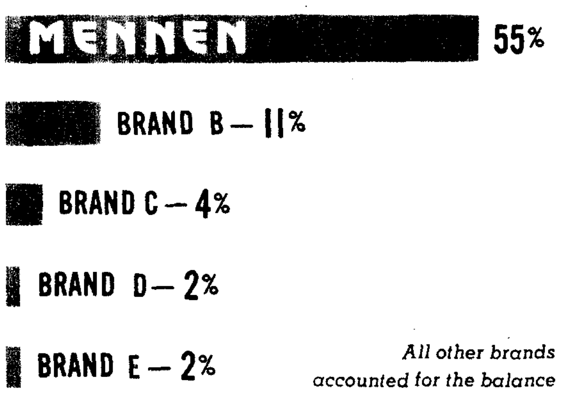

This overwhelming preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Talcum for Men. When buying talc for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in the care of the skin . . . men who KNOW what is best for the skin.

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Du Pont urges: CHECK THESE POINTS BEFORE PUTTING IN ANTI-FREEZE

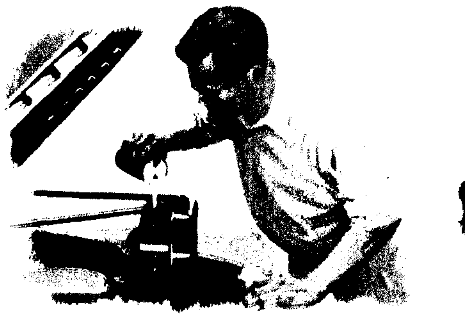
Your car won't last if you let the cooling system go bad!

You should take good care of the cooling system in your car, because the life of the cooling system controls the life of the car itself. Rust and corrosion in the cooling system may damage parts which are hard to replace today—in some cases even impossible. And if the cooling system doesn't operate efficiently the engine will overheat. This not only uses up excessive gasoline and oil but can result in serious damage to the engine itself.

So be sure to have the cooling system checked carefully at each of these six points shown in the illustrations. It will also help prevent the loss of vital anti-freeze.

If you happened to save anti-freeze from last winter, you'll be glad to know that your dealer who handles Du Pont anti-freeze has a chart giving information on how it is possible to bring it up to strength for another winter with War Emergency "Zerone."

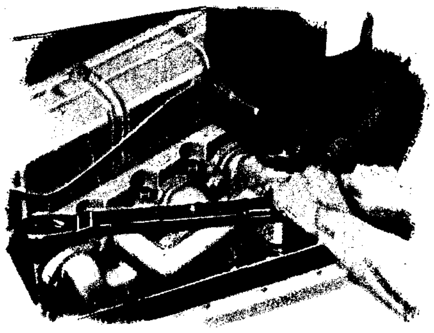
Why not see your dealer today? Have him service your cooling system and give it two-way protection: (1) against freezing; (2) against rust, with a Du Pont anti-freeze.



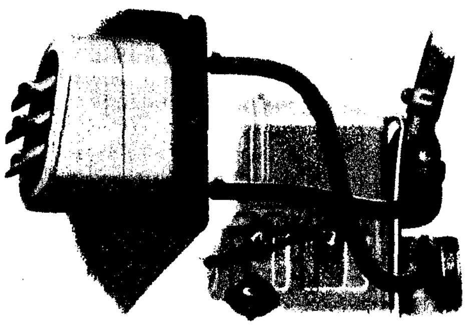
1. **CLEAN THE RADIATOR.** Radiators that contain rust, scale and dirt will overheat because of poor circulation. Anti-freeze is lost, and the engine may be damaged. Have your dealer use Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser, and check the radiator for leaks at this time.

2. **CHECK THE HOSE CONNECTIONS.** Be sure all cooling system hose is tight, to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure that the thermostat is in good working order.

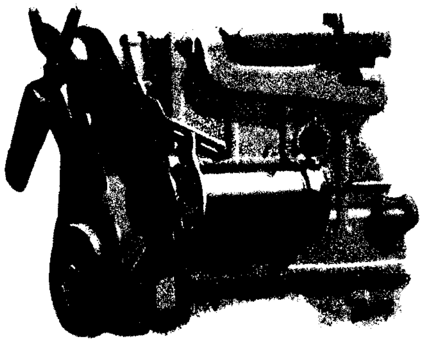
3. **EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP.** Water pumps should be tight to prevent air suction and leakage of anti-freeze solution. Pump leaks often develop along the propeller shaft. Have dealer check the pump and repair worn or faulty parts.



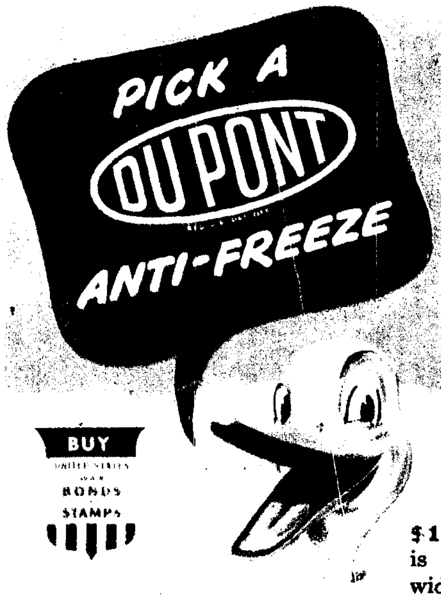
4. **TIGHTEN THE CYLINDER BOLTS.** Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make all engine head bolts equally tight.



5. **CHECK THE HEATER.** When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets. Tighten hose connections and replace worn hose to prevent loss of anti-freeze.



6. **SEE THAT THE FAN** and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, have it tightened. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.



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Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE
TYPE S FULL STRENGTH O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
$1.00 PER GALLON

$1.00 A GALLON. Du Pont "Zerone" is made from methanol. Methanol is widely used for war purposes... therefore "Zerone" may not always be available.

ZEREX
DU PONT
TYPE P FULL STRENGTH O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
NON-EVAPORATING
Anti-freeze
and ANTI-RUST

$2.65 A GALLON. "Zerex" (except in 12 high-altitude Western states) is reserved by WPB order for buses and trucks. Non-evaporating. Anti-acid. Anti-rust.

WAR EMERGENCY ANTI-FREEZE
TYPE N—FULL STRENGTH—O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
DU PONT
ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE
$1.40

$1.40 A GALLON. War Emergency "Zerone" is made from ethanol. Don't hesitate to accept it if regular "Zerone" is not available. It gives safe protection.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY* thinking, praying, sorrowful in my happiness, happy in my sorrow. Mr. Galeazzi told me that it was time to go to the American College, but before I went I made arrangements to celebrate Mass at the tomb of St. Peter the following morning, Sunday, February 21st. After Mass, I said prayers at the tombs of the Popes that I had known: Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI, and also for Cardinal Merry del Val.

I was told that I was invited to attend a meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences the next morning, over which the Holy Father was to preside.

I arrived early for the meeting and met a great many friends. Suddenly, five minutes before the appointed time, the door opened. A hush came over the assembly, and there was Pope Pius XII!

The Holy Father had aged with more than years since last I saw him when he was Cardinal Pacelli. The countless sorrows that had throbbed in his heart had also etched his face with grief and care.

I thought of last Christmas and the Pope's message which I read just before the Midnight Mass in St. Patrick's, words which touched me deeply, words well understandable but not understood for the most part except by those for whom he prayed and pleaded—"the sorrowing hosts of mothers, widows and orphans, numberless exiles and hundreds of thousands of persons, who without any fault on their part, sometimes only because of their nationality or race, have been consigned to death."

Plea for a Christian World

That was the night on which again he protested that international agreements to make war less inhuman by confining it to the combatants had remained a dead letter. That was the time when he prayed and pleaded for a return of the world to its "center of gravity," which is God's law. That was yet another time that he denounced, as he had from the beginning, the horrors of indiscriminate bombing of noncombatants—women, children, sick and aged, hospitals, charitables refuges and houses of prayer.

This Christmas message of the Pope I read again, but this time it was a wordless message in his eyes.

The Holy Father looked at me smilingly and then went to his chair. All was quiet. The Pope began to speak. Of the discourse itself, I shall not write, for it was published in America in its entirety. In his beautiful style, the Holy Father spoke for half an hour. As always, His Holiness used no manuscript and delivered his address just as he had written it.

After the meeting of the Academy, the Pope greeted the twelve Cardinals who were present and then came to me as I knelt waiting for his approach. He placed his hands on my shoulders, bade me rise, welcomed me, and told me to accompany him. I was with His Holiness about two hours. Afterward, I remained in the Vatican and talked with Mr. Galeazzi until five o'clock, when I again went to the Holy Father. It was eight o'clock before I returned to the villa after a day that I shall never forget.

The Holy Father thinks of the war all the time, and all the time he works and prays for peace. No one understands more clearly than he the horror and the devastation of war, and of this war. No one suffers more poignantly. He feels the sorrows of all. He sees the blood and the tears of all. He sees tremendous masses of men increasingly efficient in mutual massacre, increasingly enmeshed by tentacles of brutality and hate. He realizes that hate begets hate, that brutality spawns brutality and that revenge cries for revenge. The juggernaut of war crushes forward and backward over nations and peoples. Men aflame with savage goadings rush onward crashing other men aflame and thus the conflagration mounts, spreads, devastates and consumes.

The Pope thinks, works, prays and literally dies for peace. He wishes the conquerors to be not only just with the conquered but also merciful.

He feels that the leaders of conquering nations will have opportunities to show not only greatness in victory but also greatness in making the peace. The Holy Father hopes that peace and justice will come in conformity with the principles that have been proclaimed, and the strongest guarantee of lasting peace will be justice tempered with charity.

I had been informed that the Italian government would permit me to go anywhere I would desire. However, I preferred to remain in the Vatican or at the Villa. The Cardinals were all gracious enough to come to see me, since by my self-imposed restrictions I could not call on them. I also saw every American priest and nun living in Rome and made note of their home addresses, so that I might contact their relatives as soon as I returned to America, and say that I had seen them. I was able to care for many official matters pertaining to the Church in the United States, which for months had been awaiting disposition. I presented to the Pope the Peter's Pence offering of the clergy and faithful of the Archdiocese of New York. It amounted this year to fifty thousand dollars. The Holy Father directed that this sum be used at once in its entirety to help the prisoners of war of all nations.

The many precious hours I had with the Holy Father reminded me of other years, happier years, when I was privileged to be in his company, when we worked, talked, walked and prayed together. I thought of the many times I had assisted him as he offered Mass. I thought also of the visit of His Holiness to America, of being with him on his visit to President Roosevelt, and of having the honor of receiving him in the parish house in Newton Center, Massachusetts, and also at our home in Whitman. Again I was privileged to be with him, see him, talk with him, to pray with him. At night in the private chapel of His Holiness, he led the rosary and I answered.

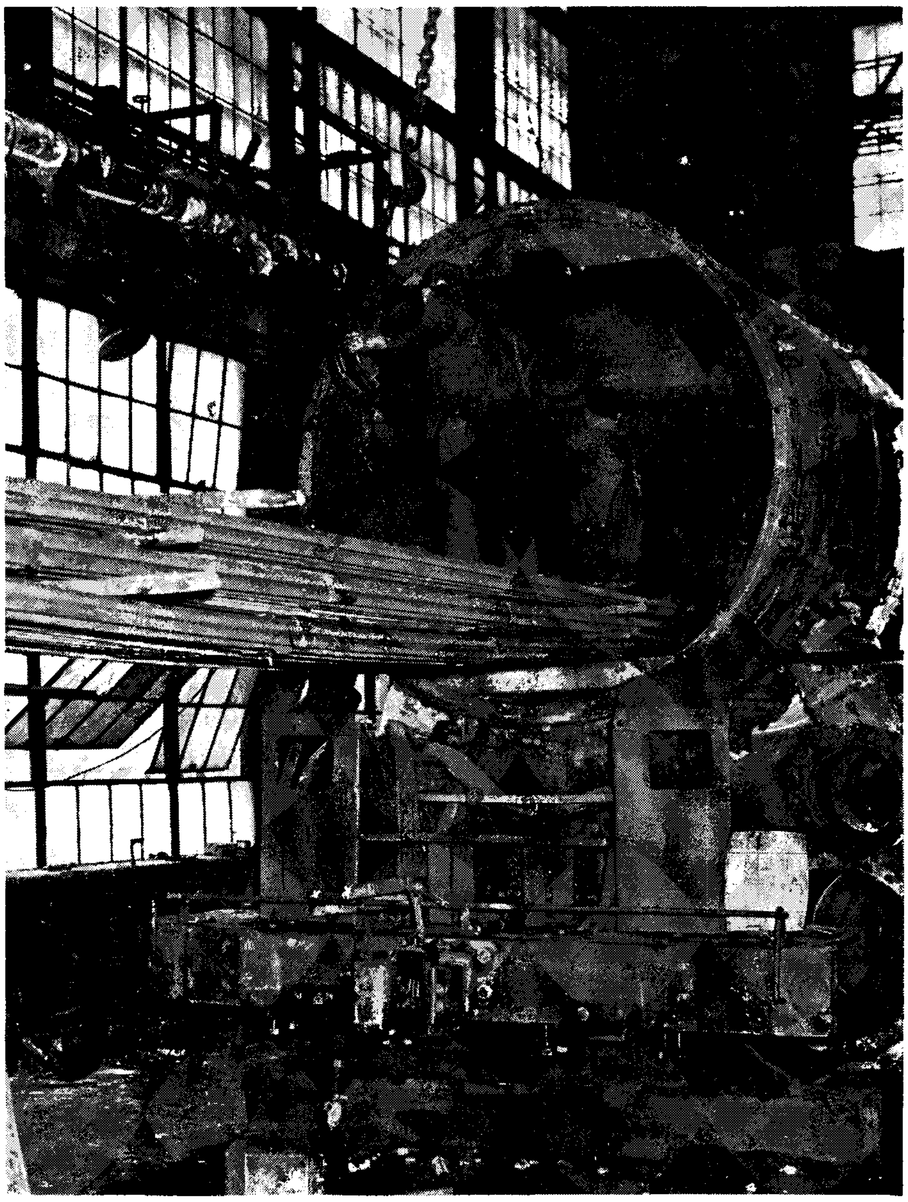
Farewell to the Vatican

OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN
March 3, 1943

My dear father: My farewell audience with the Holy Father was yesterday, March 2d, his sixty-seventh birthday and the fourth anniversary of his election as Pope. At this audience, His Holiness gave me the cross and chain which he had received on the day of his consecration as archbishop, twenty-five years ago, and which he has worn ever since. I do not like to take it with me on this long journey, but I will do so, and wear it constantly.

Early this morning I said my last Mass at the Villa, using the chalice loaned to me by the Holy Father for use during my stay in Rome. I prayed God to spare him to the Church, begged blessings on my country and my countrymen. With Mr. Galeazzi and some American priests I left for the Guidonia Airport. A few formalities, a few minutes for farewells, and once more I am aboard a plane for the seven-hour flight to Seville.

In next week's Collier's, Archbishop Spellman tells of his trip to Gibraltar and North Africa, his meetings with Eisenhower, Clark, Giraud and others, and his visits to the Army hospitals.



Putting Locomotives in Shape for the Draft

THESE are days when locomotives, too, have to be in good physical shape to run the "distance" in record time.

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AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

THE RAILROAD OF HELPFUL SERVICE

Old Indispensable

Continued from page 20

decided against it. The incident would be played up with the news of his draft call, and Boyle didn't want the bum cutting into his story.

"Let me give you a tip, Boyle," Rascob said. "Don't make the mistake so many people pull by going out on one last big party the night before you report. That first day at the induction center is tough."

Rascob's advice seemed sound enough at the time, but Boyle had more expansive ideas on his last three nights of civilian life. The cat crawled with him to the draft board at 6 A. M. on a bleak morning. He felt slightly better when the official gave him the records of the other draftees to carry downtown to the induction center, and the kids in the group whispered and stared goggle-eyed at him during the ride.

HE FELT immensely better at the induction center when a corporal recognized him, took him out of the line and steered him expertly through the physical examinations. It gave Boyle a bang when the doctors glanced casually at his card, then peered at him with renewed interest, and by the time the newspaper photographers came looking for him, he was putting on the bravado big.

Finally, all the examinations taken, all the questions answered, he was standing in front of a man seated at a long table. The man looked up when he saw the name on the card.

"Quentin Boyle," the man said as he wrote. "You're the ballplayer, aren't you?"

"That's right." It pleased Boyle to know that in an army of six or seven million guys he stood out from the mob.

"The fellow who won't play ball for the Army at fifty dollars a month," the man said, as he continued to write.

Boyle didn't like the crack, and, for a fleeting moment, he didn't like what the man did to his card. He stamped it "Accepted," with a firm, decisive hand. That was it; Boyle was in. The photographers were watching him, with their fingers on the triggers of their flash bulbs. He had to give himself a hypo for the sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach.

He winked broadly at the photographers, pretended he was playing a fife and marked time on one stiff leg. The Spirit of '76. Boyle turned on the personality as the lights exploded in his face.

"You're entitled to a week's furlough or you can leave for camp immediately," the man said.

"Hey, Boyle!" a photographer called. "Are you going in right away? If you are, we'll go along and take some shots at the camp."

"I'm ready," Boyle announced loudly. "I can't wait to get at them Japs and Nazis."

A photographer produced an Army blouse and told Boyle to put it on. Someone dug up a baseball cap, and Boyle held a rifle as if it were a bat. It made a fine picture, Boyle thought with satisfaction—the kind of shot that would get a good play all over the country.

The train ride to camp was very pleasant indeed for Boyle. He lied fluently about his exploits in the World Series and All Star games. He told his impressed audience of the wild parties he had been on. Always enchanted with the sound of his own voice, he wallowed in the respectful attention he got.

The group was separated at the camp, and Boyle was assigned to barracks with only a few of the draftees who had come down with him on the train. The newcomers, informed of the great man's presence, rushed Boyle for autographs, thrusting pieces of paper and magazines and match covers at him. He was signing his name on the neckband of a shirt when there was an authoritative demand for attention at the far end of the long room. Boyle continued writing.

"You, the guy with the pen!" the voice grated. "Did you hear me?"

"Who's smoking?" Boyle asked innocently, still writing.

There was a titter but it died away abruptly. Boyle finished autographing the shirt and looked up, insolently and leisurely, at the man standing over him with three chevrons on his sleeve. The man was short and compact after the fashion of a fire hydrant; he had a G. I. haircut and an extreme disgust on his broad, homely face. He was such a faithful caricature of the traditional, tough top kick that Boyle could not restrain a smile. The veins in the sergeant's neck swelled dangerously.

"What's your name, bright boy?" the sergeant snapped.

"Boyle—Quent Boyle." He gave his full name slowly and pointedly.

The sergeant pushed the cap off his forehead and braced his legs. "The pitcher?"

Boyle nodded. It was wonderful the way everyone came to life at the mention of his name.

"Yeah, you're him all right," the sergeant said, cocking his head to the side. "I've been wantin' to meet you for three years. Ever since I saw you pitch in Philadelphia. You'll remember the game, Boyle. You should, you gold brick.

"That was the day you had a hang-over, and I'm not so sure you were that sober. That was the day the As beat your brains out and you tried to hang the rap on the kid playin' first base when he made an error. Remember how you made a monkey outta the kid by throwin' your glove on the ground and puttin' on a big act? Remember how you wouldn't leave the game when the manager took you out, and you wanted to fight the umpire? That was a great exhibition, you phony bum!"

BOYLE rose to his feet and hitched up his pants. "You make long speeches, chum. What makes you such a great authority on baseball?"

"I've done some pitchin'."

"Pardon me, but your name wouldn't be Mathewson or Johnson?"

"Harasch—Mike Harasch," the sergeant said, giving it back to him.

Boyle rubbed his chin and gazed at the ceiling. "Harasch," he mused. "Never heard of it. That must've been a pretty classy league you played in, chum."

"It was a tougher league than you've ever been in," Harasch said. "In the Philippines and Hawaii, where guys gettin' thirty bucks a month were glad to play just because it was baseball and they were on an Army team. But a great, big hero like you wouldn't understand that."

"You must be one hell of a soldier," Boyle sneered, "if they brought you back as soon as the shooting started."

"I was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs came over," Harasch said evenly. "My job now is to make soldiers out of tramps like you."

"Hang around," Boyle said. "You teach me the Army and I'll teach you baseball."

"You can't show me anything. There's more to baseball than a fast ball and a curve, and that's all it means to you. But you give me an idea," Harasch went on slowly. "I'm just passin' through this reception center like all you guys. I'm shovin' along to the regular base with you. I think it can be arranged for us to

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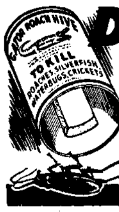

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neuralgic and muscular pains

Headache tip to WOMEN

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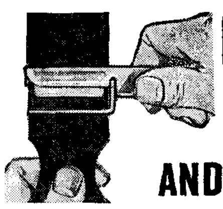

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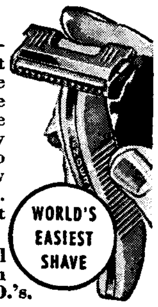

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be in the same outfit. Yeah, Boyle. I'm gonna choose you, chum."

After a week at camp, Boyle had to admit Harasch was a very tough man indeed. Harasch drilled them until their tongues were sunburned; Harasch screamed and swore at them. Boyle, who always had been proud of his strength and his capacity for absorbing physical punishment, accepted Harasch's drive as a challenge to his own endurance. He had an arrogant smile when Harasch dismissed them at the end of the day, even when he had to bring it up from his shoes.

A routine day at camp was more exhausting than pitching a double-header at St. Louis in August, but Army life was not as bad as Boyle thought it would be. His clash of will with Harasch kept him on the alert during the day and his vanity was burnished brightly from knowing the mugg couldn't make him quit. At night he always had an audience to listen to his stories; he was still a celebrity, the guy they wanted to know.

Gradually, as the men became disassociated from civilian life, there was less baseball and more Army talk heard. The guys began to ask questions of the gunnery experts rather than Boyle: they were more concerned with hand-to-hand fighting than with the strategy employed in pitching.

But there was a quickening of baseball interest when the formation of a divisional league for the camp championship was announced.

Harasch called for volunteers in the barracks one night. Everyone turned expectantly to Boyle. He went through the elaborate motions of lighting a cigarette: no one said anything. Boyle was waiting for an invitation, an appeal, to pitch. No one asked him.

Boyle had intended to go into town for a couple of beers on Saturday afternoon, but presently he was watching Harasch pitch for the Infantry against the Engineers. The Infantry had a pretty fair team by Army standards. An outfielder from the American Association could hit, and a kid from the coast did a job at shortstop. But Boyle directed his critical attention to Harasch.

The chump was strictly from hunger, a Class C ribbon clerk. His fast ball was straight as a string and his curve was a mere wrinkle. Yet there was a compelling quality to his pitching. He put everything he had into every pitch, as if it were the last ball of the game. He pitched to the hitters as he drilled recruits. He was on top of them every instant, he wore them down with his persistence. He licked the Engineers.

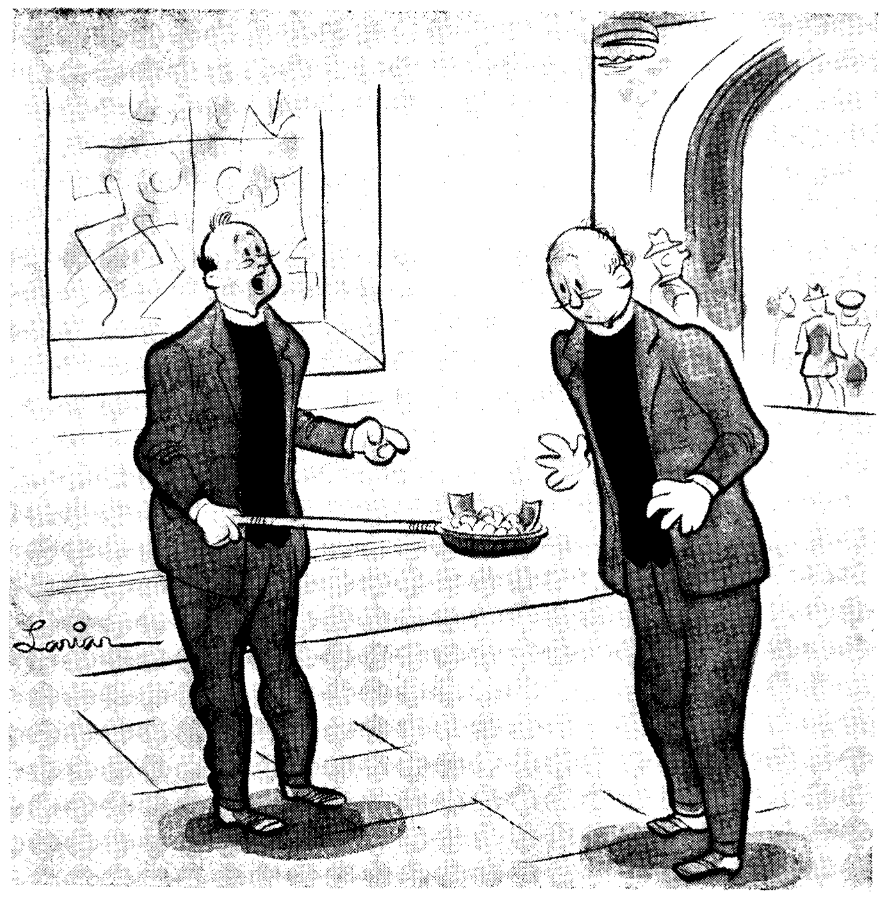
He beat the Tanks the following week, and now the baseball talk Boyle heard in camp concerned the chances of the Infantry, not the Pilgrims, the coming duel between Harasch and Werner, the Anti-aircraft pitcher who had been going up to the Cubs for a trial until he was drafted. The Ack-Acks were tough with Werner. The Pilgrims still were tough without Boyle; they were winning the pennant. Boyle felt as unnecessary as another neck. He needed another hypo for his ego and he knew it would have to be self-administered. He went out for the team.

THE word that Boyle would pitch for the Infantry circulated rapidly, but it was lost in the speculative shuffle that followed an announcement that the division baseball tournament was to be terminated as quickly as possible. Each of the six teams was to play the five other teams only once instead of twice, as originally scheduled. Each team had played only two games. The remaining three were to be played at the earliest possible date—within ten days.

The rumors the men had been hearing for weeks now were consolidated in one overwhelming fact. They were pushing off. They were going overseas—within ten days.

The small, inconsequential habits and hobbies they had known as civilians suddenly became precious to the men. It was as though they were taking one last look at a familiar scene that would have to stay with them for a long time. Interest in the baseball tournament was intensified; winning it assumed major importance.

Boyle was swept into the forefront of attention in the rush of excitement. Once again he was the guy they wanted to know



"You'd be surprised how often they slip in those new pennies instead of dimes!"

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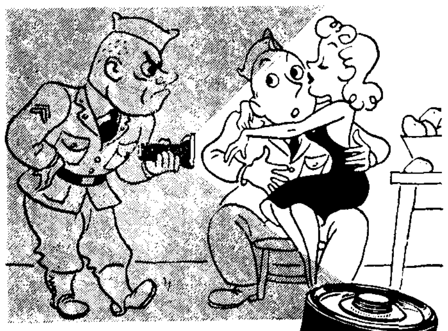

He was assigned to do KP
This most romantic guy
It looks as tho he thought KP
Stood for Kutie Pie

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and pat on the back; Harasch couldn't pitch three games in ten days. Now Boyle was indispensable to the outfit, the difference between the championship and maybe losing to the Ack-Acks.

The guys began to count the money they had bet on the team. Sure, they conceded, Boyle hadn't thrown a ball in a year; his arm wasn't in shape. It sure was a laugh, though, to think of him losing to a humpty-dumpty camp team. All he needed was a fresh shave to beat the Ack-Acks.

Boyle joined the team on Wednesday, the day the Infantry played the Quartermasters—the day the Pilgrims opened in the World Series. It was assumed that Boyle would work out for a few days, pitch against the Artillery on Saturday and then give the Ack-Acks a once-over lightly the following Wednesday. Tough for anyone else, but a breeze for Boyle.

Dressing in the crowded locker room for the first time, Boyle was aware of the other men's scrutiny. They watched him roll his stockings into the legs of his pants, and from the corner of his eye he saw a couple of kids drop the thick rubber bands they had been using to hold up their stockings. They strained for the expressions they had seen attributed to big leaguers in the papers and they stomped importantly with their spikes on the concrete floor. Boyle laughed to himself and felt pleasantly superior.

They went out, and Boyle ran around the field twice, getting high on his toes with exaggerated grace, knowing that everyone was watching him. He got into a bunting game, and the line spread deferentially to let him field most of the balls. Harasch started to warm up for the game. Boyle nonchalantly called for a catcher and began to throw a few feet from Harasch.

HE KNEW his loose, sweeping pitching delivery made Harasch's jerky, graceless motion look amateurish. Harasch knew it, too, and started to throw harder. The impact of the ball in his catcher's mitt made loud noises over the field. Boyle put more effort into his celebrated right arm, disregarding the indignant messages of protest the arm was sending to his brain. He told himself he was a sucker to abuse his arm, his meal ticket that was worth more in a year than a general's pay, but he poured it on, making each pitch faster than Harasch's. He was glad to sit down when the game commenced.

Boyle sprawled on the grass near the dugout, basking in the sun and the attention he commanded. Someone in the stands behind him had a portable radio tuned to the broadcast of the World Series. There was an excited murmur when the announcer mentioned him during the pregame spiel. Boyle felt fine listening to the World Series and watching the Infantry. Harasch beat the Quartermasters but wavered badly in the closing innings. The Pilgrims lost the first World Series game. Boyle dwelled pleasurably upon the two occasions he had opened World Series for the Pilgrims with victories.

He was not feeling so fine fifteen minutes before the game with the Artillery on Saturday. His arm was stiff and sore from the senseless strain he had imposed upon it in the first workout. As he went out to warm up, a cold drizzle swept the field with a biting wind.

An exultant yell from the soldiers on his side of the field startled Boyle. The Ack-Acks, they shouted, had just lost to the Engineers. Werner had wrenched his knee falling off a jeep, and the Ack-Acks' other pitcher had been given the business by the Engineers. That was it, the guys crowed; they were in. A cinch with Old Indispensable going for them.

The dull throb in Boyle's arm became a live, jumping nerve of resentment. The cold and the rain gnawed at his shoulder. Everyone expected too much, he thought sullenly. He, who could be pitching a World Series game worth five, six thousand dollars, was risking his valuable arm for nothing in an obscure camp game. He tried to fight the ugly mood that was seizing him, but the anger came up in his throat. The throbbing in his arm became more insistent. Boyle went to the dugout.

"I can't pitch today," he told the team curtly. "My arm is sore. I'll be washed up for good if I try to pitch in this weather."

He sat in a corner with a blanket around his shoulders and watched Harasch warm up hurriedly. He saw Harasch, pitching his third game in eight days, get his ears knocked off by the Artillery. Boyle sat there woodenly, beating off the team's contempt. When it was all over, he trudged back to the locker room alone.

Harasch, his face contorted with rage, stood in the middle of the room and ordered the door closed.

"Get out of here before you smell up the place," he said thickly. It was the first time he had spoken directly to Boyle since their meeting at the reception center. "You don't belong with soldiers. You quitter! Your public shoulda seen you turn in your outfit today. Indispensable, huh?" Harasch spat on Boyle's shoes. "You're as expendable as a skunk."

"You talk tough," Boyle said. "Those three stripes give you a lot of courage."

Harasch pointed to the sleeve of his baseball shirt. "There ain't no stripes on this, you cheap phony. We're all even now. Let's see you go when you haven't got the edge."

Boyle thought it would be a typical baseball fight. A few punches would be thrown, one or two might connect and then the guys would grab them.

Boyle was wrong. Harasch threw more than a few punches and they all connected. Nobody made a move to stop it. Harasch belted him hard on the side of the face and, as he was falling, someone put out an arm and pushed him toward Harasch. Boyle tried to get in close and use his greater weight, but Harasch pushed him off and hit him in the pit of the belly. Boyle sat down hard, started to rise, then thought better of it. He blinked at Harasch in shocked, stupid surprise.

Harasch looked around the room, kneading his knuckles. "If anybody asks questions, just remember I started it and hit him first. I hit him first, understand?" He looked at Boyle and chuckled. "That's one part of the story they'll believe."

The order to report to Colonel Mennen on Monday afternoon puzzled Boyle. He knew the Old Man was not getting him on the carpet because of the fight; a lesser ranking officer would handle that situation if anything was to be done about it. The Old Man could demand no explanation of his refusal to pitch. Baseball was not an official detail; no one had the authority to force him to pitch. Boyle knew his rights.

HE WAITED uneasily for the colonel to acknowledge him. Finally, when they were alone, the colonel said, "I suppose you've heard the rumors in camp."

"There's been some talk," Boyle admitted. He wasn't quite sure what the Old Man meant.

"I haven't been following the baseball tournament very closely, but I understand the Infantry hasn't much chance of beating the Antiaircraft for the championship if Sergeant Harasch pitches." The colonel paused. "This is not an order, Boyle. It's a request. I'd like to see you pitch on Wednesday. I want to see the Infantry win."

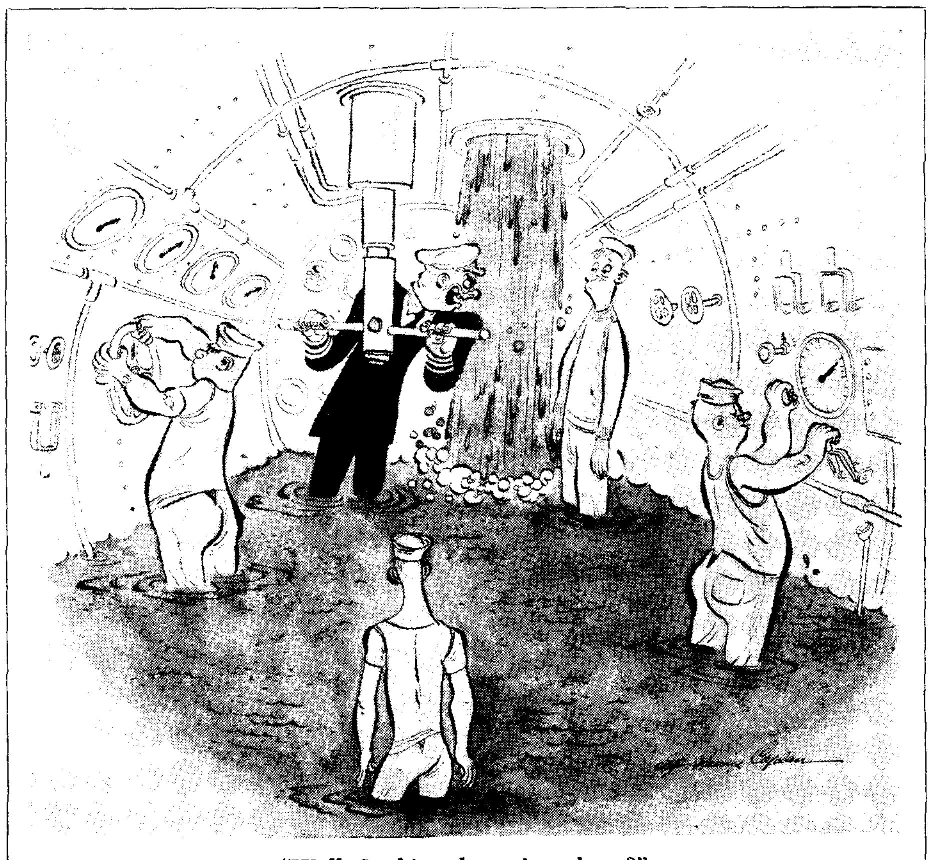
Boyle began to get it. The old Hearts and Flowers touch; the redeem-and-reform gag.

"Why do you want the Ack-Acks licked?" he asked, emboldened by the Old Man's preoccupied manner.

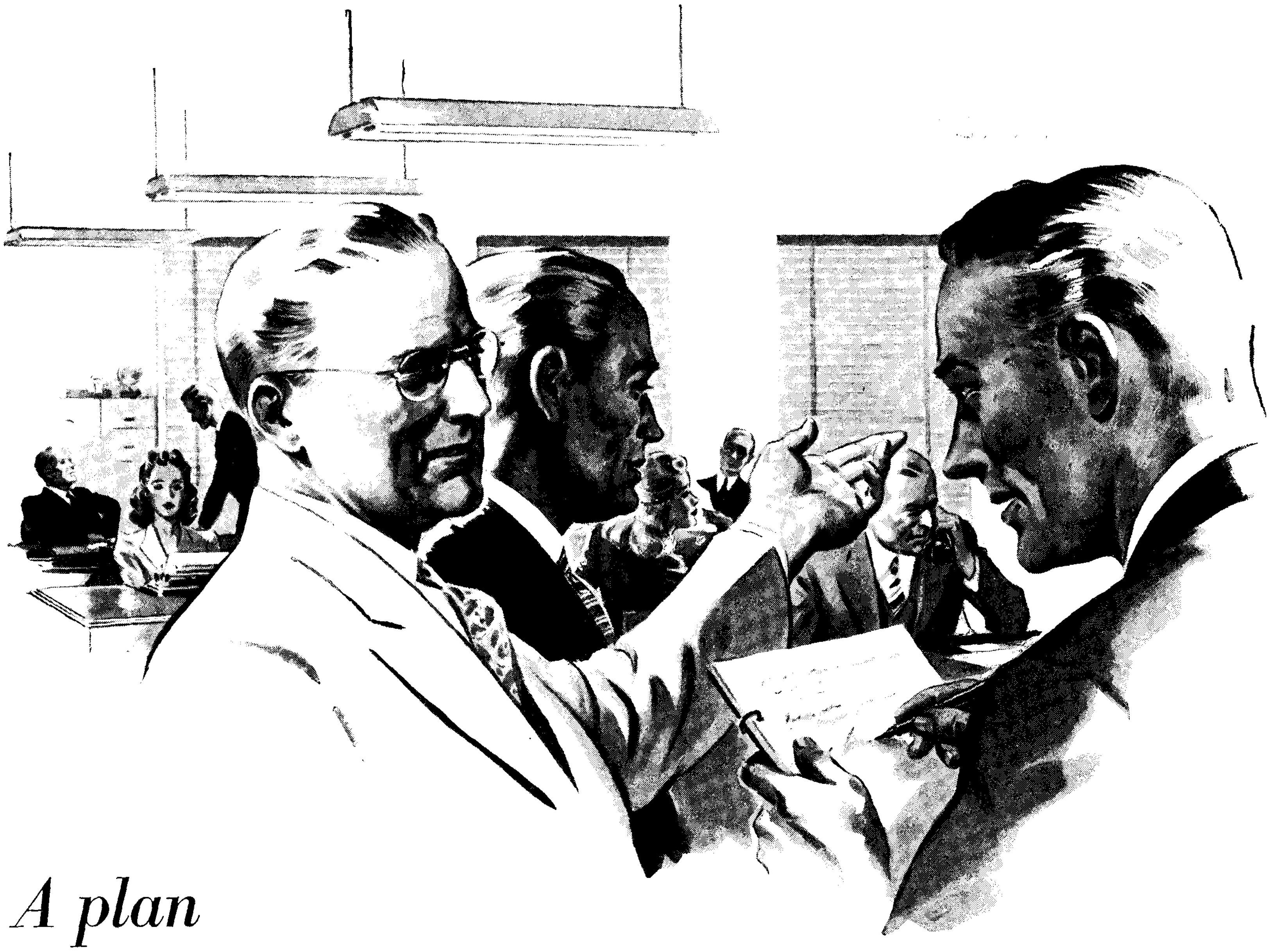
"I'll tell you why," the colonel said, leaning across his desk. "I'm depending upon your discretion as a soldier to keep this confidential. It may be unfair of me to tell you, because you must promise you will not phone, write or communicate with anyone."

"Nobody is waiting to hear from me," Boyle said slowly.

"The division is leaving for a combat zone overseas immediately after the game. The entire division is going except the Antiaircraft outfit. It will stay in this country to defend the coast. I'm telling you this, Boyle, because I want to impress upon you the importance of winning the



COLLIER'S "Well, Jenkins, born in a barn?" SGT. IRWIN CAPLAN



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game. I want the men to leave with the morale and the attitude of winners. That's why I'm asking you to pitch."

Boyle stood at attention. "I'll do the best I can, sir."

The colonel relaxed. "That's all an officer can ask of a soldier. In this Army, a soldier's best always has been good enough."

As Boyle scuffed the dirt in front of the mound preparatory to facing the first Ack-Ack batter, he was struck with a sense of strangeness. Something was missing, something was wrong; and then he realized what it was. Not a sound was to be heard on the field. The players behind him were not giving him the encouraging chatter that was customary before the first pitch; the guys in the stands were mute. They were giving him the brush-off, the silent treatment. Boyle flexed his shoulders and studied the batter.

He pitched slowly and carefully the first inning, getting his arm into it gradually. He kept his curve low and his fast ball high, only the fast ball was not too swift, but he got the Ack-Acks out on his reputation. Boyle wondered how long he could get away with it before the Ack-Acks caught on that he was throwing big balloons up to the plate.

He got them out in the second and third innings, and his arm didn't feel too bad, but Boyle wasn't kidding himself. He knew the twinge presently would be a throb, that he would be nauseated with fatigue in the eighth and ninth, if he lasted that long.

The Ack-Acks began to get to him in the fourth, but the field was large and his outfielders were fleet and he got out of the inning without damage. He worried about the team getting some runs for him. Werner was not a chump off the sand lots; he could pitch and he knew the racket. Boyle sat down and watched Werner closely, looking for a giveaway that would help his own hitters.

He saw something in the fifth. He went over to the outfielder from the Association and the kid from the coast, the players who had the experience to put his information to work.

"This guy tips his fast ball and his curve," he told them. "He throws the fast ball off his ear, straight overhand, but he gets a side-arm motion into his curve. Watch him and you can unload."

They merely grunted, but the kid singled, and the outfielder whacked a double, and the Infantry scored two runs. Boyle worked hard to protect the lead. The sixth was a struggle, and in the seventh, the arm and the Ack-Acks threatened to gang up on him. He held off the Ack-Acks with difficulty, but he could not subdue the ache that tore at his arm.

AS HE went out for the eighth, a soldier from the stands shouted, "Hey, Indispensable! The Pilgrims are getting a shellacking. They're cooked. I guess they coulda used you, eh, boy?"

The chatter from the infield and the stands that Boyle missed started to come in the eighth, but they could not talk off a walk, a bunt and a hit that added up to a run for the Ack-Acks. It could have been more. It would have been more if Boyle had not exploded a facsimile of the best fast ball he'd ever owned past the last hitter. He dropped wearily on the bench, trying not to wince with each pulsation of the toothache in his arm, trying not to think of the three men he had to get out in the ninth.

The kid from the coast got the first man for him with a nice play on a hard-hit grounder. The next ball was hit where no one but the left fielder could reach it. On the first bounce. A single. The legs that could carry Boyle thirty miles with a full pack sagged under him. All sense of control deserted his arm. He walked the batter, putting the winning run on base.

He looked toward the dugout, hoping to see Harasch warming up to relieve him. Harasch was motionless on the bench. Boyle kicked the dirt, stalling for time. A radio in the stands was turned on full blast, and Boyle heard the announcer's choked, excited voice telling of the Pilgrims' defeat in the World Series.

Boyle derived no satisfaction from the knowledge that it had been different when he was with the Pilgrims, that he really was indispensable to his old club. The impact of the news suddenly and desperately made him want one of the Pilgrims to win something, even if it was only a camp game that wouldn't get a line in the papers.

HE TOOK his stance on the mound and dug deep down within himself for his old fast ball. He got it across three times but with the last one, he felt something snap in his shoulder.

Quite calmly and logically, he realized his arm was gone, that he never would pitch another game. He was astonished to discover that his career did not mean as much to him as this game, which would have to stay with him and a lot of other guys for a long time.

He squared off to face the hitter and he could feel the numbness climbing up his arm with each pitch. The count went to three and two. He had only one more pitch in him. It had to be good; it had to end the game. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, started to wipe his hand on his shirt, then stopped.

The sweat on his hand could make the ball act like a spitter, the trick pitch that had been banned before the kid at the plate was born. It would fool the kid completely. It would fool the officer umpiring behind the plate. Big-league umpires couldn't spot it. Boyle had got away with it before. He could work it once more for the one pitch he needed to win.

Boyle wiped his forehead again, lifted the moist ball and took his step off the mound. He was about to release the ball when a vise locked his arm. He had to go out a winner, but he knew he had to go out the hard, the honorable way. He didn't deserve to win if he had to pull a low, cheap trick on a kid who didn't belong on the same field with him. He dropped his arm, still holding the ball.

The Ack-Ack coaches screamed "Balk!" and the umpire waved the two runners up a base. Now both men were in position to score and win the game on a hit. Boyle slowly dried his hand, braced his foot and threw the ball with a convulsive grunt.

It was a good pitch, but not quite good enough to fool the kid completely. He topped a slow roller to the left of the mound that only Boyle could reach in time for a play at first base. Boyle forgot his fatigue; all his conscious thought was concentrated on the ball.

Boyle lunged, felt it in his glove and squeezed hard. He didn't trust himself to throw it to first base. He ran with the ball and crossed the bag a step ahead of the hitter. He put the ball in his pocket as he turned to the locker room. That was one ball he would keep—the last ball of his career.

Guys smacked him on the back and told him what a great fellow he was. They were milling around him when whistles began to blow all over the camp. The guys stopped yelling and went away on the double. The whistles continued to shrill and, in his inner ear, Boyle heard them amplified into a boat's full-throated blast.

One last guy was tugging at his arm, his good arm. "Can I have your autograph, soldier?"

Harasch was grinning at him and holding out a pencil and a scrap of paper.

THE END

The Disguise

Continued from page 26

Sylvia lifted the phone on her desk. "Yes?" she said. "I knew it was you. I was just thinking about you. I'm debating hanging out a shingle that says, 'Witchcraft. I can Think It, and It Is.' " She listened for a moment, her face paler than it had been moments before.

"So soon?" she said. "I thought somehow we had months more. But I suppose even the state of being alerted has to come to an end."

After a long listening, she said, "I had a letter from the one I've told you about . . . Yes. The stumbling block. He wants me to come down next week end to see him at camp. He's officer of the day and can't leave . . . I hadn't thought so . . . No."

She listened carefully.

"But why should I?" she asked. "It doesn't matter any more, any of it."

But when she hung up, she had to admit that Leo was right when he protested that she would have to face the past, once and for all. If it didn't matter, he said, then why couldn't she just make a simple date with an old friend?

Leo had said, "Don't you see? It's a piece of luck that he's appeared now, while things are this way between us. You'll see him, you'll talk to him again, you've had five years to sift it through your feelings, and this time you'll know. I'm not trying to give him another chance. Why the hell should I? I don't know him and I certainly don't like him! I'm only trying to give myself a chance of your finally knowing your own heart."

IT HAD always seemed to irritate other people when she praised Greer, until she wondered if people always felt that way about other people's lovers, or what was it she said that made her friends dislike him?

"Sounds like a spoiled, selfish brat, if you ask me," she had overheard Helen say to Arline once. They were her roommates and shared the shabby four-room apartment near Columbia. "Doesn't he realize the girl's bone-tired? He doesn't seem to consider her. Though I suppose he's crazy about her."

"I wonder," Arline answered, over the sound of rushing water. She was putting up her hair for a date, while Helen took a bath. "Why doesn't he come to see her here? It seems as though he's afraid of having us know him—as if he didn't want to get in too deep or have it too official, or something. I don't trust him."

In time, Sylvia hardly mentioned Greer. It was silently understood that she had no dates that were not with him, and that if she was not at home or at work or in class, she was with Greer. If he brought her home, he left her downstairs. If they spent time alone together, it was at Greer's tiny furnished apartment where, often, between classes and work, Syl took time to cook dinner in that mock domesticity that is part of a love affair. They had been happiest in those hours when they were alone, and when the world fell away from them with the closing of a door. There was no one to consider except themselves; there were no problems.

"If we could just be like this always," Greer would say darkly. "I've never been happy before."

"Are you happy, darling?" she would say, and would forget her fears about their love because it seemed to have no future, and because, if they talked of what they wanted to do together, it was in a timeless world like that of Greer's apartment. "Some day, when we're married and have five children," Greer would say. "Some day, when we're taking a trip to Europe."

As spring went on, Greer was more moody and talked bitterly of having to go home to real estate, when his heart was lost in Eighteenth Century England.

"But why do you go back if you don't want to?" Sylvia made the mistake of asking once.

"I have to," Greer said irritably.

But he didn't. He could get an instructorship in English at Columbia, if he wanted it, and go on working for his Ph.D. They could go ahead together, just as they were doing this year.

One day she came flying home to him, excited and eager because she had a wonderful job with a good firm of young experimental architects. As soon as she was through with her classes, she would go to work for them.

"No more waitressing," she said. "I'll be earning a decent living. The girls have been so sweet to me, because of course they've had more money than I have this year, but now I can make up what I owe them. I'll even be able to buy a few things."

"You're all set, aren't you?" he said bitterly. "You're going to be one of those masculine women in flat shoes, living with other women. You'll have your name on the door some day, and I suppose you'll have pedigreed dogs or something, instead of the children a woman ought to have. Women with careers!"

For once she had answered him as if he were her equal and did not have to be coddled because he was unhappy at his own prospects.

She said, "I didn't think you thought I was a masculine kind of woman, and I haven't changed because I have my first good job. I feel like the same girl in love, and the other things that go with that are partly the man's responsibility, you know."

Later, at sunrise, when they were sitting on a bench looking down at the Hudson, he asked her to marry him—then, that day!

"You could make me break away," he said. "And you're so swell, I'm afraid something will happen to us if we're not married."

Why hadn't she done what he wanted? What had held her back?

"We ought to let your parents know," she said. "They've done so much for you, and it isn't as if I had anybody to care what I did."

DURING the next weeks before Greer's parents were to come to New York, his moodiness increased to the point of surliness, and Sylvia simply stopped making plans.

If Greer wanted to take her home with him, she would go—her work could wait. Anything—anything he wanted was what she wanted.

The day before commencement, Sylvia went shopping. She bought a black-and-white print dress and black shoes with small white birds for bows, and a sheer, black broad-brimmed hat. She tried on her new clothes for her roommates.

"Will Greer's family like me?" she asked. "It's terribly important."

"They're—beautiful clothes," Helen said hesitantly. "The first you've had all this year, aren't they? Maybe they are a little sophisticated, though."

Helen thought she should put on an act for Greer's parents. Helen said she had an oil painting of what they were like, and what they would want in the way of a girl for their precious son.

Arline knew there was no time to change the clothes.

"You'll be the handsomest girl there," she said. "Darling, if they can't under-

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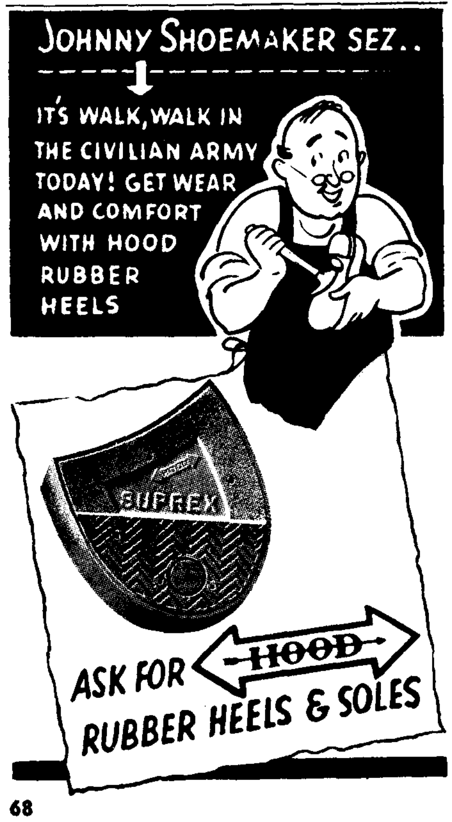
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stand your quality, they don't deserve you, anyway."

Sylvia still had the new things on when Greer telephoned. He sounded distraught and worried and also irritable.

"It's all off for tomorrow," he said abruptly. "They flew off the handle when I even mentioned you, so I don't think it's such a good idea for them to meet you at commencement. I'll talk to you later."

She hung up, feeling frozen with shock, but determined not to let the girls see that anything was wrong, not to give them a chance to criticize Greer and say he was a coward. She knew how it was for him. They didn't.

Arline and Helen were looking at each other when she turned to face them.

"He's going to call for me tomorrow, that's all," she said.

Frantically she made plans. The next morning, she dressed for commencement and saw the girls off to their jobs. She would leave at the right time, she would spend the day at a movie, so no one would see her, she would read the papers about the exercises that afternoon, and that evening she would give a glowing report of all she hadn't seen.

Only, magically, Greer came after her at ten, before she had left.

"It's all right, darling," he said. "They want to meet you."

She shouldn't have gone, she knew now, but she was so happy to see him, and there was so little time for it all to be settled!

THAT afternoon was a nightmare come true. The sun blazed down on the thousands gathered, the boys and girls in medieval black robes and saddle shoes, the elderly scholars, the proud, uncomfortable parents.

Even now, behind a desk, with good work in front of her and security behind her, and a man like Leo wanting to marry her, and five years gone by, even now she cringed, remembering that afternoon. Couldn't Greer's parents see how shy and afraid she was, under her calm? Didn't they realize how in love she was? Couldn't they appreciate something of what it was like for her to stand there in her cheap new clothes, as if she were naked to their hatred? For they hated her, no mistake about that. They nodded and didn't smile when Greer said, "This is Sylvia." They spiked her with instant questions—about herself, her family, what she did.

And Greer, his face closed, did nothing about it. Finally, when she had to go to work at the restaurant, for the last time, he didn't offer to go with her.

She could hardly understand what had happened. She was mute with misery, numb with shock—until she got home to the apartment, and the girls rushed forward, saying, "Lamb! Did they like you? Can you stand them? Are you officially engaged now—or have you and Greer been married all along? How was it? It must have been sickeningly hot! Are you going out to celebrate tonight?"

She leaned against the door and took off her hat and dropped it to the floor. She took off the dress and rolled it into a ball and threw it on top of the hat. She kicked off the shoes that had made blisters on her heels, for they were cheap and ill fitting. She spoke like herself, at last, after a year of restraint.

"It was hell!" she said flatly. "They hated me. I hated them. And Greer will go back with them!"

After a second of appalled silence, the girls rushed into speech, after a year of restraint, too. They told her what they thought of Greer and his small-town snobbery and his disregard of her feelings and his selfishness. She couldn't stop them.

They had a long, sociable Tom Collins and let themselves go, only it was like her own ghost talking, telling them Greer's parents had thought she was only a waitress, not a student like Greer, not an architect now. They had seen her cheap clothes. They thought she was years older than their son, an adventuress. They had almost tried to buy her off.

She even made it amusing for them, but that night she wept as she would never weep again. Those tears, for the death of a first lover, or for his desertion, only come once.

THE next morning, there was a sad letter of farewell. It spoke of love that would never be forgotten, but it was better this way, darling, we always knew—didn't we?—that such a perfect love has a world of its own. Now we must find our way in the real world—

She tore the letter up.

From that day, she worked. She forgot the affair as quickly as she could, and she had other dates, and eventually went to the weddings of her roommates, and got better jobs, and lived in a decent apartment, and had friends of her own, and was established. Sometimes she thought of Greer, and there still hung, at the back of her closet, that dress she had bought for commencement. It was the skeleton in her closet.

THEY TOOK THE COUNT

1,550—is the number of feathers on a chickadee, according to a count made at the Smithsonian Institution.

2,160—is the number of bites of grass a cow takes in a day, according to a count made for the Milk Industry News.

14,175—is the number of teeth in the mouth of a snail, according to the count of a British scientist.

46,400—is the number of hairs in a square inch of rabbit skin, according to the count of a Chicago researcher.

120,000—is the number of leaves on a beech tree with a trunk eighteen inches thick, according to the count of an American botanist.

3,000,000—is the number of particles of dust per cubic foot in a room, according to a count made at the University of Minnesota.

—W. E. Farbstein

Now there was a letter from Greer in her purse. He had escaped from the real-estate business because the war had made him into an officer and brought him to New Jersey.

"Come down and spend Sunday," he said. "I want to show you off, which you know is not unlike me. I want to show the other lads that I'm not a solitary Middle Western stranger and that I, too, know glamorous women."

It was a disarming approach. He assumed that she still understood and had long ago forgiven him. He put it on a safe, friendly plane. Yet he flattered her a little. He aroused her curiosity. And he hinted that his feeling for her was still more than half alive.

Suddenly Sylvia got up from her safe desk.

She said, "For five years, I've been miserable, only there wasn't time for it. What if I still love him? Am I going to wreck the rest of my life by not admitting it? Or am I going to face it?"

She didn't see Leo again before she went to Jersey on Sunday. She talked with him by phone once or twice, and he said, "I'm busy making out lists of French perfumes, in case I land in Casablanca. If you want to check the list, what about Sunday night? The last train back from there gets in at Penn Station around ten. If you don't get off the train, I'll just tear the list up."

She laughed a little shakily. "It's nice you want to know if I'm coming back," she said.

"Is it?" he said quietly. "There's an earlier train, due in at three, incidentally, in case you don't like the looks of your past."

She was already sensing that thickness of the throat and coldness of the hands on Sunday—a compound of terrible eagerness and a more terrible hesitancy. She hated to get off the train, but she was almost pushed off by eager, unhesitant visitors to the camp, the girls who flung themselves out toward their men, the mothers with cakes in their arms, the fathers with cartons of cigarettes. The platform was milling with uniforms and visitors, meeting, splitting apart into couples and groups, with a few solitary watchers.

For a few minutes, Sylvia stood there alone, too. She thought she saw a car filled with officers go by once or twice, but Greer could not be in it. It was a long, hot wait. She had a cup of coffee and looked at the Sunday paper. A housing group she'd helped design was talked about under Real Estate; she wondered if Greer's real-estate family would ever see the article and recognize her name? Would they think she was such a poor match for their son now?

AND then, when she hadn't been expecting him that minute, she was far off in her thoughts, he was there. They faced each other, and she saw the dark, still discontented face move a little. So he hadn't yet found what he wanted! He was still, in some ways at least, in love with her! She wondered why she couldn't move toward him.

At last he spoke, his eyelids tensing with the old, moody irritation of a boy.

"You're a lot more beautiful," he said. "And you're famous—I read the Sunday papers, too. I was going to take you to lunch at the club and show you off—"

Sylvia said, "And here I am, the same, awkward, overanxious, shabby girl?"

"Why the disguise?" he said, waving at her clothes. "They were terrible when you first wore them and they haven't improved. It was pretty darned tactless of you to wear them, anyway!"

The black-and-white print, now older, looked cheaper than ever, and fitted her badly. The hat was still charming, but a little flashy, perhaps—one didn't see thin-brimmed big hats so much this year, but a shy girl who wanted to look sophisticated always wanted one. The shoes were making blisters over the healed scars of those commencement-day blisters.

She said, "It wasn't a disguise when I put these on this morning, because, all this time, I've been moon-struck. I should have outgrown the horror of that day when I realized you were ashamed of me, even though you loved me. The terrible part of it was that you did love me."

He moved his hand, wanting to say something.

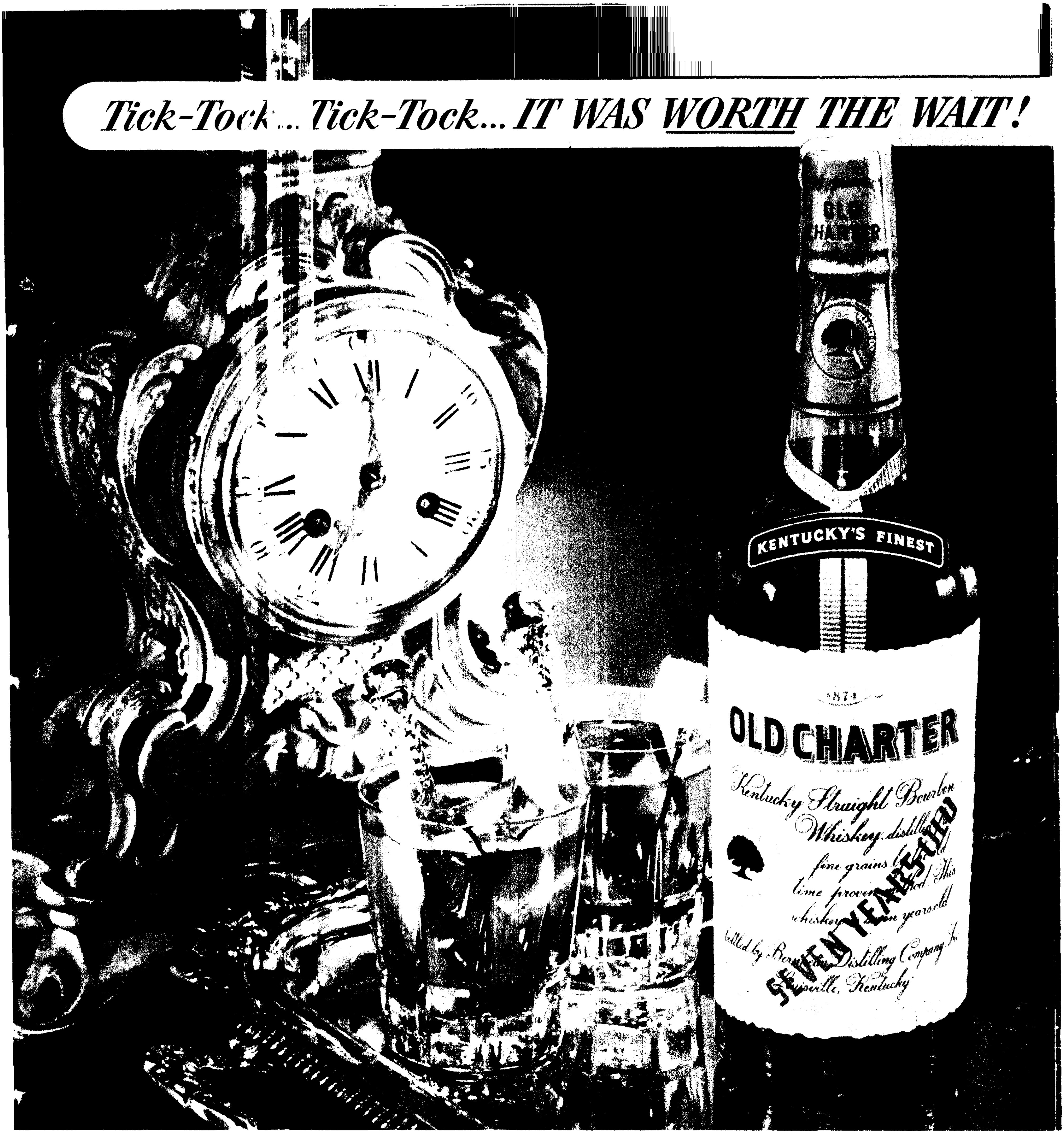
Sylvia said, "If you'd wanted me today, just the way I am, I might have gone on wearing the disguise forever, always keeping five years behind my heart's time. But, thank God, you're still ashamed, and still discontented! Now I'm free. Tell your friends it was all a mistake and that I never came at all. That'll be easier for you than letting them see me, anyway."

"Sylvia!" he called sharply. "Wait a minute—Syl!"

But she couldn't, because the train was pulling into the station, and because she knew he had been in that car that had driven by several times. She couldn't miss this train, there wasn't any time, and she had kept Leo waiting too long as it was.

THE END

Tick-Tock... Tick-Tock... IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!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Bloody Salerno

Continued from page 13

its job. The British divisions continued their landing operations.

At the place where the Americans were landing we saw disturbing sights. Red tracer bullets firing low scorched the night, and we knew the U. S. division was catching hell.

We learned afterward that the Germans had relieved the Italian troops in this region only twelve hours before, and that we were now up against the best professional army the world has ever known. Men in the operations room sat tensely watching the teletype screens that told them what was happening ashore.

There had been a miscalculation. The enemy had checkmated us in the American sector by laying a wide minefield in shallow water, where we had expected a narrow one. It was well inshore and it covered the "Green" and "Yellow" beaches where the Americans were landing. The sweepers had cleared a narrow channel throught it, large enough for small infantry landing craft but not big enough for troop or supply ships, or LSTs (Landing Ship—Tanks).

This whole area had to be cleared before big ships carrying the bulk of guns and supplies could get in. In complete darkness, the sweepers went on with their difficult, dangerous job. Meanwhile, machine-gun fire blanketed the beaches, and our naval guns could not fire for fear of hitting our own men. The Germans had been diabolically clever in allowing our first wave to land. They knew that the first wave carried only light weapons. Standing there on deck, you could visualize those boys ashore scooping out shallow slit trenches with their helmets.

Soldiers Without Armor

Invariably every message from every landing point carried the ominous phrase "opposition strong." This was no walk-in. We were up against good troops. Again I looked toward the right, watching the gunfire, and felt bad about the American division. We didn't have an army on that shore as yet. We had a bunch of youngsters, that's all. When their artillery, their ammo and their antiaircraft guns arrived they'd become an army. But that heavy stuff couldn't go through until the mines were cleared.

"General quarters," sounded on our ship. Enemy planes had been detected. They weren't long in coming. We didn't hear them, but four lovely red and golden flares blossomed where before there had been solid darkness. These "chandelier flares" hung there in the soft night air two thousand feet above us, and we cursed them because we were all a little bit afraid. Then to our port side and about two miles away, our flak arose in brilliant red arcs. It rose from the right and from the left in symmetric circles, with the glowing chandelier flares in the middle, so that the whole looked like some gaily lighted Christmas tree.

The line of ships parallel to us began to fire. For a mile, there seemed to be a million red, golden and occasional purple shafts stabbing the heavens. The noise of the guns went almost unheard, so powerful on the senses was this wall of shifting color that split the night. Bombs dropping close brought one back to reality. Twice our ship shuddered under the impact of near-misses.

I walked to the starboard side and looked toward the beaches where I knew the kids from Texas had landed. There were flares over them, and bombs landed on those beaches, splashing up angry red bursts into the night. I could visualize the kids crouching there, trying to keep their stomachs from tying into knots, for it is like that when fear grips you.

Fear hits your stomach first, long before your mind acknowledges the fact that you are afraid. Fear makes the muscles of your stomach writhe and stiffen, and you find that your teeth are hard together and your hands are clammy and clenched tightly, and yet it may be that your mind is clear and you tell yourself confidently that you are not afraid—your body may be, but you aren't.

There was an hour of hell and then a sullen crimson glow crept over the tops of the jagged mountains back of the beaches and it was dawn when the raiders left.

We breathed more easily now. It was nearly 6 A. M. and we knew that our P-38s had taken off from Sicily 180 miles away at five. They'd be with us any minute now. So would the Spitfires, also en route from Sicily. Because it took them a half hour to come and a half hour to return, the Spits could only give us protection for about twenty minutes, for their limited gas tanks give them only an hour and a half of flying time.

We knew that our lovely American A-36s were on the way and that Seafires were coming from the British carriers which were standing out to sea a few miles. A Seafire is a Spitfire modified, so it can take off and land on a carrier. Within a few minutes, we would have Seafires patrolling over us at 3,000 feet, P-38s at 10,000 feet, and Spits and A-36s at 20,000.

Now the dawn tumbled over the tops of the mountains and spilled into the harbor, and we could see the whole field of operations. The Americans had landed on white sandy beaches, and behind the beaches stretched three miles of scrubby underbrush—good tank country. Then at the base of the mountains, the slope rose greenly, only to become brown and barren with overhanging rounds as it steepened.

Suddenly a cruiser on the port side let go with a 6-inch salvo toward the beaches to our right. I grabbed my glasses and pointed them toward the shore. I swept the shore with them, looking for the men of the U. S. Army. There were none there, but there were five tanks lined up on the beach designated as the "Yellow" beach and they were not American tanks. The guns spoke again, and now the tanks vanished in smoke. Twice more the fifteen 6-inch guns spoke.

The smoke on shore cleared and four of the tanks were leaning lopsidedly, three of them in flames. The fourth limped away. Another salvo and it too died. Then a mile back of the beach, flashes of fire rose into the morning air. Our invasion maps showed us that a railroad ran parallel to the shore a mile back of it. These would be railroad guns mounted on flatcars, aiming for our troop and tank-landing craft that were beginning to creep in now that part of the minefield had been cleared. The cruiser wasted no time. One blast from all her guns, and then a thick ugly spiral of black smoke began to uncoil above where the railroad guns had been. A feature of both this and the Sicilian invasion has been the remarkable accuracy of naval gunfire directed from shore by naval spotters.

News kept coming into the operations room from the various units ashore. Now once again the alert sounded, but we didn't worry. We had faith in our air cover. Looking skyward, we could see both Spitfires and P-38s patroling sedately. Then above the high singing of the aircraft, came the shocking scream of a bomb and another, and then a third. Huge geysers of water rose high on either side of a destroyer half a mile from us. We wondered whether it had been hit and then sighed with relief as it emerged from the spray, intact. That shook our faith slightly in the invincibility of our air protection, and events of the next few days firmly convinced us that a perfect fighter cover from bases 180 miles away is a virtual impossibility.

When a bomb fell only 300 yards astern of us, our trigger-happy lads on the guns swung into action. I walked into our wardroom. Part of it had been taken over by the doctor and his four assistants. Dozens of wire-basket stretchers were piled high on the floor.

No Desire for Business

"No customers yet, Doc?" I asked.

"No," he said. "And I hope to God I don't get any!"

"Do you guys really feel that way?"

"Of course," he snapped. "I know every boy on this ship."

The sun had climbed high now, and we stripped off our shirts but kept on our life belts and tin hats. You couldn't look in any direction without seeing fifty ships. There were huge troopships that had once been luxury liners. They were waiting for the minefield to be swept clean. There were cruisers and destroyers and monitors and fat supply ships and pert little motor torpedo boats and all sorts of landing craft and fast little messengers.

I went into the operations room and sat watching the teletype screens, much as customers used to watch the same sort of screens in brokerage offices. The quotations which appeared on these screens were not matters of profit and loss but of life and death. A message was coming in from one of the beaches where the Americans had landed:

"LST 386 STRUCK MINE STOP BEACHED STOP LARGE HOLE PORT SIDE BUT SEAWORTHY STOP THREE DEAD SEVEN WOUNDED LST 375 HIT BY SHELL FIRE WHILE BEACHING STOP FOUR DEAD FORTY-EIGHT WOUNDED STOP MINOR STRUCTURAL DAMAGE."

The messages kept coming in, none of them cheerful. Everyone stopped talking when the screen showed, "ON WHAT BEACH SHALL WE PUT OUR DEAD." A startling message on the screen drove thoughts of tragedy from my mind. Incredulously I read: "THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG BULL NAMED FERDINAND STOP FERDINAND LIKED TO SMELL FLOWERS DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT" Then, after a silence, came the apologetic message, "ONLY PRACTICING ONLY PRACTICING."

There was one man I would like to know—a man who, in order to test out his machine reached back through the years to a story as far removed from death and bloodshed and reality as possible.

Everyone on board was pretty solemn now. The night before, we had been kidding about what a walk-in it would be, now that the Italians were out. It was different now. By now, we knew that the German raiders who were harrying us so and strafing the men on the beaches were for the most part coming from Italian airfields. We had hoped that the Italians would be our allies and that they would do some sabotage around those airports, but evidently they didn't have the energy. We were on our own now and we didn't expect a pleasant time. But we never anticipated that things would be as rough as they eventually became.

The second and concluding part of the story of Bloody Salerno will be published in next week's Collier's.

Texas, home state of many a U. S. Marine, gives you "Leatherneck" belts and billfolds. Created by Western leather craftsmen, these swagger styles symbolize the dauntless spirit of the Marine Corps. They are keyed to the needs of a fighting America. Belts and billfolds are African Water Buffalo in Safari grain, rugged and durable for heavy duty. Made for MEN WHO PACK A PUNCH.

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A Challenge to American Sportsmanship

Continued from page 21

West Coast preserved their national traditions, in part because they were discriminated against. Japanese were not always welcome buyers of real estate. They were not always welcome neighbors or participators in community undertakings. As always happens with groups that are discriminated against, they gather together and live as racial groups. The younger ones made friends in school and college, and became part of the community life, and prejudices lessened against them. Their elders were not always sympathetic to the changes thus brought about in manners and customs.

There is a group among the American-born Japanese called the Kibei. These are American citizens who have gone to Japan and returned to the United States. Figures compiled by the War Relocation Authority show that 72 per cent of the American citizens have never been to Japan. Technically, the remainder, approximately 28 per cent, are Kibei, but they include many young people who made only short visits, perhaps as children with their parents. Usually the term Kibei is used to refer to those who have received a considerable portion of their education in Japan.

While many of the Kibei are loyal to Japan, some of them were revolted by what they learned of Japanese militarism and are loyal to the land of their birth, America.

Enough for the background. Now we come to Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. There was no time to investigate families or to adhere strictly to the American rule that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. These people were not convicted of any crime, but emotions ran too high. Too many people wanted to wreak vengeance on Oriental-looking people. Even the Chinese, our allies, were not always safe from insult on the streets. The Japanese had long been watched by the F.B.I., as were other aliens, and several hundred were apprehended at once on the outbreak of war and sent to detention camps.

Approximately three months after Pearl Harbor, the Western Defense Command ordered all persons of Japanese ancestry excluded from the coastal area, including approximately half of Washington, Oregon and California, and the southern portion of Arizona. Later, the entire state of California was added to the zone from which Japanese were barred.

Problems in Relocation

At first, the evacuation was placed on a voluntary basis; the people were free to go wherever they liked in the interior of the country. But the evacuation on this basis moved very slowly, and furthermore, those who did leave encountered a great deal of difficulty in finding new places to settle. In order to avoid serious incidents, on March 29, 1942, the evacuation was placed on an orderly basis, and was carried out by the Army.

A civilian agency, the War Relocation Authority, was set up to work with the military in the relocation of the people. Because there was so much indication of danger to the Japanese unless they were protected, relocation centers were established where they might live until those whose loyalty could be established could be gradually reabsorbed into the normal life of the nation.

To many young people this must have seemed strange treatment of American citizens, and one cannot be surprised at the reaction that manifested itself not only in young Japanese-Americans, but in others who had known them well and had been educated with them, and who asked bitterly, "What price American citizenship?"

Nevertheless, most of them realized that this was a safety measure. The Army carried out its evacuation, on the whole, with remarkable skill and kindness. The early situation in the centers was difficult. Many of them were not ready for occupation. The setting up of large communities meant an amount of organization which takes time, but the Japanese, for the most part, proved to be patient, adaptable and courageous.

There were unexpected problems and, one by one, these were discovered and an effort was made to deal with them fairly. For instance, these people had property and they had to dispose of it, often at a loss. Sometimes they could not dispose of it, and it remained unprotected, deteriorating in value as the months went by. Business had to be handled through agents, since the Japanese could not leave the camps.

An Emotional Situation

Understandable bitterness against the Japanese is aggravated by the old-time economic fear on the West Coast and the unreasoning racial feeling which certain people, through ignorance, have always had wherever they came in contact with people who were different from themselves.

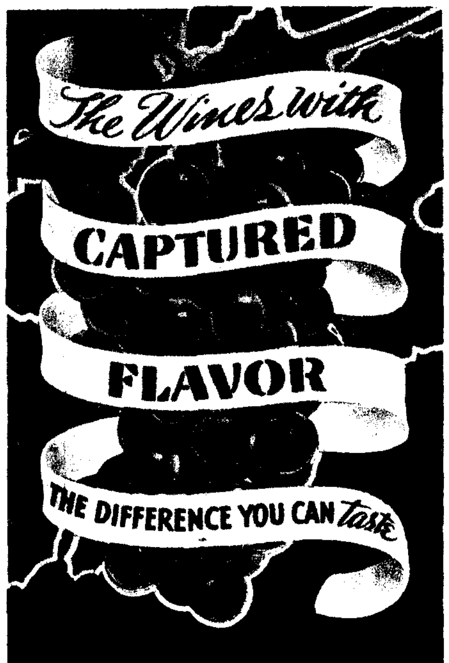
This is one reason why many people believe that we should have directed our original immigration more intelligently. We needed people to develop our country, but we should never have allowed any groups to settle as groups where they created little German or Japanese or Scandinavian "islands" and did not melt into our general community pattern. Some of the South American countries have learned from our mistakes and are now planning to scatter their needed immigration.

Gradually, as the opportunities for outside jobs are offered to them, loyal citizens and law-abiding aliens are going out of the relocation centers to start independent and productive lives again. Those not considered reliable, of course, are not permitted to leave. As a taxpayer, regardless of where you live, it is to your advantage, if you find one or two Japanese-American families settled in your neighborhood, to try to regard them as individuals and not to condemn them before they are given a fair chance to prove themselves in the community.

"A Japanese is always a Japanese" is an easily accepted phrase and it has taken hold quite naturally on the West Coast because of some reasonable or unreasonable fear back of it, but it leads nowhere and solves nothing. Japanese-Americans may be no more Japanese than a German-American is German, or an Italian-American is Italian. All of these people, including the Japanese-Americans, have men who are fighting today for the preservation of the democratic way of life and the ideas around which our nation was built.

We have no common race in this country, but we have an ideal to which all of us are loyal. It is our ideal which we want to have live. It is an ideal which can grow with our people, but we cannot progress if we look down upon any group of people among us because of race or religion. Every citizen in this country has a right to our basic freedoms, to justice and to equality of opportunity, and we retain the right to lead our individual lives as we please, but we can only do so if we grant to others the freedoms that we wish for ourselves.

THE END



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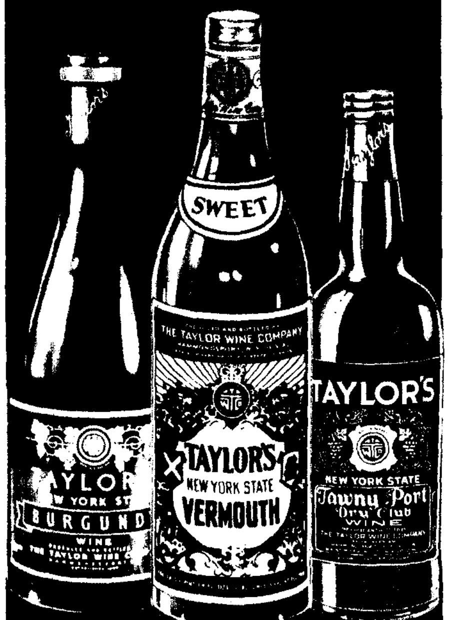

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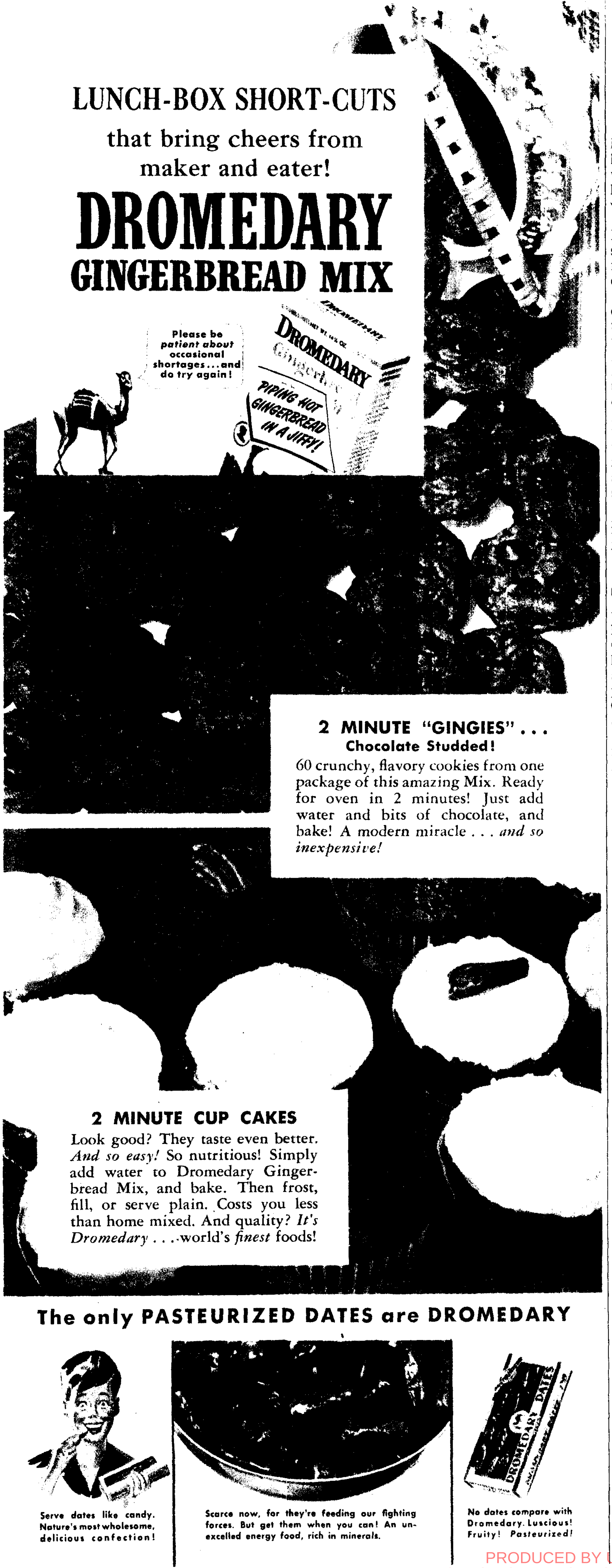
LEAVES from the TABLE



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The Cut of the Cloth

Continued from page 28

in lieu of goodby, closed the door after him and went out; on North End Road, with his head inched down toward his collar, he began to batter his way against the wind in the direction of Third Street.

There were no pedestrians, no traffic. Half a mile away, the walls of the new shipyard blazed and sputtered in a painful glare of illumination that shut out everything beyond.

Cranes and high platforms overhung it; on a tiny platform, floating as if on air, two men worked mysteriously against the towering superstructure of a freighter. From the corner of Third Street, Gallagher regarded them for some time, his head tilted up, the club swinging around and over at his back. What were they doing? He could not make it out. But he called to mind the two McNicholas boys who worked the night shift there, making fine money, their father said; to himself he added a sour comment that there were some who hadn't had that much sense.

He grunted and cleared his throat peevishly, peering around him from under the heavy brows; presently he turned east on Third Street.

GALLAGHER was fifty-nine, a solid and capable fifty-nine. He was a widower with two children: Loretta, who kept house, and Gerald Francis—Corporal Gerald Francis—who had not written home since the 22d of December. Tonight, as always, he covered his beat with long, ponderous strides. Three blocks over, on Columbus Avenue, he turned north. On Sixth, where his beat ended, he stopped again, rather furtively, over a bale of morning papers lying on the curb outside Braverman's newsstand.

The headlines, visible through torn brown wrapping, hadn't changed much since suppertime: New Jap Convoy Sighted in Solomons; Marines Hold Under Desperate Enemy Assault. Gallagher read them through twice, swinging the club gently, in a half arc, at his side. He knew the Marines—the fine big fellas in the dashin' uniforms. One at least he could recall very distinctly; the one who'd been waiting in the living room for him last June, when Gallagher came downstairs for his supper.

That was the first time Gallagher had ever found himself paying particular attention to the uniform. He had eyed it silently from the doorway, his expression not scornful perhaps, but certainly not admiring. "So you've gone and done it?" he had demanded after a minute or two. And the Marine was warned at once by the heaviness in his voice. Yes, he said, making the best of a lopsided grin, pulling the coat snugly across his shoulders. He guessed he had. Why? He could hardly say. Maybe because the day the Collins boys left for Parris Island, he'd begun to understand that this was something he had to do.

That was all there had been by way of remonstrance and explanation; that was all there had been, actually, by way of goodby. The Marine could have waited, like anyone with sense, until they got around to calling him. He hadn't—yet he must have known that his father had wanted him to. Those were two plain facts—incontrovertible facts. For Gallagher, something a fella had to do had very little force against them.

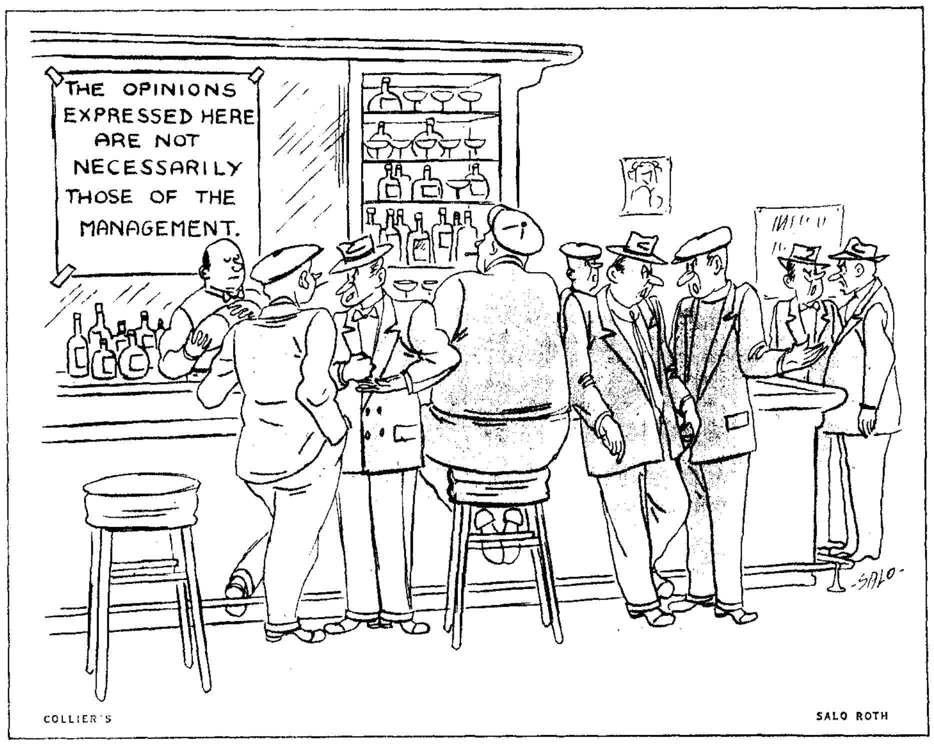
It was only lately, in the weeks since the letters had stopped coming, that a detail out of focus about that scene had returned to plague Gallagher. He had never insisted on a father's authority; he had always been conscious of it. And what he demanded of the Marine was not obedience but understanding. That was all Gallagher wanted to know—why he had done it. The Marine was old enough to think for himself. Too old to stand there like an oaf, flushed slightly, and mumbling about what a fella had to do.

What did the words mean? Even when he went over them deliberately Gallagher had no idea. Tonight, when he stopped at a call box to make his regular two-o'clock check with the precinct, he uttered a few low words—an impatient and petulant exclamation as he took down the receiver. He had no premonition of any kind. He was very cold and a little fretful, and he got through the usual formalities a quickly as possible.

"How's the weather?" the desk sergean asked him. "McNicholas tells me—oh"—his voice changed—"hold on now, Gallagher. Wait a minute. A message just came in here for you to call your home."

"Okay," Gallagher said. His voice was deeper than it had been before. "I'll—thanks, Charley."

He hung up. Then for quite a while he stood motionless. He seemed to know why he had been asked to call his home. The moment the sergeant relayed that message two thoughts had hit him with the speed and the impact of bullets. The Marine, of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course. If it wasn't word of the Marine what was it?

He understood something else, too; it wouldn't be a letter this time of night. A telegram, perhaps, from Washington. . . .

Gallagher stood—stiff-legged, his face curiously young, very soft around the mouth, until he remembered Loretta, who would be waiting for him to call her. After that he turned abruptly and walked back to the Lafayette garage.

The night man was up beyond the ramp, whistling to himself. In the office, the door shut after him, Patrolman Gallagher got some change out of his pocket and listened—instantly, it seemed—to a bell ringing on and on in a kitchen he could see much more clearly than the business quarters of the Lafayette garage. "Hello," somebody said. From the glass wall behind the phone Patrolman Gallagher's reflection stared back at him dimly. The voice was as he remembered it. The voice was—

"Pop?" the voice said. It was louder this time: "That you, Pop?"

GALLAGHER must have made some acknowledgment—not quite a word, scarcely indeed a sound.

"What?" the Marine said. "A little surprised, huh?" He seemed very pleased with himself. "I'm fine—sure. Okay. Loretta's just fixing me something to eat. I wrote to you—yeah. After they shipped me down to Australia for a rest I wrote five or six times. Didn't you get any of those letters?"

No, Gallagher said. He took one deep breath to get the words out. He hadn't got the letters. He—Loretta broke in, squealing something about a medal, and how they had sent him home to attend an officers' training school, and how—honest, Pop; wait till you see him!—the Marine didn't have so much as a scratch.

Gallagher listened to her; after a minute or two, indeed, he began to believe her. And he must have carried on his end of the conversation, besides—probably, at the end—telling them to go to bed now and get some sleep.

But he did not have any clear recollection of what had happened or of the actual words that had been used until he was out again on North End Road.

He did not heed the cold; he was not to any extent conscious of it. While he hustled down breathlessly to the warehouse where he hoped to catch McNicholas—that great fool McNicholas, with his jabbering about mails and letters, and his dismal talk about the other side of the world—his face shone, and he kept thumping the club into one thigh because he couldn't manage to keep that hand still.

Already he could see McNicholas' face when he told him the news. And the medal and the officers' school—offhand, at the end, Gallagher decided to bring those in. The McNicholas boys had no medals. The McNicholas boys would not have men out from the papers tomorrow, writing down everything they said, and taking their pictures while the whole neighborhood stood around to watch.

Those thoughts went through Gallagher's head now because, if he was an untalkative person, he was also intensely human. There was much he owed Patrolman McNicholas, that foxy and indirect man, who often mentioned the wages his boys made in the shipyard, and who held long nocturnal discussions, ostensibly with Old Teddy, about the chances a poor devil of a white man had in the islands out there, with the Japs sneakin' and scuttlin' after him from behind every bush. Gallagher had never given a sign that he heard—but Gallagher had heard, and Gallagher had understood, and Gallagher had remembered.

And tonight, at last, it seemed that everything was going Gallagher's way, because when he reached the alley McNicholas was there before him, half in and half out of the little doorway they had used at one o'clock. He did not hear Gallagher for some time; when he did he jumped around, swinging the club back over his shoulder in a frantic gesture.

"You—Gallagher," he wheezed. He seemed enormously relieved. A silly man, Gallagher thought; there were times when a cat would make him jump.

"In the flesh," Gallagher declared, quite jovially. The news burst out of him then despite all his planning for dramatic effect. "The kid's home," he said, on a deep breath that puffed out his chest incredibly. "Jerry. Just this minute I was talking to him on the phone."

McNicholas, peering through the doorway, breathed some words into his ear: "They've forced the door—look there!—and they've a truck inside. I'll slip off and call the precinct. You can wait here and—"

"The precinct?" Gallagher said vaguely after him. "What for? What nonsense are you talking about, man?"

He pushed the door aside and stepped over the low baseboard. The chisel marks on the door had no immediate meaning; the white, drawn face on McNicholas only struck him as being rather funny. But he stared at a truck, drawn up to the loading platform at half past two in the morning, with his round eyes; then he swept his revolver away from one broad hip and walked around the truck to the office.

Old Teddy was lying behind the door in there, his knees drawn up to his chin, his arms bound together under them. Four of them, he croaked shakily, after Gallagher worked the gag loose; they had pried open the alley door and waited on the loading platform until he came downstairs to punch in on the office time clock. After that they tied him up and backed the truck in and closed the doors and went upstairs in the elevator.

On one knee, speaking gruffly and soothingly to Old Teddy, Gallagher loosened the rope from his lean shanks and helped him up. At the same time McNicholas called his name hoarsely from before the elevator doors. They were coming down now from the top floor, from eight. McNicholas had just seen the indicator arrow begin to move.

"Stay where you are," Gallagher growled at him. He was in a vile temper. "Against the wall, man. That way we'll be behind them." He glanced around at the watchman and made an imperious backward sweep of the arm. Teddy vanished. McNicholas flattened himself on the right-hand side of the shaft. Gallagher was already in place on the other.

THERE were only two men in the elevator. They came out past Gallagher and McNicholas, pushing before them a baggage wagon burdened with neat wooden cases of brandy. They came out perhaps three steps. Then Gallagher moved forward, digging the barrel of his police revolver at least an inch deep into the back of the unfortunate on his side.

"Easy now," Gallagher warned them. "Straighten up and do what you're told. Keep your hands in front of you."

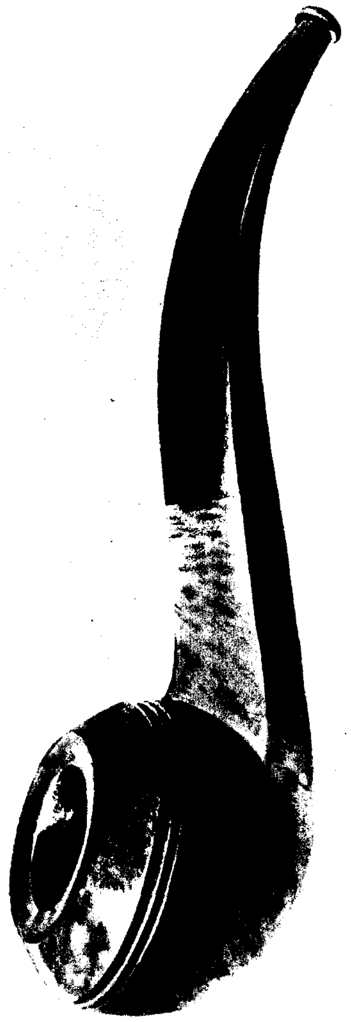
They did. They never even turned. Gallagher and McNicholas cuffed them together, back to back, and sat them down on the office floor behind the desk. Old Teddy began to be his own man again at that point. He picked up a length of lead pipe and whistled it past a brown felt hat and a wiry mop of uncovered red hair.

"I'll let them have it," he promised Gallagher; "if they try to get up I'll stretch them out for you."

"Good boy," Gallagher grunted. He glanced at McNicholas. "They'll be expecting this precious pair upstairs again," he said. "They won't be looking for us."

McNicholas rubbed a hand down the side of his coat uneasily. "Here," he said. "We've got two of them. Now let's call the precinct, Gallagher. Let's not—"

"Ye're a fine specimen," Gallagher re-



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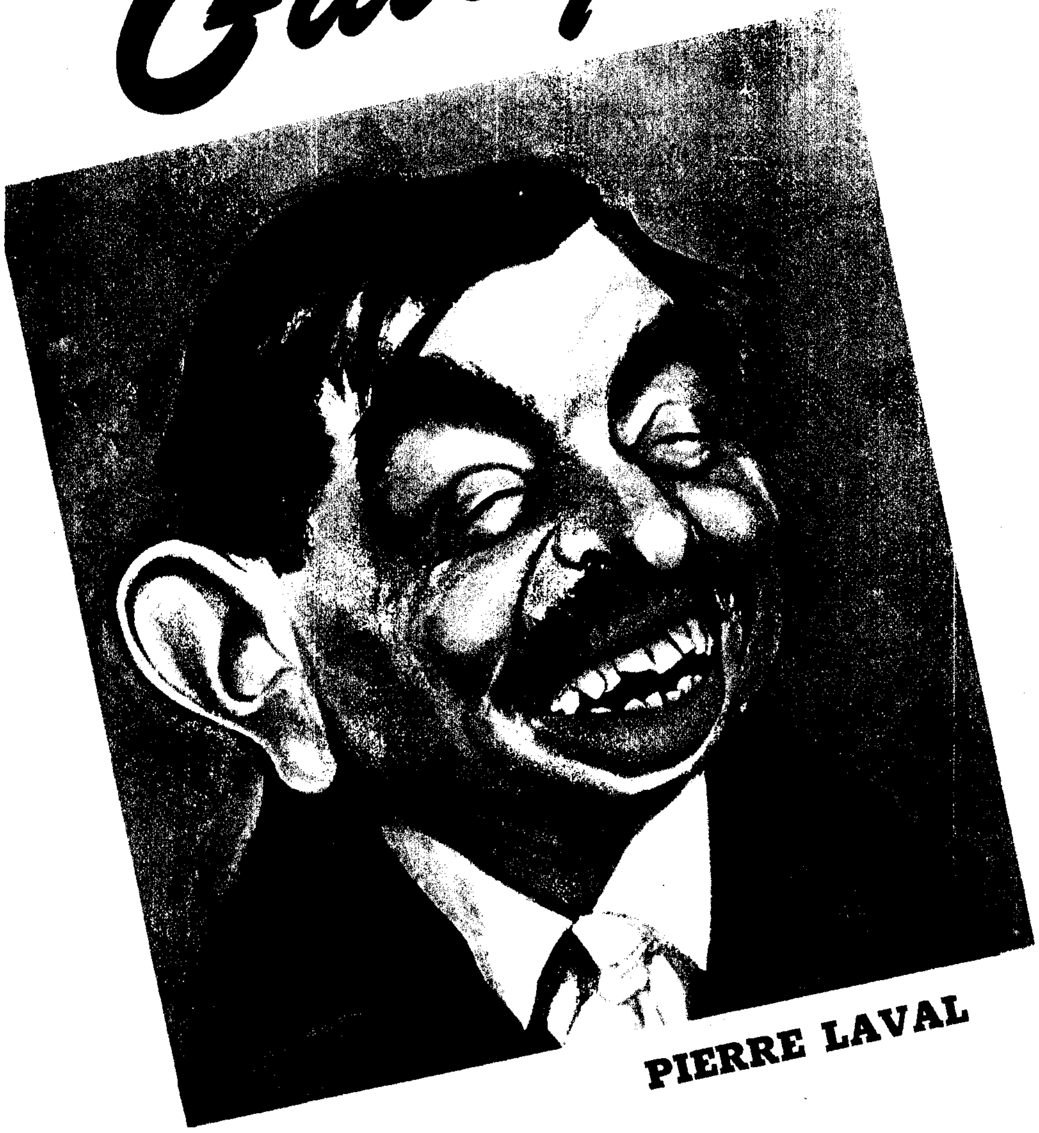

PIERRE LAVAL

XI

THERE is no more tragic indictment of the French people, no better explanation of France's decline and fall, than the damning fact that Pierre Laval held high place in public life for thirty years, a scrofulous streak in the nation's blood stream. A liar, a cheat, a thief, a coward, an informer and a traitor, yet he was permitted to serve as a deputy, a senator, a member of the Cabinet and even as Premier.

There was not even the excuse of a persuasive personal appeal, for the man's dirty hair, yellow teeth and food-spotted clothes offended both the eye and the nose. As for ability, a whole country jested that Laval was "a schoolteacher without education, a lawyer without knowledge of the law, and a politician without a party." Socialist, Conservative, Communist, now Catholic and now anticlerical, he made his lack of principle a boast.

Prior to 1914, he tried to sell out his people to the Germans, scuttling back and forth between Paris and Switzerland on errands of betrayal. When war came he refused to bear arms, pleading varicose veins, and busied himself with defeatist activities. Trapped finally by the secret police, he escaped punishment by peaching on his confederates. As shameless as venal, there was never a time when his official favors were not for sale. Even when Premier, he forced his Minister of Health to certify the health-giving properties of some polluted springs, and sold them for a fortune to a company under government control.

It has not yet been proved that he took Nazi money, but it is a matter of record that he stood for a Franco-German alliance, reviling England as France's real enemy. After the flight from Paris, when Weygand and others urged the transfer of the government to North Africa, it was Pierre Laval who induced surrender, spreading the lie that Hitler had promised honorable, even favorable, terms.

At Pétain's side as vice-premier, the aged marshal soon recognized Laval as a Nazi tool, and kicked him out in a notable burst of rage. Now came crawling, bootlicking visits to Berlin, and the spring of 1942 saw Laval restored to power as Chief of Government, the real ruler of France.

Forced into the open for the first time in his life, and knowing well the fate that awaits him in event of defeat, no order from Berchtesgaden has gone unheeded. Up to date, more than 2,000,000 Frenchmen have been sent into the Reich as slave workers, and riots are suppressed no less bloodily than in Poland or Norway.

Creating a Gestapo of his own, Laval has imprisoned and shot with all the enthusiasm of a Himmler, and answers the repeated attempts on his life by throwing out dragnets that catch even women and children. He starves Frenchmen that Germans may gorge, imposing the death penalty on farmers failing to meet their quota of grain and garden truck.

Commanded by Berlin to rob and persecute the Jews, Laval obeyed with a ferocious zeal that aroused every Frenchman to new rage and resistance. Jews were even dragged from their beds in hospitals, and in one district alone, three hundred committed suicide rather than face the horrors of Laval's concentration camps. When the Catholic clergy protested his barbarities, Laval arrested priests and bishops, shouting that he did not propose to "take lessons in humanity from the preachers of a discredited faith."

Pierre Laval! False to his fellow men, to his country and to his God. Long a traitor, now a mass murderer. *Remember him!*

★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

marked softly. By the elevator doors he made a vehement motion with his head. "Get in here. Teddy can call the precinct. Do you hear what I'm telling you?"

They started up. In the back corner of the elevator NcNicholas mopped the side of his jaw. A fine, bold creature, Gallagher thought. White as milk. Shaking!

Presently, when a big eight slowed and then steadied itself before them, Gallagher clicked off the ceiling light. "Watch out," he warned McNicholas dryly. "Keep an eye peeled for the Japs, man. On a night like this they'll be snipin' from all over the place."

There was a good deal of grim satisfaction in the reference. It placed McNicholas, it placed the Marine; to Gallagher it was a bit of his own back. With the revolver in his right hand, the bar of the elevator door in his left, he pulled the handle in to him and stepped quickly out into a long dim corridor.

THE two up here shouldn't have been any more trouble than the two downstairs. But light flowed out of an open doorway thirty feet away, and it was strong enough to wink metallically on Gallagher's shield, on the visor of his cap. Just as he oriented himself and started toward that light somebody yelled at him from up there. Somebody else fired twice at him.

They were wild shots, but when they ricocheted whiningly against the side walls Gallagher threw himself on the floor, in back of a heap of canvas that covered something or other. It should never have happened this way; it should have been a very simple affair, briefly over, and properly galling to that great fool in the elevator, who was pronouncing Gallagher's name hoarsely now, frantic to get an answer. Was he all right? Was he—Gallagher?

Peering forward, Gallagher swore at him inarticulately. A pair of feet stumbled at the far end of the hall, near an open ladder that Gallagher could not make out distinctly at first, not until a square of slightly paler darkness appeared against the ceiling. The roof, Gallagher thought then. They'd try that way. He raised himself and fired three times at the opening without much conviction. Then he yelled something back at McNicholas, who had not left the elevator, and who did not leave it until Gallagher's heavy feet pounding away from him up the hall woke him to action.

Probably he did not plan to do very much then; but, most of all, he did not want to be left by himself in the darkness. At the foot of the ladder he caught up with Gallagher and grabbed his arm. He was babbling about the precinct again. Would Gallagher use his head? Once they had some help—

Gallagher snarled viciously; he surged up the ladder and out through the opening in the roof, moving so fast that he tripped and sprawled over the rim of wood around the edge.

He did not see the men. He did not hear them. Behind him, cautiously, McNicholas poked the tip of his cap through the opening.

On its three open sides the flat part of the roof was cut off, in the fashion of a gambrel roof, by sharp declivities running down about eight feet to narrow metal gutters. On the fourth, the only way the fugitives could have gone, an adjoining roof on North End Road towered up one story over the warehouse. A figure was straddled across the low wall on top of that building, reaching back toward the other one who must have boosted him up there; but when Gallagher, panting forward, sent a few shots that way it ducked back out of the line of fire.

That left one, who made instantly for the far side of a brick chimney. It developed, to Gallagher's exasperation, that there was a lot of shelter on that roof—several chimneys, innumerable peaked, dim skylights of frosted glass, a square, room-size protuberance over the elevator. By crouching behind those things, so successfully that it was quite a while before Gallagher suspected what he was up to, the last of the brandy fanciers made his way back toward the opening.

It was a spot defended now only by McNicholas. He was on his toes, looking up toward Gallagher over the top of a skylight, when a rush from the side knocked his gun out of his hand and drove him headlong toward the Second Street end of the roof.

At that moment Gallagher himself was sprinting back to the opening. He reached it as the fourth man started to drop through; with a full sweep of the revolver, all that was necessary here, Gallagher knocked him away from the top step of the ladder and draped him limply, face up, beside the opening.

One got clear, at least for the present, and Gallagher felt bad about that. But still, considering everything—

Behind him McNicholas screamed.

That was odd, because when Gallagher turned he saw nothing but a narrow strip of roof with Second Street dropping away sharply beyond it. No McNicholas anywhere. What was he bawling for? Did he think—? Four steps, not quite certain steps, took Gallagher to the edge of the roof. When he stopped there incredulously, when he saw where McNicholas had got to, his heart drew itself up into something as small and hard as a marble.

The effects of that push had not sent McNicholas all the way down to Second Street—not quite. His arms, his head from the eyes up, could be seen over the edge of the metal gutter eight feet down, at the end of the gambrel. His two hands were wrapped around a projecting bit of pipe just in from the gutter; his two arms were almost together.

He could have dragged himself back as far as the gutter by extending his elbows wide enough to get proper leverage, then by swinging his legs up over the side. But by now McNicholas was beyond thinking—by now he had become a concentrated and not quite human reaction to his own panic.

Gallagher realized that instantly; he had known McNicholas for a long time. On top of the slope, much colder inside than he was out, he kicked his shoes away from him. Everything was confused in his head; the January wind pushed and soared against his back; past the gutter, past the mad, white face of McNicholas, he could see a man in uniform eight stories down, staring up at him from the running board of a squad car.

THE man looked very small, very far away. He made motions with his hands and yelled something that was whirled away unintelligibly in a great bellow of wind. Gallagher sat himself on the slope, his stockinged feet flat on the surface, his bare hands out on either side of him, braking him.

Quiet down there, quiet as death, McNicholas glared up at him with eyes sunk back in his face. Slowly Gallagher began to inch toward him, moving the seat of his pants first, then his feet, then his hands. At the edge of the slope—he seemed to reach it at once, but that was probably because he did not want to reach it at all—he hooked one knee around the projection McNicholas had caught: a ten-inch bit of pipe that might have been an air vent.

His cap blew off as he reached forward to lock his arms around McNicholas' chest. It floated down lazily, top over bottom, to Second Street. Gallagher couldn't seem to take his eyes off it. His right heel braced itself against the gutter; he surged back from the waist with all of McNicholas' weight on him.

The gutter — old metal, never very

strong—snapped like a bit of dry wood. McNicholas made some kind of animal sound in his throat.

They did not go over. They just slued around slightly until the gap in the metal dug painfully into Gallagher's calf. He still had his left knee around the air vent, his left elbow hooked over it. They just hung there. There was nothing either of them could do.

McNicholas began to pant madly at him. Nothing sensible. Just his name, over and over, foolishly. GallagherGallagherGallagher—

Gallagher wanted him to stop that. If there was any breath to spare, Gallagher would have called him a bloody fool. He did not like Patrolman McNicholas; he had never liked him. But if, in that thick head of his, Patrolman McNicholas thought that Gallagher was going to let him drop. . . .

It went on for a while, the gutter groaning and creaking under him, the icy cold and the effort turning his body numb, McNicholas sobbing drunkenly into the side of his neck. And at last, when one of the men from the squad car extended himself over the gutter, hatless and coatless, to pass a rope around Patrolman McNicholas, Gallagher did not feel greatly relieved. They were due sooner or later; the time didn't matter much so long as he had made up his mind to be there waiting for them.

He muttered that he could crawl back himself—indeed he could. He did, too, slowly, carefully. When he reached the flat again he let one of them put his shoes on, though. He could not have moved his little finger then for anything he could think of. . . .

They put a replacement on for Patrolman McNicholas, but Patrolman Gallagher finished out the night without too much trouble. Once, along toward dawn, he came around to the Second Street side of the warehouse and spent some time there looking up at the roof. Not for long. It made him feel pretty strange to do that—queasy, soft inside, full of fluff. After a minute or two he grunted, spat neatly into the gutter, looked up at the roof once more, shook his head and vanished around the corner on half a dozen of his usual top-heavy strides.

It can be admitted that he understood the Marine by that time. He was ready to grant that occasionally there did seem to be something a Gallagher had to attend to if he was anywhere around. The only hard lines, the part that for Gallagher did not bear too much thinking about, was why a certain Michael Joseph McNicholas had ever been selected to bear the burden of proof.

BUT none of that was important at half past eight in the morning, when he stood in the kitchen doorway at home, his thumbs in his belt, his cap as low as ever over his brows, affirming the Marine's presence with a sober nod of the head. He must have grown a little out there—at least it was the first time his father could recall having to look up to him—but apart from that he hadn't changed very much. They shook hands.

"Half past eight," the Marine said. "On the dot."

Gallagher, removing the cap, eyed him sideways.

"Well," Gallagher said, "so ye're back, are you?"

If it was not quite all that he would have liked to say, it was the remark that came naturally into his head; and then, of course, it was a remark that the Marine understood very well. They sat down to breakfast, Loretta hovering over them. It was a fine breakfast—bacon, sausages, scrambled eggs, coffee. The Marine did justice to it. And presently, after that bad first minute or two, even Patrolman Gallagher felt hungry enough to eat the legs off a cow.

THE END

Down to the Sea in Slips

Continued from page 33

including actual shooting. Most of them *lo-oved* that, too, once they got used to it. When the first class of five Waves completed the course, some press photographs were taken, with the girls posed on the firing platform of a three-inch antiaircraft gun.

"If this picture's ever printed in Duluth," said one Wave dramatically, "my mother's going to come right down here and start a war with the Navy."

The fact is, though, that the mothers never made any trouble. There wasn't any trouble except that some of the girls' hands were too small to fit the grips on the guns. As for the whistling, what little there was of it—what's a whistle to a Jam-Handy girl?

Gentle Touch Required

The Link-trainer instructor teaches blind flying to pilots, by means of a device which resembles the cockpit of a plane, except that it is anchored to the ground. Tact and a soothing personality are required for this work, as the best of men becomes irritable after going into a fatal spin, even though it wasn't real.

One Wave who earned a reputation on Link trainers was a former long-distance telephone operator; she had been sworn at before. In general, ex-schoolteachers go strong in this type of work; though I met one Link-trainer girl who was a former dancer with Hellzapoppin.

The Waves' commanding officer is Lieutenant Commander Mildred McAfee, in peacetime, president of Wellesley; a lady whose sense of humor and balance are reflected throughout the organization. It was Miss McAfee, at a time of exaggerated public interest in the subject of G.I. lingerie for uniformed women, who disposed of the subject for the Waves with the following statement: "Navy regulations will concern themselves only with those things a Wave wears which you can see."

Other problems have been handled with similar lightness and common sense. A while ago, the Navy repealed the pointless regulation which forbade the "social mingling" of Wave enlisted personnel and naval officers, and vice versa. It also removed the ban against a Wave marrying a man in the Navy.

On the whole, the Navy is all for the new idea of co-education, but is still just a trifle confused. Every so often, a sailor fresh off a battleship will spot a neat-looking Wave in a Washington park and turn on the old seagoing technique—only to discover the officer's insigne, known as the "poached egg," on her hat, and back hastily away.

An even sadder case of confusion was reported last summer. Two Wave ensigns who had been working late were going home about nine o'clock one night, when a very good-looking, very jaunty chief petty officer hailed the same cab and got in front with the driver—group taxi-riding being a wartime custom in the capital.

Leaving first, he looked in the rear window and said cheerily, "Well, good night, girls. Don't get *too* drunk." Then his eye fell on the poached eggs. *"Sirs,"* he added in an altogether different tone—and fled.

THE END

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AT RIGHT—*A typical scene of dogs being trained for the Army at Chinook Kennels, Wonalancet, N. H. Here, too, the dogs are fed Gaines.*

★ *Choice of U.S. Antarctic Expedition*

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MAYBE you won't see that lake or stream this year that's been a part of your vacation for a long time. Well, a lot of other fellows in our armed forces will have the same trouble. In fact, it's one of the things they're fighting for.

At home, we're fighting too, individually and collectively—men and manufacturers. Along with other outdoor names, famous Pendleton Woolens are serving a new trade—the fighting forces. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality*—the finest for our forces, the finest for you.

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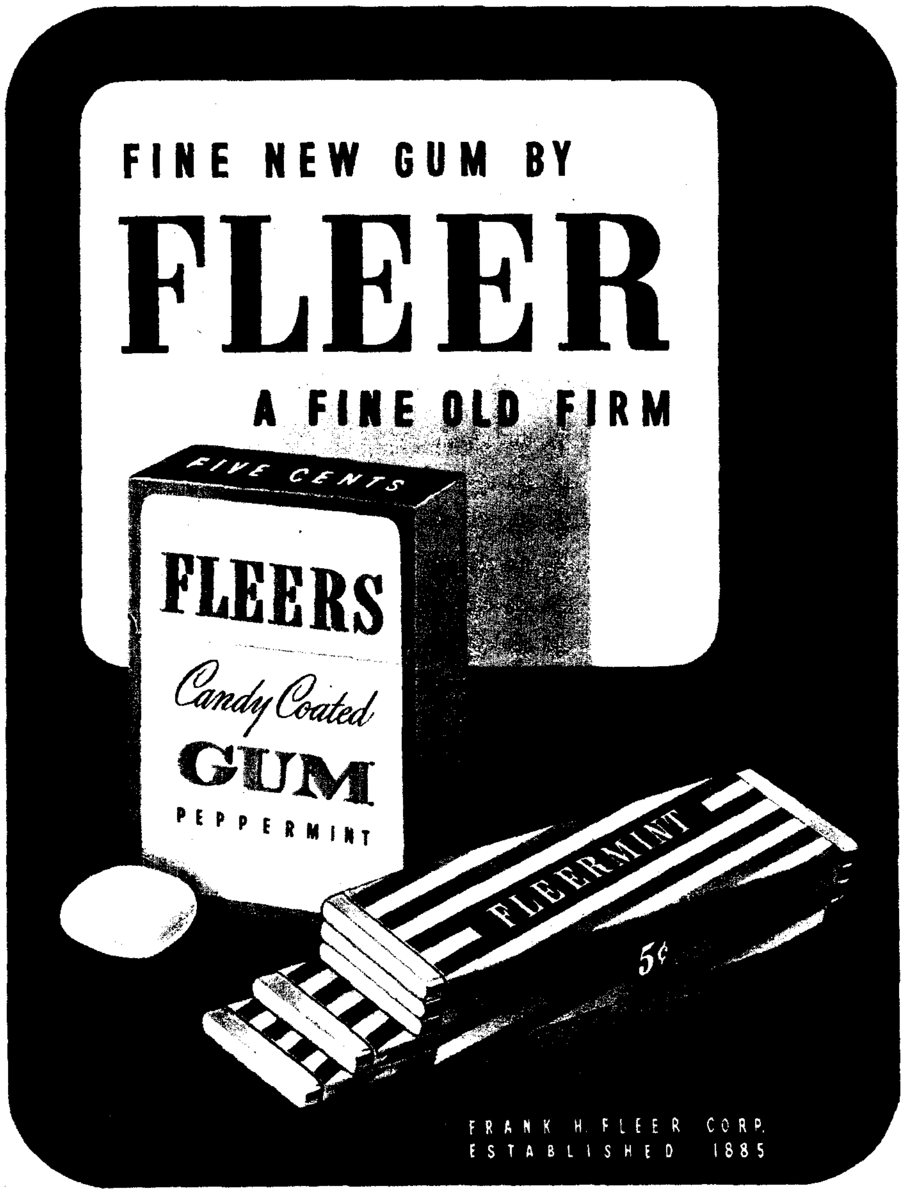
PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS



Slickers in Slacks

Continued from page 24

stolen property from a clothing store in a Minnesota city, but, as in all previous cases, the bureau was powerless to act because the necessary $5,000 valuation was lacking.

Salinas, however, was believed to be one of the big shots of the whole clothes-stealing conspiracy.

The detective, a smart young man, pretended not to get the telephoner's name; he disguised his voice and played dumb so successfully that he got the man on the wire not only to repeat his name but to give his address.

"You take message?"

"Yes, sure."

"You tell Pete come over to my place. I got ten good suits for him. You tell him that, sure."

Pete Materno didn't go to Francisco Salinas' place, but the police did, and they found in his basement 1,010 men's suits and topcoats, none of which bore any identifying labels. Salinas, a bald-headed, foreign-looking man of forty, with a record of many arrests but no convictions, refused to give any information. Like Materno, he had no chance to get word to his agents throughout the country, and about a hundred and fifty more suits arrived by express from Maine, New York, West Virginia, Florida, North Carolina and other states.

There was now no question of the $5,000 valuation being present in the case of either of these higher-ups, so prosecution was authorized under the National Stolen Property Act, not only against them, but against Mrs. Materno and the three men being held in Montana.

The case was a peculiarly difficult one because of the type and quantity of the evidence involved. All identifying labels had been removed. Garments could be traced only through manufacturers' secret numbers or marks, and usually over a roundabout course. For example, in tracing three hot suits found in one black-market store in the Middle West, it was found that the manufacturer had sold one to a thoroughly legitimate clothing store in Indianapolis, and the other two to similar establishments in Richmond, Virginia, and Peoria, Illinois. And the number of garments that had to be traced ran into the hundreds. A list of the exhibits at the Salinas-Materno trial filled seventy-five sheets of foolscap typed single space.

But the hard work was worth while. Salinas and the Maternos got terms ranging from seven years and six months to three years and nine months. The usual appeal is now being taken. The Montana prisoners have not yet been tried on the federal charge, but they were promptly convicted of grand larceny under the state law.

The three men were sentenced to terms of ten years each, and the young woman with the eyelashes received a sentence of two years.

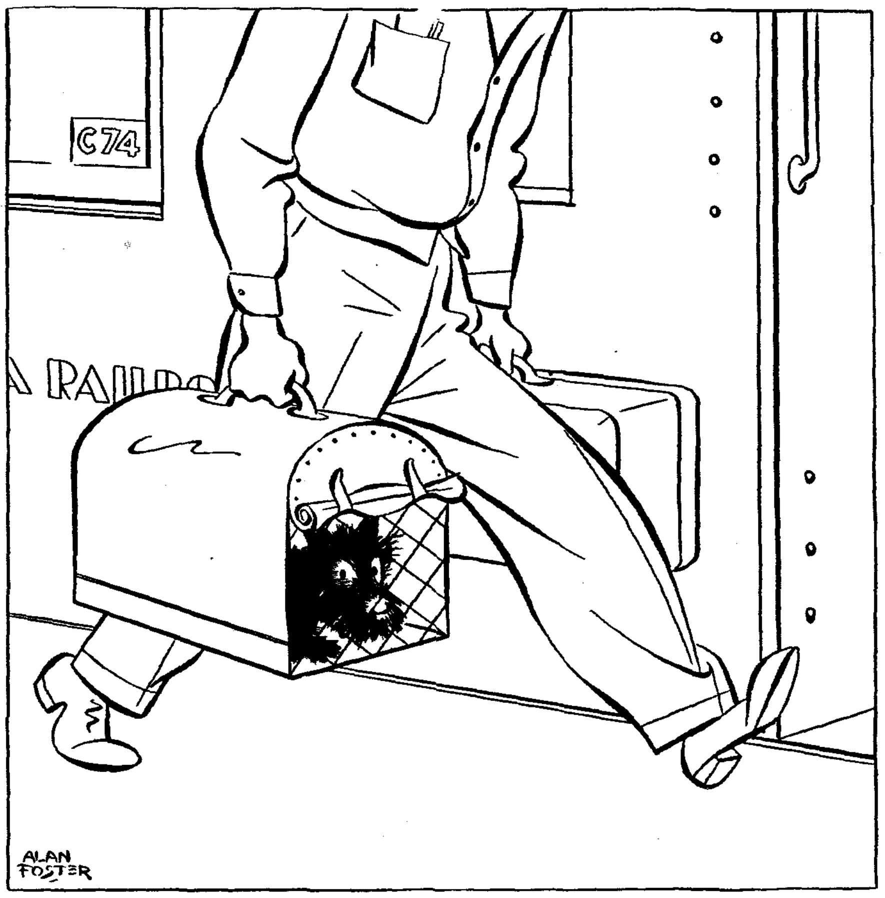
The Operations Were Widespread

For reasons of public policy, it has seemed best to alter some of the names involved in this case and to omit others, since the punishment of these defendants as individuals, although most desirable, pales in importance beside the discovery, as a result of the investigation conducted by local authorities and the F.B.I. in this case, of the widespread operations of the ring.

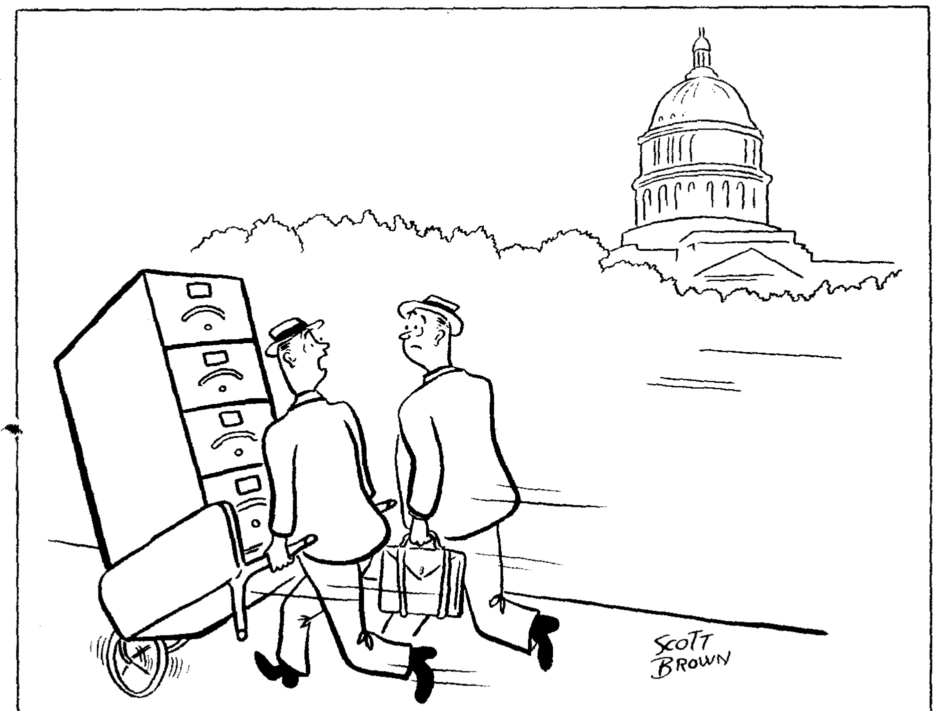
These, with slight variations, proved to be the methods of the whole national clothing thieves' organization, which functioned like a well-oiled business machine, and whose "take" ran into tens of thousands of suits, overcoats and other articles of men's clothing stolen in practically every state. In fact, its operations were so numerous and widespread that, before we were through, every one of the fifty-six field offices of the bureau, except the two in Hawaii and Alaska, was actively participating in the investigation.

The principal "fences" were located in the large Middle Western city to which the Montana packages were consigned. Sa-

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "These secret departures have very definite drawbacks"



COLLIER'S "I don't know what it will eventually come to. When I first came here I started with just a brief case" SCOTT BROWN

linas represented this class. Materno was a fence himself and an agent for other fences; he placed his own "hot" suits and some of Salinas' with retailers, who sold them at ridiculously low prices—for example, $18 for a suit that cost $36 at wholesale—and thus created a black market in men's wearing apparel.

The methods to be followed by the thieves—known in the racket as "boosters"—were carefully worked out on a fairly uniform pattern. The simple maneuver executed by Patricola and his gang, we soon learned, was invariably good for from five to forty suits per store, for which the boosters would be paid about $10 per suit.

Once safely in the car with their loot, Patricola would take the wheel, with the girl beside him, and drive to the next town on their schedule, while the other two men were in the shadows of the back seat, removing labels and other identifying marks. En route, they would stop at a general store, purchase a quantity of clothesline and mooch a couple of pasteboard boxes. Still en route, they would pack, tie up and address the boxes.

Clothes were never shipped from the community in which they were stolen. The box which had broken at that Railway Express office did not contain the results of that day's work, but of the previous day's, in some town perhaps a hundred miles away. It was a good scheme. It had worked in many other cases. In this particular one, the store manager just happened to be too quick in discovering his losses, the sheriff too smart in following the trail.

Varied Technique

There were many variations of the Patricola technique. One set of boosters carried a roll of blueprints—plans for a new house—which they would spread out and pretend to discuss while waiting for one of their number to make his purchase. Another group was headed by a supposed advertising solicitor who sought to interest the merchant in a promotion scheme involving stamps and premiums.

Other raiding parties flipped coins and shot craps with idle clerks. One used a pretty girl, apparently intent on selecting a suit for Father.

Frequent departures and returns on one excuse or another were, of course, a constant factor, as was the request for alterations, which enabled the thieves to make sometimes three or four profitable visits to the same store.

All this and more we learned about the actual thieves from hundreds of interviews with managers and clerks of robbed stores in different parts of the country. Not a hint, however, could any of these gentlemen give as to how the clothes were carried unobserved in broad daylight from their racks—sometimes without being taken off their hangers—past the watchful eyes of clerks and the curious eyes of passers-by to the waiting automobile.

Patricola, the leader of the Montana gang, was a distinct foreign type, small, thin, very dark. His two male companions exhibited similar characteristics. Practically every other booster employed by the ring was a foreigner or of foreign appearance, usually small in stature. None was well dressed in the spruce, well-tailored American sense. All wore sloppy, ill-fitting clothes.

Cut with an Eye for Volume

Here and there, an experienced clerk, with a trained eye for such matters, recalled that the suspects had worn double-breasted suits, cut wide at the shoulders—after the manner of so many little men who want to make themselves look big—and hanging loosely over their spare figures.

These observers had also noticed that the men's waistcoats hung on them as if they were four or five sizes too big, and that their trousers (as is also frequently the case with men of their type) were of the extreme, high-waisted variety, which hang loosely on galluses from the shoulders.

Such clothes on the average American—even in Times Square or at Hollywood and Vine—would be ridiculous. On these little, dark-skinned, slick-haired youths, they passed unnoticed. A foreigner is allowed a license in such matters that the American himself does not enjoy. This was the secret of the boosters' success.

The explanation of their operations was so simple as to be almost laughable.

While the clerk's attention was being diverted, the booster would take a suit from the rack, wrap it around its hanger and slip it through the loose top of the trousers and down one of the flapping trouser legs, repeat the process with the other leg, stuff two or three more suits below and above the waistline, pull down his vest, button his coat and—since he was actually a skinny little fellow below his padded shoulders and loosely cut garments—he could walk out looking practically the same as when he walked in. The secret of the clothing-racket mystery was—clothes.

THE END

DANGER ZONE

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They may look good outside but... be rotten INSIDE

Says Bob Bowes

President and Founder
Bowes "Seal Fast" Corp.
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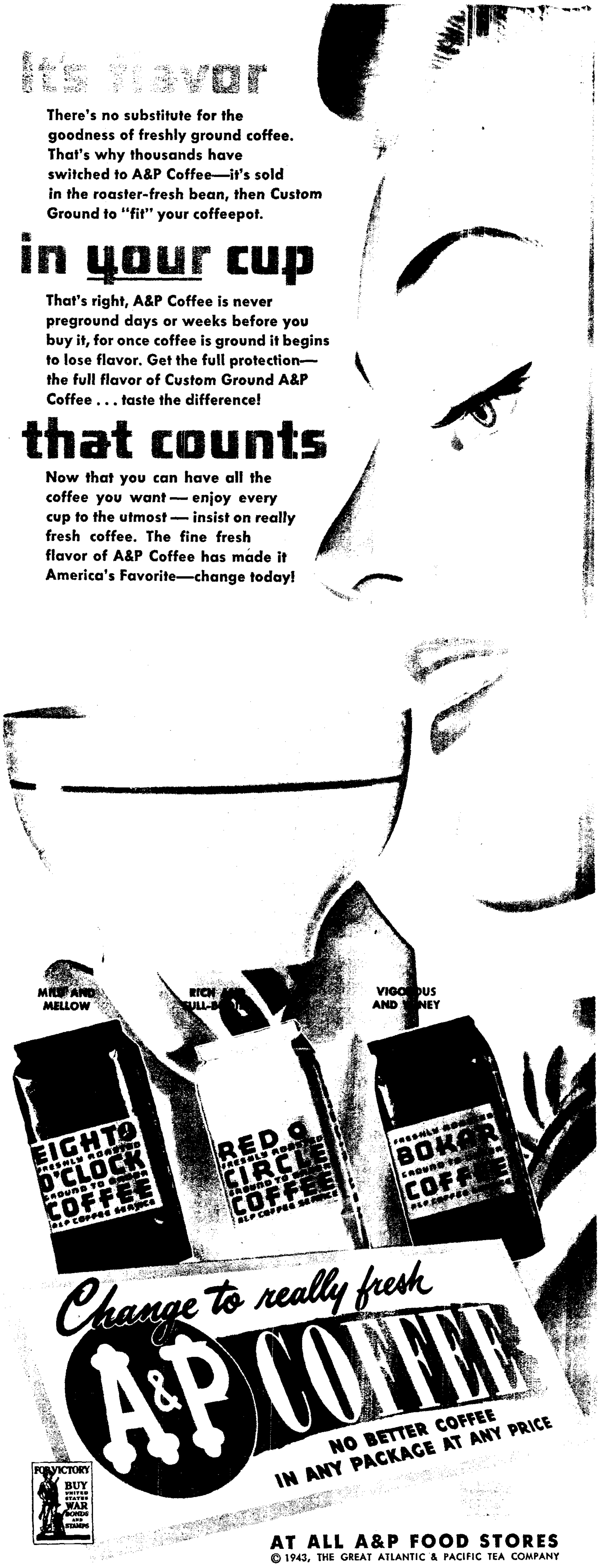
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FRESHLY ROASTED BOKAR COFFEE GROUND TO ORDER A&P COFFEE SERVICE
Change to really fresh
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NO BETTER COFFEE IN ANY PACKAGE AT ANY PRICE
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
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There's no substitute for the goodness of freshly ground coffee. That's why thousands have switched to A&P Coffee—it's sold in the roaster-fresh bean, then Custom Ground to "fit" your coffeepot.

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that counts

Now that you can have all the coffee you want — enjoy every cup to the utmost — insist on really fresh coffee. The fine fresh flavor of A&P Coffee has made it America's Favorite—change today!

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES

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Foxholes on the Home Front

Continued from page 23

hospital." The child died there. The man obtained a release from the yard, put his pregnant wife in the family car and started back East. Several months later her child was born dead.

City officials and leading citizens in all boom areas urge family heads to come alone, first, when taking a war job.

"Men bring their families to Mobile impulsively," said Major Lewis N. Phelps, Commanding Officer of the Salvation Army in five counties of Alabama, "when no place is ready. That's a grave mistake. Housing here has been horrible! It's somewhat relieved, due to the new government units. But we still have the filthy tent towns. It's amazing that we have had no serious epidemics. These rats are worrying us now."

"Why don't the tent and shack people move into government units?" the writer asked, to check the accuracy of what she had been told.

Hard-to-Get Government Housing

"Until recently, there was an FPHA ruling that war workers who had been here a year were ineligible for government housing. This has been changed, but not many of these shy tent people know it. Anyhow, very few of them understand how to go about getting into the government units—there's so much red tape. More contact is needed, more liaison work. Also—the rents are too high. And many of these migrant families have no furniture here. I know one thing—every defense city in this country's going to have to empty out its shantytowns—and burn them down. Partly for its own sake. But chiefly to save these workers. The war depends on them.

"Meantime," he went on, "urge the migrating worker to leave his family back home for a while. Boom areas are strewn with stranded families."

Mobile! A city of 75,000 has suddenly become a city of more than 200,000. It is a city gasping for air. With men sleeping in trailers and tar-paper shacks and boarded-up trucks on every vacant lot licensed as a "trailer court." A corrugated iron warehouse recently burned down, and 60 men who had been sleeping there had to seek shelter elsewhere. Every downtown restaurant chair is filled, a patient crowd waiting inside, and a long line of standees extending far down the sidewalk, rain or shine. In one restaurant—half a canteloupe is 40 cents; coffee, 25 cents; a hamburger patty for one, nothing else included, $1.10; a serving of pie, 40 cents. In one drugstore a big rat—crouching on the next stool. "Shoo!" says the waitress wearily and whisks her dish towel. The rat jumps down slowly, begins hunting food crumbs on the floor.

In front of the five downtown movies there are long, pathetic queues of persons of all ages and social classes, desperate for a little diversion. And in front of ice stations are even more pitiful files: mothers holding pans and newspapers hopefully, turning away finally with nothing or with a piece so small it will not last the night. An ice plant was burned down.

And the children! Idle, restless, excited, undisciplined, footloose—roaming the hectic streets hunting more excitement—and finding it, as Mobile's delinquency rate soars. Children who need day schools, playgrounds, ball teams, clubs, a public beach, wholesome fun and companionship. Children with no one to supervise them. Children with house and trailer keys in their pockets. Surely half-time war work is enough for mothers of uncared-for children. It's a wild harvest we are going to reap—the whole nation of us—if we do not check this criminal wastage of childhood in all our big war centers.

And so it is in most war towns—not a bed to be had and crowded, hysterical living. In others, rows of charming government houses are going begging. Standing empty. Why? There's always a reason. Often it's high living cost. For Mobile is no exception. It is a typical swollen war town—a city suddenly engulfed by a torrent of war workers, all its facilities cracking under the strain. It has its counterpart in every congested war area from coast to coast. Certainly Key West can't point a finger at it; or Brunswick, Georgia; or Norfolk, Virginia; or Baltimore; or Portland, Maine; or Detroit; or Texas City, Texas; or San Diego, California; or Richmond near San Francisco; or Hermiston, Oregon; or Bremerton, Washington—to mention just a few hectic, seething towns staggering under the impact of inpouring human hordes.

"Our problem in some areas now," indignantly declared Dr. Burton R. Morley, Area WMC Director in Mobile, "is that we can't get people to move into the units. In Pascagoula, Mississippi, we have 700 vacancies in public houses. Some workers are commuting from Gulfport, thirty-five miles away, rather than move in. It's just cussedness in some of them. 'I have a garden planted,' they'll say, or 'My wife's people live next door.' "

Need of greater patience and understanding somewhere along the line? Perhaps. But there might also be something wrong with Pascagoula. The writer decided to take a look. She found a swollen, swarming Gulf town with a staggering food problem. "Our food quota," explained a local resident, "is based on seventy per cent of food needed for four thousand people, our former population. We are trying to feed twenty-five thousand on that! We're short of water, short of ice. You can't get bacon. We had no milk for weeks. We have only six doctors for twenty-five thousand people."

Nice Town! But What to Eat?

Pascagoula is a friendly town. There's a clean trailer colony built around a lake; and there are splendid recreation buildings in the federal housing project. Furthermore there's a recreation program actually going full blast. Then why wouldn't the canny little families of the hinterland move in?

Perhaps they stopped to price food. The writer did, in an almost bare grocery store. There were 4 five-inch cucumbers at 30 cents each, one eggplant at 55 cents, two dozen small specked oranges at 65 cents a dozen, some apples 3 inches in diameter at 11 cents each, some string beans at 30 cents a pound. There's always a reason.

In Mobile next day B. P. Gegenheimer, Business Agent for Mobile Trades Council (AFL) said with feeling:

"Nonresident shipyard workers are criticized for driving into Mobile daily—from as far as a hundred miles. They're not doing this because they are stubborn. They just can't get houses here that they can afford—even with all the thousands of new government houses. An unskilled worker getting sixty-six cents an hour, with a family to support, can't pay thirty-seven-fifty to fifty dollars a month for an unfurnished house. And he knows what living conditions are here. We have an ice shortage, a water shortage, a food shortage, poor transportation, few doctors, no room in the schools. Why should he come?

"Recreation for war workers," he added, "is another crucial need. There is nothing to do but get drunk. There is no place for young couples or young men to go for clean entertainment. There are no swimming pools. There is no city auditorium. We're living on Mobile Bay and could have a lovely beach. But, no. Old residents wouldn't permit it as they had their summer cottages there. This is affecting production now. And the turnover may become very serious. These men come here with a real patriotic spirit. And what do we give them? Tents, bugs, rats, undernourishment, packed busses, packed movies, no spot to relax in, community hostility.

"Is it any wonder there's absenteeism and turnover? The wonder is that such tremendous production schedules are being chalked up."

Disease in war areas may become a grave national menace unless citizens from coast to coast arouse themselves. Surgeon General Parran has warned that outbreaks of dysentery and food poisoning are giving concern to many local authorities. What is more serious—he has said that endemic typhus fever increased in 1942 and is still rising in 1943. This disease is spread by the bite of the rat flea.

On the writer's desk lie dozens of government reports on health, housing and food conditions in war manufacturing areas. It is such a mass of shocking evidence that one can quote only a few sentences.

"The food situation in San Diego is one of the worst in the nation. There has not been an adequate supply for months. The hospital situation is critical. The increase in crime and child delinquency is very disturbing."

Richmond, California: "There were at least six instances where clusters of shacks here were so horrible that the only possible solution would be to remove their occupants immediately and burn the shacks. One group of workers was housed in a chicken house entirely without windows, with less than 8 feet of headroom even at the tall side. In another chicken house, housing many families, one of the rooms contained a double bed, a single bed, a stove and a box of drawers. This room housed a shipyard welder, his wife and five children. The owner of this chicken house was getting $225 a month in rents."

Key West, Florida: "For months there has been a serious food shortage. The food on hand would not last the city more than 24 hours. If anything should happen to our one highway, the city would be placed in a very precarious position. There are only eight doctors here; no dentists. For war workers there is no recreation whatever."

Kansas City, Kansas and Missouri: "Plants in this area are alarmed over absenteeism among women. Many women are leaving. Why? They have no facilities for caring for their children. Twenty-four-hour nurseries are an imperative need."

Texas City, Texas: "A husband, wife and six children have been living in a small trailer here. Recently 25 people were found sleeping in six rooms. In a lodging house six adults were sleeping crosswise in one bed. 'Hot beds' are quite usual. Three men rent a bed. Each occupies it for eight hours out of the twenty-four."

In Mobile, the writer dropped in on W. C. Griggs, Superintendent of City Schools, to check the assertions of the tent-city mothers.

"Yes," corroborated Superintendent Griggs. "We estimate that twenty-five hundred children were out of school here this past term. A recent survey shows that about three thousand will be unable to get in this coming term. We're starting to build a fine forty-room school. However, it won't be finished until early in 1944."

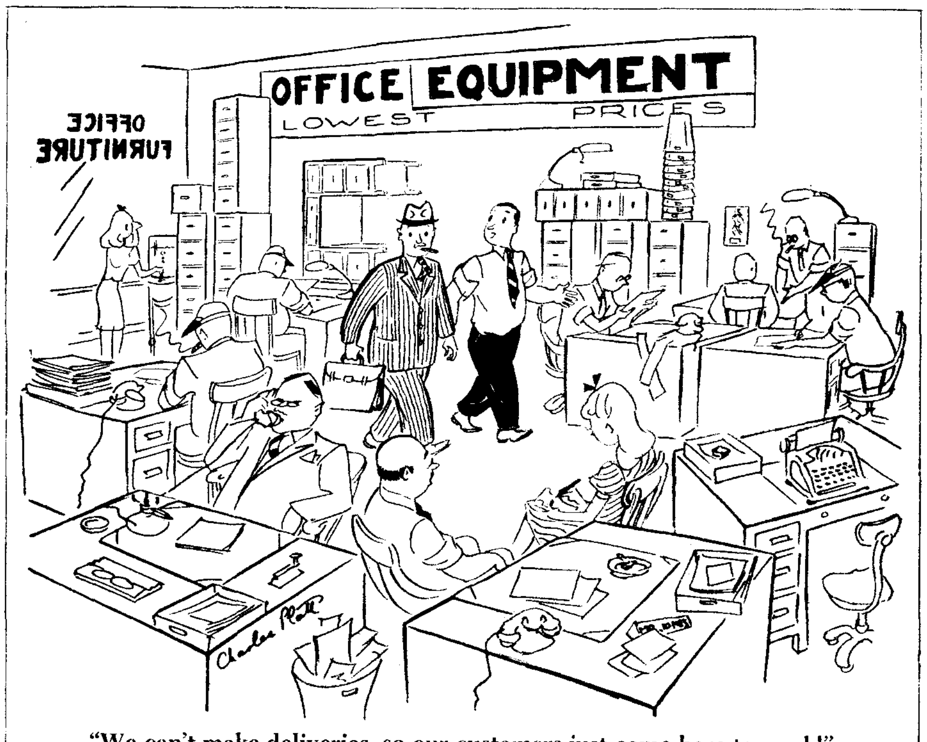
And 3,000 children would have to go without school until then!

In Atlanta a few days later a typical reaction to this situation was voiced by Dr. B. F. Ashe, Regional Director of the War Manpower Commission for six Southern states containing 7 million war workers.

Education Takes a Holiday

"Why," he exclaimed, "didn't Mobile keep the schools open all this summer to take in the children left out last term? Oh, I know all the arguments. Skeleton teaching staffs. Teachers need summer vacations. Lack of funds. But the fact remains, we have compulsory education in America. It's basic. If a city can't provide it unaided it must get state help. If refused that, it must get combined state and federal help. This is all-out war. A grim war—for what? For the democratic way. A chance for every child.

"Furthermore, schooling is an absolute essential right now. War workers are worried about their children. It's the chief cause of absenteeism among women. Either mothers will have to leave war production, or schools and day nurseries must be provided. Simple buildings will do. These forty- and fifty-room schools with 'big auditoriums' should be forgotten for the duration. Cities should get minimum school equipment quickly and put up light, temporary structures. This WPB



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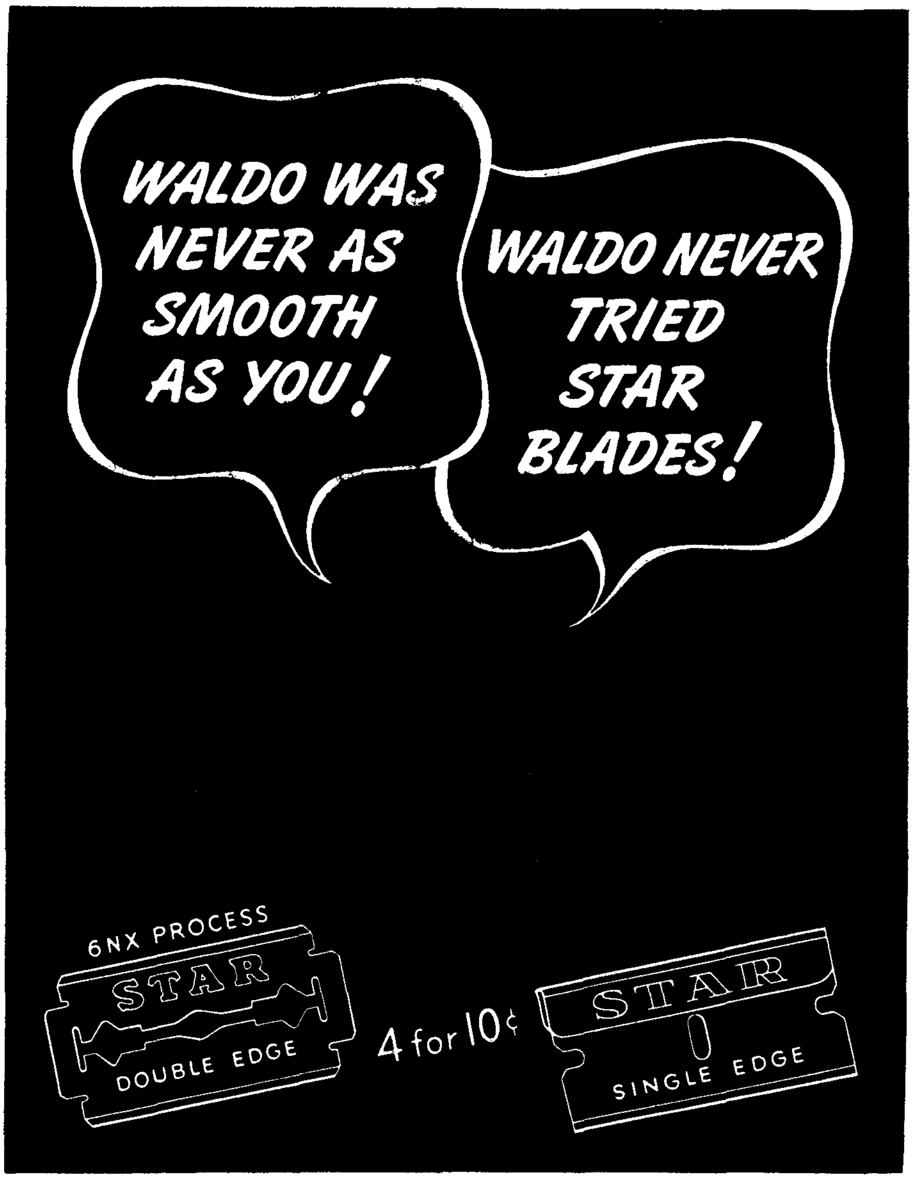

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PICK UP your favorite pipe (one that gets cleaned regularly!) . . . fill it with mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh . . . and just see what happens! Brother, those choice Kentucky burleys, blended for *extra* mildness, give you a smoke that smells sweet and burns cool right down to the last puff. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

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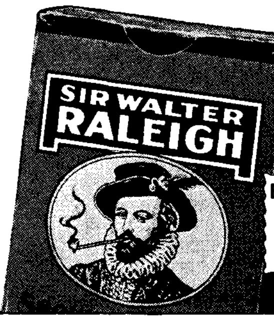

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A willingness, on the home front, to get along with less than the customary amount of such preferred products as Utica Bodygard Underwear, is making it possible for industries like ours to give to freedom's fighting men the vital materials necessary to total victory.

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permits. But will the average defense city do this? No. It must have a 40- to 60-room building with a 'huge' auditorium requiring steel trusses. It can't have it. So the whole plan bogs down. And the children suffer."

It is much the same, he said, with recreation for war workers. Agencies are told to build a light structure. But no, they must "build permanently." He wondered why. This in-migrant situation—millions of people rushing temporarily to war areas to work—is not permanent. It is an acute emergency.

Some war communities are vigorously cleaning up, with state or federal aid. Most of the others are just sorry for themselves. It depends wholly on citizen attitude. The citizen, in fact, is the outstanding slacker in this tremendous home-front battle to get our ships and planes and explosives made. That is obvious even in the many official reports on boom-town living. One would think these workers, come to save us, were Japs or Germans come to destroy us. Front doors bang shut. Chins go up in the air. Why? Snobbism. Oddly enough, it seems to have a lot to do with plumbing. "Some of these war workers never had a toilet before." Well, our pioneer grandparents had none either.

"What immediate practical steps could we take?" the writer asked Dr. Ashe.

"We could reduce those government house rents. Help out with furniture. We could base food quotas, in these enormously expanded boom towns, on present population instead of 1940 figures. These people are desperate, too, for more recreation. I say this without belittling the splendid recreation programs already launched by FSA and USO in many war communities. They're invaluable. But we need more, much more. Let's provide more recreation quickly, in small, separate units if necessary. These families are lonely, homesick as hell, unadjusted. Local residents can change that. And we'd better get busy."

And what of the women who work by the thousands in factories and shipyards? The war is being won partly by their grit. The writer was thrilled, in the Glenn L. Martin bomber plant, to see them climbing up on the noses of the huge planes in their coveralls, tools in hand, or crawling about under the bellies of the great birds.

The Never-Forgotten Night

The foxhole at an Elkton, Maryland, explosives plant, manned chiefly by girls, wasn't anything so tangible as bad housing and feeding. This foxhole was fear. Fear so deep it was seldom mentioned, but which sprang to quivering life on the night shift at any unexpected sound. These girls recalled vividly the night of May 5, 1943, when an explosion rocked the plant, destroying five buildings, killing 15 and injuring 54.

Some of these girls were working that night and barely escaped. Some lost dear friends. The plant afterward faced a shutdown. Its president appealed to the workers to return, promising everything in his power to prevent a similar accident. This left them unmoved. It was when he reminded them that our soldiers abroad could not stop when their buddies fell that they went back to work. And it was when he said: "Let us not fool ourselves; the danger here is great," that they settled down into their old routine. He had given them "blood and sweat and tears."

In two great shipyards the writer saw girls welding outdoors in the blazing 98-degree sun, their helmets flashing like headgear from Mars. "They work too steady," a foreman said. "A man welder straightens up once in a while, looks around." He stopped opposite a girl who was bent over the flying sparks. "Ain't you kinda tired?"

"I'm dead," she said, but she kept right on. She was meeting a production schedule, and nobody could have stopped her.

A week later in Norfolk, Virginia, the writer was in one of the greatest shipyards in the world—the Norfolk Navy Yard. She sat in the busy office of the Personnel Officer, Commander E. R. Davenport. Here was the Navy! What would it say of the civilian war worker?

"What is your opinion of these war workers? You have lots of absenteeism?" the writer asked.

He swung around, answering the last question first.

"Absenteeism? Almost none. Unauthorized absenteeism here is one tenth of one per cent. By 'unauthorized' we mean workers who just take the time off.

"You want to know my opinion of these people working for us? The very finest! They're wonderful people—reliable, hard-working and sober. The stock our early forefathers were. Pioneers. If there's a sudden demand that we rush on something, these people are always game. They'll pitch in without complaint and work fifteen hours at a stretch."

"You don't have slackers?"

Loss of Women Workers Serious

"Oh, yes, we have a small element called 'floaters.' Their one interest is to get a stake and move on to another adventure. They flow in and drift out. But they represent a very small percentage."

"Then you aren't losing workers? Some plants are."

"Yes, we're losing women workers. It's serious; they make fine workers and we need them. But women in the war industries are diminishing to a very disturbing degree. This is true all over the country. Why?"

"Perhaps the house is dirty and the children are running wild."

He nodded slowly.

"That—plus Victory Gardens, canning and getting the children ready for school. Let's hope it is only seasonal. Or that community kitchens and nurseries will be quickly opened, releasing these women. We want them back."

He added after a moment:

"These workers need a little play. Most of them have none. Our second shift goes in at five-thirty and comes out at three-thirty A. M. For these people, who are tense and need to relax, there is no recreation whatsoever. This is especially hard on young women. We have a women's dormitory in the making, and it will have a recreation hall. That will help solve the problem for single girls. But there will still be nothing for the married workers coming off the second shift. Recreation—or the lack of it—is our biggest problem here.

"These people, you know," he continued, "don't earn the big money the public thinks they do. 'Rich war workers?' Where are they? Those princely salaries you hear about are all boloney. Besides, these people are living away from their homes and elderly dependents, which increases their expenses. They are gritty people. They have a strong feeling for their country. They wanted to help fight this war. So they came. We owe them a great debt."

The war hangs on our industrial workers. They are living and working under unbearable conditions.

"A patriotic American," said Dr. Ashe, "will stand 'necessary' discomfort for a long time. Finally he is apt to say, 'This isn't necessary; they're exploiting me.' If hundreds of thousands of our war workers should begin to think that—whether we passed an industrial draft law or not, production would go down."

And when production begins to go down, we begin to lose the war.

THE END

The Week's Work

H. J. Knopf photographs himself

As an enemy alien in wartime Italy, as the representative of the American bishops at the funeral of England's Cardinal Hinsley, as the guest of many leaders of Allied and neutral nations, Archbishop Spellman had many unique incidental experiences in the course of his 45,000-mile pastoral visits to the Catholics of the American Armed Forces on three continents (p. 11).

The archbishop never lost sight of the primary objective of his trip, which he made as Military Vicar, responsible for the welfare of millions of Catholics. He visited chaplains and men everywhere, said Mass in dugouts and sheds as well as in cathedrals, cheered the wounded and hospitaled, prayed at the graves of fallen heroes. And he arranged for the Chancery Office in New York to send messages to the families of many thousands of soldiers and sailors whom he met.

Air traveling has no mysteries for Archbishop Spellman, who learned to pilot a plane while he was a member of the Papal Secretariate of State. Thanks to ready air transportation, he was able to cover not only Europe and Africa—practically the entire continent—but the Asiatic Near East as well. His wide knowledge of languages stands him in good stead; his athletic background and rugged constitution carried him through days and nights of hard work with no apparent detriment to his health.

A native of Whitman, Massachusetts, a graduate of Fordham, he became Auxiliary Bishop of Boston in 1932 and Archbishop of New York in 1939.

GLAMOR is something a photo-reporter sees an awful lot of. Too much, sometimes. H. J. Knopf, for instance, has photographed a superabundance of kings and queens and movie stars, with and without crowns and beautiful legs. But he found more satisfaction in producing the unglamorous illustrations for Foxholes on the Home Front (p. 22).

"I'd like to see those foxholes eradicated. My pictures may help," he says. Knopf gets a close-up view of many wartime living problems; he did those recent pictures of travel conditions for Collier's. He has had his personal adventures with his camera, as when he covered a Boston rodeo from the arena—"and suddenly this bull was coming at me like a locomotive and I flew like an Airacobra and I made a crash landing, a belly landing, but he gashed my left leg, and I was five weeks in the hospital."

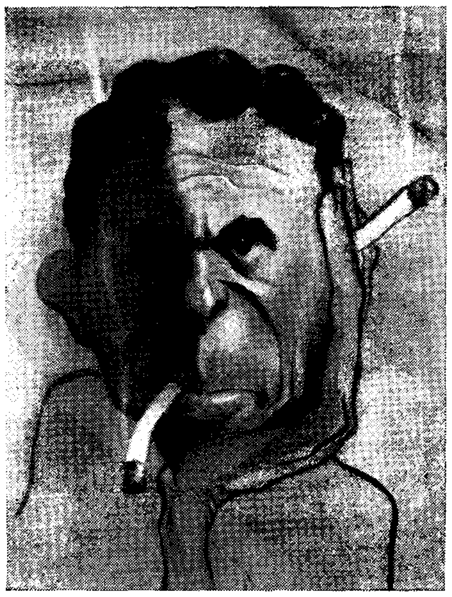
Knopf's photographic career was an accidental outgrowth of world upheaval. He was a prosperous real-estate agent in Berlin when Hitler's rise brought tragedy to several members of his anti-Nazi family. The American consul gave him a visa in 1935 after he saw the photographs Knopf had made as a hobby. "You'll be able to earn your way in America with your camera," the consul said. When Knopf and his brother Peter, a concentration-camp graduate, arrived here, they applied for citizenship. The brother is an Army MP now. Knopf regrets that he is 4-F. They both say they "want never" to return to Germany.

SAM BERMAN, who so far has shown you the frightening faces of eleven of the Guilty in this war (see Pierre Laval, p. 74), now is in a position to help punish the guilty. He was inducted into the Army two weeks ago. The Army, by the way, is going to reprint his gallery of Axis rogues.

Berman was a Hartford, Connecticut, boy, who after a season of study at Pratt Institute, thought up a new kind of job for himself. He stood in the lobby of a movie theater in Jersey City, New Jersey, and drew caricatures of patrons. It was a pretty good job until the day when, all innocently, he caricatured the wife of the theater manager. That fixed that.

Berman did a turn making funny-face models of movie stars. He produced animated cartoons for the training of war-plant workers. But with him, even sober training films have to have a little fun in them, as when a spring jumps out of a piece of machinery and bounces on a trainee's nose.

Although Berman and his wife live in the country, they neither sow nor reap nor yet keep puppies. "That is we don't keep puppies now," says Berman, "but we still keep the fleas the puppies left behind them." ★★★



As Berman sees Berman

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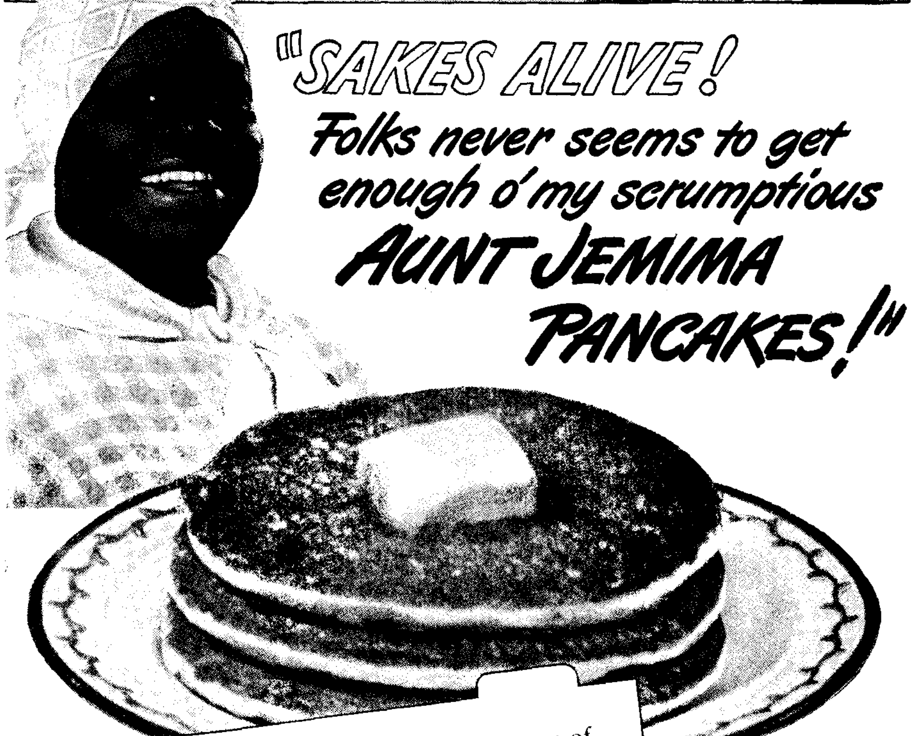
NOW I KNOW WHAT TO FEED OUR GANG FOR MEATLESS MEALS!
IT'LL SAVE A LOT OF PINK TICKETS FOR ME!
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! WE CAN MAKE AUNT JEMIMAS, TOO!
'CAUSE THEY'RE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
COME AND GET YOUR AUNT JEMIMAS! THIS IS SELF-SERVE!
TROOP 6
NOW BE A GOOD SCOUT AND GO GET YOUR OWN!
WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN'T FIND THE BUGLE!
WE DON'T NEED YOUR BUGLE WHEN WE HAVE AUNT JEMIMAS!
I'M READY TO DO MY GOOD TURN!
IF I COULD GROW PANCAKES IN MY VICTORY GARDEN I'D SURE PLOW UNDER THE RADISHES!
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES



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Folks never seems to get enough o' my scrumptious AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES!"

NOURISHING Aunt Jemima Pancakes take none of your precious ration points! They're *America's favorite one-dish* meal. Serve them regularly, and here's a tip to vary the menu—

(Good morning, noon, or evening)

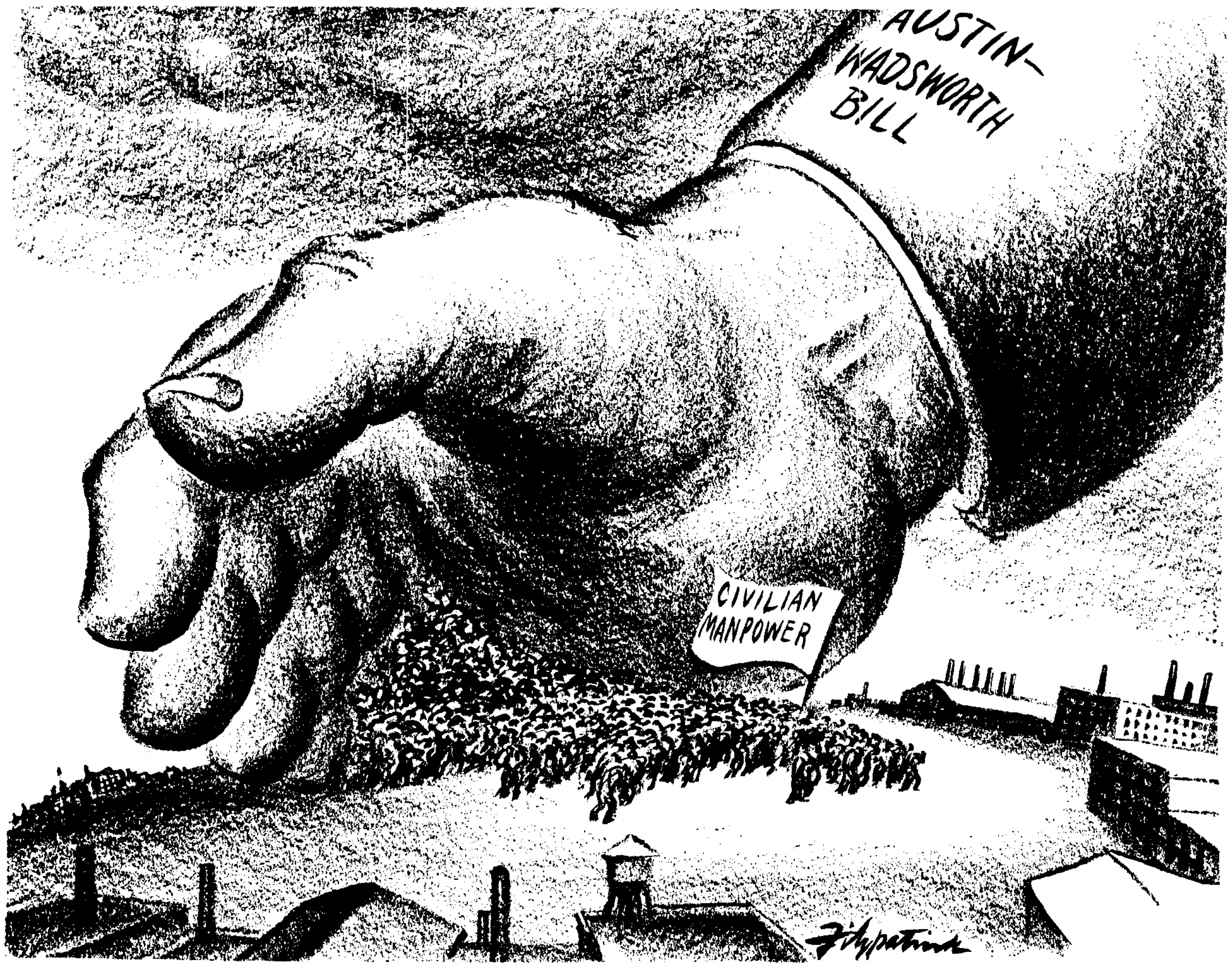
2 cups Aunt Jemima Flour
4 apples pared and chopped fine
2 cups milk
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Add milk to *Aunt Jemima* Ready-Mix Pancake Flour and you'll be *sure* of light, fluffy cakes that just melt in your mouth! Stir lightly (batter should be somewhat lumpy). Fold in apples. Bake on hot, slightly greased griddle, using ¼ cup batter for each cake. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixture and serve at once. 16 cakes.

GET BOTH KINDS ☞

THE YELLOW BOX FOR BUCKWHEATS—THE RED BOX FOR PANCAKES AND WAFFLES, TOO! NOT RATIONED!

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX for PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR



Collier's

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WHAT IS THE AUSTIN-WADSWORTH BILL?

SINCE February 8th last, when it was introduced, the Austin-Wadsworth National War Service Bill has been a hot potato in Congress. It would seem useful to explain here just what this bill is, so that some of us can do some informed thinking about it.

The bill is based on the proposition that, in a total war, the entire population of persons able to work or fight must be available to the government in positions for which they are best fitted. That means the government must be able to draft for home-front work as well as for fighting-front work.

Should Congress enact this bill, all men 18-65 *not now in the armed services*, and all women 18-50, would become liable for "civilian selective service," just as all men able to perform war service and between ages 18 and 38 are liable for war service. It would be a draft law, frankly aimed at drafting workers into war industries as needed.

Local boards would do this drafting. When a deficiency of workers existed in some industry (as at this writing, and very seriously, in the aircraft industry), the President would first issue a call for volunteers. If enough volunteers didn't come forward, then the drafting would proceed. However, enough workers usually do come forward on call for volunteers in England, which has a labor-draft law.

Industrial draftees would have to be paid the going wages in the plants into which they were drafted. They could join unions or not, as they chose. They would have to be assigned to plants as near their homes as possible, and be given proper aptitude tests. Other provisions of this bill call for proper housing and proper transportation.

The bill is put forward strictly as a wartime measure. Therefore, it contains a clause killing it off in 1945 unless then renewed by Congress; or Congress can kill it at any time before 1945, by a concurrent resolution which the President cannot veto.

Obviously, all this is strong medicine for a democratic country. But the McNutt-Hershey bogeyman talk about drafting fathers, the pep talks, the raiding of war plants for labor by other war plants, and all the other hit-or-miss methods whereby we have tried to get our civilian population geared up to top war production, have not worked well. They have probably angered as many people as enactment of the Austin-Wadsworth bill would anger.

It would be no fun to see this bill made a law, but maybe this war is going to force us to it or to something much like it.

THE JUDGE IS STILL TOPS

A LOT of people, ourselves included, were sorry to see the able and experienced Sumner Welles quit the State Department. We cannot see, however, that Welles' resignation justified the attacks it brought on Cordell Hull, long-time Secretary of State. To us, "Judge" Hull is tops, as for many years.

Mr. Hull's main trouble (if you can call it that) is that when he is appointed to run a certain job, he likes to run it—insists on running it, in fact. He does not like to be by-passed, ignored or double-talked out of any of the authority, or any of the responsibility, that goes with the job.

Given the immensely important job of Secreta of State, Mr. Hull proposed from the beginning to be Secretary of State, in fact as well as in name

He has been a strong man in his own right Americans have respected Cordell Hull for his honesty, his intelligence, his vigor and his liberal opinions. Secretary Hull bridges the idealism of Woodrow Wilson with the progressive policies of Presiden Roosevelt. He pushed the idea of reciprocal trade treaties relentlessly until finally public opinion o both major parties came to his support.

In his recent statement of foreign policy, Secretary Hull made audacious proposals, yet he expressed plainly the conviction that no foreign policy could be safely pushed beyond the point at which Congress and enduring public opinion will approve The Secretary of State has never lost his contac with the voters. That explains his strength with the people.

We think that the Judge, as his fellow Tennesseeans know him, came through his trials with dignity and integrity. We also think that his statemen of foreign policy reflects, as accurately as any, the hopes and ideas of the American people.

WHO GETS THE WAR PLANTS?

THE U. S. Chamber of Commerce has named a committee of twenty-seven business leaders to study the question of what is to happen after the war to the special war plants built with government money.

It isn't too soon to start such researches. There are about 1,500 of these plants. Among them are 120 steel plants or additions to plants, including one new $190,000,000 steel mill in Utah, 9 aluminum-production and 45 aluminum-processing plants, 521 assorted aircraft plants, 20 high-octane gasoline plants.

The revolution-plus-war boys, who are strong in Washington, have their ideas about what to do with all this stuff. They want the government to keep most or all of it, and go into competition with private enterprise. Thus, a socialist economy would work alongside a capitalist economy for a while; but not for long. Government can tax people to make up the deficits its enterprises incur; private business cannot. So the socialist economy would presently swallow up the capitalist economy. Thus, we'd find ourselves in a totalitarian society, the American people's consent not having been asked.

All indications are that the American people do not want such a change. When and if ever they should want it, they are entitled to vote for it in an honest, democratic election. They are entitled not to have it slipped over on them by subterfuge

The problem of the war plants after the war is a complex problem. But the core of its solution in the American manner seems by all odds to be to give private enterprise first crack at it. Sell the plants to responsible concerns on reasonable terms, or to new concerns which can show financial responsibility Exact guarantees that these concerns will do their best to hook this enlarged productive apparatus into our economic system, thus making more jobs and more peacetime goods than ever before.

We can solve this problem in the American manner if believers in the private enterprise system insist that it be so solved.

Riveting-Hammers are Drowning out the

Chant of the Aztecs

1 "In Mexico City today," writes a friend of Canadian Club, "[illegible] Indians from the country [illegible] they have to tread cautiously for fear of hot rivets—so many skyscrapers are going up. Yes, sir—and Avenida Juarez at night reminds you of New York's Gay White Way at its brightest. And what an *easy-to-get-to* spot after the war!

MEXICANA
ES DEL SISTEMA
DE AVIACION, S.A.
AMERICANO

2 "**Pan-American Airways** has accomplished eye-widening things to put Mexico within a few hours and dollars of every U.S.A. city. Plan a visit!

3 "**Mine began with a fiesta** at a dude rancho built by Cortes at the edge of the city four centuries ago. High-spots: thrilling Aztec music and dances, marvelous food, grand hospitality.

4 "**You don't know how colorful** an industry can be until you've seen a Mexican silver mine. Little more than an hour from town. I saw one of the world's largest, oldest, and most spectacular.

5 "**The teeming markets** sell everything from food to furniture. For a song. I bought wonderful hand-made blankets, mats, and pottery to brighten up the game-room back home.

6 "**That was the day** I met Mexico's fiery spirit, tequila (distilled from juice of the maguey plant, sucked into hollow gourds). My escort grinned at my expression as I sampled tequila . . .

7 "**'Come, amigo,'** he said, 'perhaps you'll prefer our favorite whisky!'—and proved thereby that we and Mexicans are simpáticos. For Mexico's favorite quality whisky turned out to be United States' favorite, *Canadian Club!*"

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting all the grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles of this choice whisky go the length of three.

HW
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

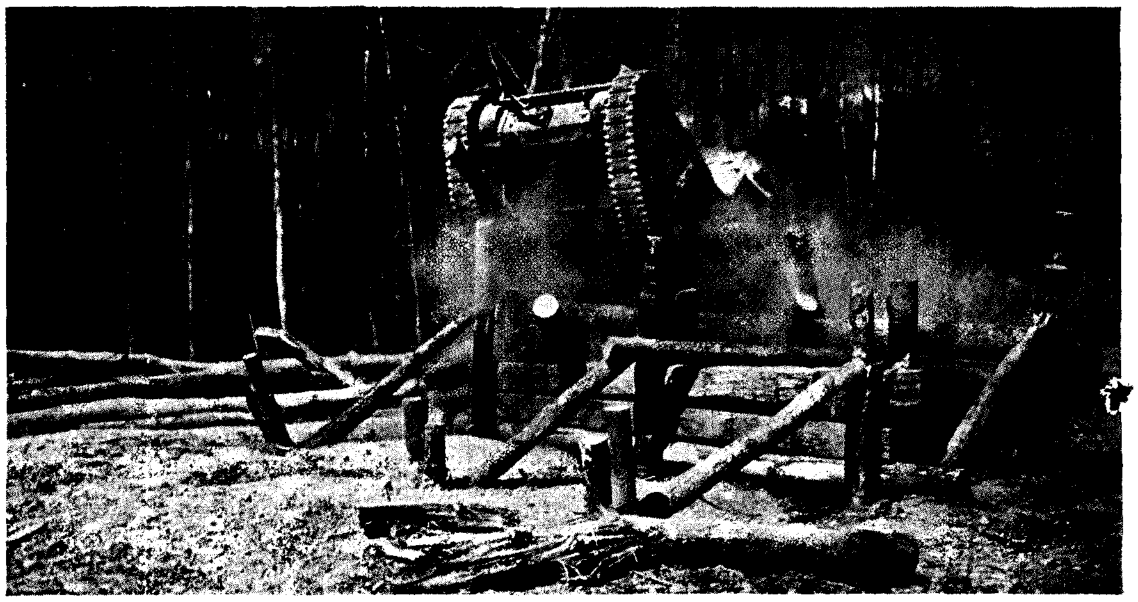
Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada • Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
• Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

ROAD CLOSED

— by the Fighting Engineers

When there are tanks to be stopped—watch the Engineers! "Tank block—rush it!" is the order . . . and the photograph at the right *(an actual training test)* shows the result.

Stopping tanks is only a *part* of the job of the fighting U. S. Engineers. They build the bridges . . . blaze the trails through mine fields—yes, *all* the services depend on the Engineers. And, like men in all the other services, you're apt to find that when an Engineer lights up a cigarette—it's a Camel.



They've Got What it Takes!

CAMELS SURE STAND THE TEST OF STEADY SMOKING! THAT SWELL **FLAVOR** ALWAYS HOLDS UP— AND THEY'RE EXTRA **MILD!**

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

First
IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (***Based on actual sales records.***)

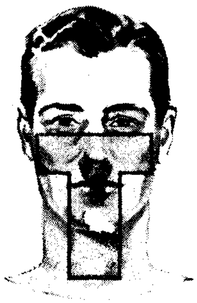
BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

CAMELS TASTE SO MUCH MORE FLAVORFUL— AND THEY'RE SO **EASY ON MY THROAT!**

● *"Stopping tanks is my job, too,"* says Amelia Baines, who works on Western Electric signal devices. She has a brother in the Artillery, and smokes the service man's favorite cigarette—Camel. "Camels have always been my cigarette," she says. "They always have a fresh, flavorful appeal—puff after puff and pack after pack."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels



The "T-Zone"—*where cigarettes are judged*

How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically . . . for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette.

On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels in *your* "T-ZONE."